

# Juveniles

## The Walkmen

You're someone else  
Tomorrow night  
Doesn't matter to me  
'Cause there's a sun dying  
Into the hill  
You got all I need  
You pulled a blanket across my eyes  
It's a tragedy  
Take a lonely look from my side  
It's a tragedy  
Oh, country air  
Is good for me  
No matter who's side I'm on  
Let these dead leaves  
Dry in the sun  
I'll be up and gone  
There's a stranger outside  
Oh Lord  
He's a wiser man than I  
Oh Lord  
I am a good man  
By any count  
And I see better things to come  
Could she be right?  
When she repeats  
I am the lucky one  
You're one of us  
Or one of them  
You're one of us  
Or one of them  
You're one of us  
Or one of them  
You're one of us  
Or one of them  
You're one of us  
Or one of them

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