

# TV On The Radio, Ambulance

Your slim frame  
Your eager eyes and your wild mane  
Oh they keep me where I belong  
All wrapped up in wrong

You're to blame  
For wasted words of sad refrain  
Oh let them take me where they may  
Believe me when I say

I will be your accident if you will be my ambulance  
And I will be your screech and crash if you will be my crutch and cast  
And I will be your one more time if you will be my one last chance  
Oh fall for me

Your slim frame  
Your simple stare and your wrong, wrong name  
Oh they keep me where I belong  
All strung out in song

Why so tame  
We could shoot wilder vines  
Through younger veins  
Sip slow from night's deep wells  
And watch our gardens swell  
Once the seeds are sown  
Wild and overgrown, you'll see  
Heart's colors changed like leaves

Oh sweet sweet tree  
Fall for me  
Fall fast, fall free, fall for me

Because I will be your ambulance if you will be my accident  
And I will be your screech and crash if you will be my crutch and cast  
And I will be your one more time if you will be my one last chance

Oh sweet tree, fall with me  
Fall fast, fall free, fall with me