

Hot Chip, (Just Like We) Breakdown

Come around and around just like we breakdown
With a fist and a fall we meet with a floor
On the ropes in the hopes of making once more
All in the name of what we're not sure

Lay down in our beds, it's caught in our heads
There's a room full of notes that build to a dread
Is there room to ignore what we are here for
Turn on the lights and open the door

Ring on your finger, a bump on your heart
Hold on my friend an end is the start