

Diplomat's Son

Vampire Weekend

It's not right but it's now or never
And if I wait could I ever forgive myself?
On a night when the moon glows yellow in the riptide
With the light from the TV's buzzing in the house

Cuz I'm gonna cut it where I can
And then I'm gonna duck out behind them
If I ever had a chance it's now then
But I never had the feeling I could offer that to you

To offer it to you would be cruel
When all I want to do is use, use you

He was a diplomat's son
It was '81

Dressed in white with my car keys hidden in the kitchen
I could sleep wherever I lay my head
And the sight of your two shoes sitting in the bathtub
Let me know that I shouldn't give up just yet

Cuz I'm gonna take it from Simon
And then I'm gonna duck out behind them
If I ever had a chance it's now then
But I never had the feeling I could offer that to you

To offer it to you would be cruel
When all I want to do is use, use you

He was a diplomat's son
It was '81

I know, you'll say
I'm not doing it right
But this is how I want it

I can't go back
To how I felt before

That night I smoked a joint

With my best friend
We found ourselves in bed
When I woke up he was gone

He was the diplomat's son
It was '81

Looking out at the ice-cold water all around me
I can't feel any traces of that other place
In the dark when the wind comes racing off the river
There's a car all black with diplomatic plates

Lyrics submitted by Akela.

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