

## Nightingales

## The Walkmen

Lock me up and throw away my name  
Mock my love, it don't break  
Wind and grind, it's only  
Wind and grind, it's how the days go by  
It's only wind and grind

Mark this laugh in front the under-porch  
Slap the arm, break my fall  
I've got ice, man, I've got it

Spread my ashes in the air when I die  
No desire for  
Wind and grind, it's only  
Wind and grind, it's how the days go by  
It's only wind and grind

So, so still man, oh, so still man  
No one to come, no one to come