

Ludlow St.

Julian Casablancas

Everything seems to go wrong when I stop drinking.
Everything seemed to go my way last night.
Everything seems so wrong to me this morning.
I know things will be brighter later tonight.

On Ludlow St.

Chinatown's coming on Ludlow St.
Puerto Rican's are runnin' on Ludlow St.
Soon, musicians will haunt it on Ludlow St.
Where Indians once hunted.

And it's hard.

Just move along. While I surrendered my ego you fed yours.
All my fantasies died when you said yours.
I have dangled my pride to forget yours,
Will my mind be at ease when you get yours?

We'll find out soon enough. It started back in 1624.
The Lenape tribes would soon get forced from their home.
Soon we'll all get pushed out as soon as I get sober.
I remember why I drank it all away.

On Ludlow St. Nauseous regrets are calling me on the phone
My shoes, they seem to be my only home.
The only thing to last will be my bones.

Oh, tonight you'll hear the animals next door to you moan. On Ludlow St.
Faces are changing on Ludlow St.
Yuppies invading on Ludlow St.
Night life is raging on Ludlow St.

History's fading.

And it's hard to just move along. While I surrendered my ego, you fed yours.
All my fantasies died when you said yours.
I have dangled my pride to forget yours.
Will my mind be at ease when you get yours?

We'll find out soon enough. While they defended their ego, you fed yours.
All their fantasies died when you said yours.
They have dangled their pride to forget yours.
Will their souls be at ease when you get yours?

We'll find out soon enough.

I'll found out soon enough.

Songwriters

CASABLANCAS, JULIAN Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>