

# TV On The Radio, Playhouses

Playhouses  
Swept away by the river now  
Confounded  
Sound it out now

Vodka cran in your hand and whose little girl are you now?  
Oh I'd ask for this dance but I know you'd play like you don't know how  
What your coy smile exposes  
A recent memory of when we shit our bed of roses

And I know the moon above is shining down  
But not for our love  
So for who?  
So for who?

Beneath the cigarettes and sugar shit of alcohol breath  
I can taste the ocean on your tongue  
Remember when we sat on the sidewalk of your old block  
Against the wall under the stars  
Talking about love's meaning  
Well, I wasn't dreaming

I meant every word  
Just didn't know your demons  
Do you know mine, babe?  
Are we wasting time, babe?

Playhouses  
Haunted by  
Broken spirits  
Just trying to get high

Well we chose this course but the weather changed  
And the river froze  
And when it thawed it was running  
Backwards and dry now  
I suppose it's appropriate to cry now

Over wasted time  
And naked lies  
Still get wasted sometimes