

Places

Fountains Of Wayne

Places

We move in and out of watching faces
Float around the hotel lobby like fishes
They're all blowing air
We know it must mean something
But we just stare We stood on Primrose hill like statues
We were so good
Walked along the locks and into Camden
Tried on silver shoes
And orange plastic jackets Places
We move in and out of as fast as hail stones
Make jokes, hey, isn't that the word for our tombstones
So that everyone will know
When they're out one afternoon
And stop to read the stones

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