

Step

Vampire Weekend

Every time I see you in the world,
You always step to my girl Back, back, way back
When I used to front like Angkor Wat
Mechanicsburg, Anchorage, and Dar es Salaam
While home in New York
Was champagne and disco
Tapes from L.A. slash San Francisco
But actually Oakland and not Alameda
Your girl was in Berkeley with her communist reader
Mine was entombed within boombox and walkman
I was a hoarder but girl that was back then The gloves are off, the wisdom teeth are out
What you on about?
I feel it in my bones, I feel it in my bones
I'm stronger now, I'm ready for the house
Such a modest mouse
I can't do it alone, I can't do it alone Every time I see you in the world,
You always step to my girl Ancestors told me That their girl was better
She's richer than Croesus, she's tougher than leather
I just ignored all the tales of a past life
Stale conversation deserves but a bread knife
And punks who would laugh when they saw us together
Well they didn't know how to dress for the weather
I can still see them there, huddled on Astor
Snow falling slow to the sound of the master The gloves are off, the wisdom teeth are out
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I can't do it alone, I can't do it alone
Wisdom's a gift, but you'd trade it for youth
Age is an honor -- it's still not the truth
We saw the stars when they hid from the world
You cursed the sun when it stepped to your girl
Maybe she's gone, and I can't resurrect her
The truth is she doesn't need me to protect her
We know the true death -- the true way of all flesh
Everyone's dying, but girl -- you're not old yet The gloves are off, the wisdom teeth are out
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>