

# Tokyo Police Club, Centennial

This is skin you can wrap all of your arms and legs in  
And I just thought you'd know an envelope unfolds  
I'm writing to catch up  
We were small when we last met  
But the letters are a wreck  
She's heard it on cassette

Taught to read and write at such an early age  
Passengers still, she's got books on tape  
Running to catch up to that old VW  
You're Leaning out the back  
you've never heard of fiction

you've never heard of fact

Way back when we met 'cause my parents knew your parents  
Steady hands, easy breaths  
Old times parading on the rooftops and this time they don't care.  
Intrepeds

Running out of space so let me sum this up for you  
I'm only wishing well  
Though you won't believe me  
This coming Thursday evening is our centennial