

Lost in Boston

The Walkmen

Lost in Boston
Drinkin' rum and chocolate
A hundred thousand blinking lights
Are making me exhausted

It was Fleet Week last week
And all the sailors couldn't sleep
Mini skirts and high heeled shoes
Raining mud on shiny suits

Tell everyone the officers are gone
This night has lived too long

It's pissing rain, the leaves are
All scattered on the lawn
We're cramming our stuff in
The back of the car
And heading on uptown

And nothing's going on
This night has lived too long

Nothing's going on
There's nothing more to it

Now, you can hear us shout
For miles around
Somewhere uptown

I hear you calling from our street
The traffic lights turn red to green
I'll be right down
Yeah, I'm coming out

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