

Guest Room

The National

They're gonna send us to prison for jerks
For having vague ideas of the way to turn each other on again
They're gonna send us to prison for jerks

They'll find us here
Here, here in the guest room
Where we throw money at each other and cry
Oh, my

We miss being ruffians, going wild and bright
In the corners of front yards, getting in and out of cars
We miss being deviants

They'll find us here
Here, here in the guest room
Where we throw money at each other and cry
Oh, my

We can't stay here
We're starting to stay the same
We can't stay here
We can't stay this way

Just tie your woman to your wrist
Give her room to tie the other

They'll find us here
Here, here in the guest room
Where we throw money at each other and cry
Oh, my