

# Hot Chip, Playboy

April, the cruelest month  
I reckon this March could be a contender  
There's only so much sorrow a man can take  
I can't change my face, don't you remember  
You know when I was on the road  
That me and you was on the rocks, so low  
Should never have got talking all that jive  
Now there's only one way for me to stay alive

Driving in my Peugeot  
Twenty inch rims with the chrome now  
Blazing out Yo La Tengo  
Driving 'round Putney with the top down

So long to contentedness  
I reckon next time I'll march in favor  
So long, I've felt a blessedness  
No more is this a taste I want to savor  
I Know how I did you wrong  
You can now only see, so far  
But never was there more to say  
Less to do before turning away