

Playboy

Hot Chip

April; the cruelest month
I reckon this much could be a contender
There's only so much sorrow a man can take
I can't change my face, Don't you remember?

You know when I was on the road
That me and you was on the rocks, so low
Should never have got talkin' all that jive
Now there's only one way for me to stay alive

Drivin' in my Puegeot ay-ay-ay-ay
Twenty inch rims with the chrome now ay-ay-ay-ay
Blazin' out Yo La Tengo ay-ay-ay-ay
Drivin' round poppin' with the top down ay-ay-ay-ay (2x)

So long to contentedness
I reckon next time I'll march in favor
So long I've felt a blessedness
No more is this a taste I want to savor

Know how I dig you on?
You now only see, so far
But never was there more to say
Less, to do, before, turn away

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