

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