

Lost In Boston

The Walkmen

Lost in Boston
Drinking rum and chocolate
A hundred thousand blinking lights
Are making me exhausted It was Fleet Week last week
And all the sailors couldn't sleep
Mini skirts and high heeled shoes
Raining mud on shiny suits Tell everyone the officers are gone
This night has lived too long It's pissing rain, the leaves are
All scattered on the lawn
Were cramming our stuff in the back
Of the car and heading on uptown And nothing's going on
This night has lived too long
Nothing's going on
There's nothing more to it Now, you can hear us shout
For miles around
Somewhere uptown I hear you calling from our street
The traffic lights turn red to green
I'll be right down
Yeah, I'm coming out Lost in Boston
Drinking rum and chocolate
A hundred thousand blinking lights
Are making me exhausted

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