

## Roll Down the Line

The Walkmen

What I need boils  
What I need binds  
And strangles with regret  
But still comes so easily

Where'd you go?  
Tonight I woke  
To find you gone

The question and  
An answer that sounded off  
The glance goes abject enough

When she was young  
She asked me if  
I knew her well  
I thought I did  
I know better know

What I need boils  
What I need binds  
And strangles with regret  
But still comes so easily

The question and  
An answer that sounds...  
The glance goes abject, cut off  
An answer, cut off