

Summer Stage

The Walkmen

Walk me to the train as the asphalt turns to sun.
As the treetops dance I can hear them sighing.
I can see your friends in a backyard, drinking loud.
I can hear them talk in the summer, long ago.

Picture us laying out in the sun.
Soon it's gone in the grass,
Feel your face with ...

Thinking to myself why don't we go dancing
I'll bet there's a place we can find still open.

Picture us in a pool in the dark.
Up for air, swimming s ... hear us splash, head up back
down.

Drops of rain are dots across my windshield through the
steam.
When the clouds cleared up, we got stuck but we didn't
care.

Picture us all aboard, sailing soft.
It was blue, as the sky and they do just like you