

Interpol, Ancient Ways

Fuck the ancient ways
They are heretofore
Show no claim

Got the time, won't seek
They are oh still coming to beat the street
At the station

The city feeds us all like babes
And we've taken a bow
At the station

Shape the fight of sound
Become beautifully bound
To pound

Fuck the ancient ways
They are ringing doorbells that let in my waste
At the station

The city needs us and all our rage
And surprise in your eyes
At the station

What we need, this empire grows
Every stage we'll find
At the station

To be beaten by the weight of it
They are to be beaten by the weight
At the station

Come in people and enjoy the glow
Every change we allow
At the station

The city sees us all like babes
And we've taken a bow
At the station

To be beaten by the weight of it
They are beaten by the weight
At the station

Should we seek them for the sake of it?
Nay, we greet them right away