

## Ludlow St.

Julian Casablancas

Everything seems to go wrong when I stop drinking,  
Everything seemed to go my way last night.  
Everything seems so wrong to me this morning,  
I know things'll be brighter later tonight.

On Ludlow Street,  
Chinatowns coming on Ludlow Street.  
Porta Ricans are runnin' on Ludlow Street,  
Soon musicians will haunt it,  
On Ludlow Street  
Red Indians once hunted,  
And its hard.. to just move along.

While I surrendered my ego you fed yours,  
All my fantasies died when you said yours,  
I have dangled my pride to forget yours,  
Will my mind be at ease when I get yours?  
We'll find out, soon enough.

It started back in 1624,  
The Lenape tribes would soon get forced from their home.  
Soon we'll all get pushed out now, as soon as I get sober.  
I remember why I drank it all away,  
On Ludlow Street.

Nauseous regrets are calling me on the phone,

My shoes they seem to be my only home,  
The only thing to last will be my bones,  
Oh tonight you'll hear the animals next door to you moan.

On Ludlow Street  
Faces are changing on Ludlow Street  
Yuppies invading on Ludlow Street  
Night life is raging on Ludlow Street  
History's fading.  
And it's hard... to just move along.

While I surrendered my ego, you fed yours.  
All my fantasies died when you said yours.  
I have dangled my pride to forget yours.  
Will my mind be at ease when you get yours?  
We'll find out soon enough.

While they defended their ego, you fed yours.  
All their fantasies died when you said yours.  
They have dangled their pride to forget yours.  
Will their souls be at ease when you get yours?  
We'll find out soon enough.  
I'll found out soon enough