I can't seem to take you anywhere
you ditched your friends in New York Center (?) Square
where the rank and file shoot us dirty looks
hail a taxicab, don't want to walk
the nighttime here is a plastic box
gently amplified in the basement rock
the distant tones from the detainees
friendly girls who pack it full of these

when you're not around, this is our sound

I can't seem to take you anywhere you ditched your friends in Williamson Square where the rank and file shoot us dirty looks hail a taxicab, don't want to walk the nighttime here is a plastic box you can amplify the basement rock the distant tones from the detainees friendly girls who pack it full of these

when you're not around, this is our sound (this is our sound)

when you're not around, this is our sound (this is our sound)

when you're not around this is our sound this is not a song there is nothing wrong when the light inside is not as bright