

White Sky

Vampire Weekend

An ancient business, a modern piece of glasswork
Down on the corner that you walk each day in passing
The elderly sales clerk won't eye us with suspicion
The whole, immortal corporation's given its permission
The little stairway, a little piece of carpet
A pair of mirrors that are facing one another
Out in both directions, a thousand little Julias
That come together in the middle of Manhattan
You waited since lunch
It all comes at once
Around the corner, the house that modern art built
I ask for modern art to keep it out the closets
The people who might own it, the sins of pride and envy
And on the second floor the Richard Serra skatepark
You waited since lunch
It all comes at once
Sit on the park wall, ask all the right questions
"Why are the horses racing taxis in the winter?"
Look up at the buildings, imagine who might live there
Imagining your Wolfords in a bowl upon the sink there
You waited since lunch
It all comes at once

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>