

# Horchata

## Vampire Weekend

In December drinking horchata  
I'd look psychotic in a balaclava  
Winter's cold, is too much to handle  
Pincher crabs that pinch at your sandalsIn December drinking horchata  
Look down your glasses at that Aranciata  
With lips and teeth to ask how my day went  
Boots and fists to pound on the pavementHere comes a feeling you thought you'd forgotten  
Chairs to sit and sidewalks to walk onYou'd remember drinking horchata  
You'd still enjoy it with your foot on Masada  
Winter's cold, is too much to handle  
Pincher crabs that pinch at your sandalsHere comes a feeling you thought you'd forgotten  
Chairs to sit and sidewalks to walk on  
Oh, you had it but, oh no, you lost it  
Looking back, you shouldn't have fought itIn December drinking horchata  
I'd look psychotic in a balaclava  
But winter's cold is too much to handle  
Pincher crabs that pinch at your sandalsYears go by and hearts start to harden  
Those palms and firs that grew in your garden  
Are falling down and nearing the rose beds  
The roots are shooting up through the tool shedThose lips and teeth that asked how my day went  
Are shouting up through cracks in the pavementHere comes a feeling you thought you'd forgotten  
Chairs to sit and sidewalks to walk on  
Oh, you had it but, oh no, you lost it  
You understood so you shouldn't have fought itHere comes a feeling you thought you'd forgotten  
Chairs to sit and sidewalks to walk on  
Here comes a feeling you thought you'd forgotten  
Chairs to sit and sidewalks to walk on

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