

Wake Up

The Walkmen

Out of station through my radio
nothings on
it's like a joke thats told with out its final line
where's it going
where had it belonged

I know
I'm trying
I'm trying to wake up
wake up

and I tell by you way too far
looking back I had a casing sentimental suns and shade
would they ever spin around
forward
they're trying
they're trying
and so they do

in the call of a new world
as I climb to the next floor
haven't we
met before
under brighter skies above
above

anyway its fine
we're walking through wind
unfamiliar scenes
we're choking on it
and we're shaking hands with someone we don't know now

wake up
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