

Berlin Got Blurry

Parquet Courts

Donair wrappers unwrapped and extinguished
Crotch of a rollie inside yellow fingers
Nothing lasts but nearly everything lingers in life
Cellphone service is not that expensive
But that takes commitment and you just don't have it
Feels so effortless to be a stranger
But feeling foreign is such a lonely habit
You can't crop yourself out of the picture
Out-of-focus but still framed inside
Well, Berlin got blurry
And my heart started hurting for you
Loudmouthed living got you some attention
And second chances given without doubt
'Guess you've got a history but it's not worth a mention tonight
Kind ears captive to the beers you've purchased
Sipping through your seeds of plaster confession
Telling pretty stories, is it your sole purpose?
Telling everybody that you've learned your lesson
But no-one's falling for that nice-guy bullshit
They waited years, you can wait one night
Well Berlin got blurry
When my eyes started telling it to
Funny how it charms you, that Teutonic frankness
Listen and it arms you with a new kind of patience
Maybe it alarms you 'cause it tastes so familiar and wild
French fries, ketchup, hot-dog are the main ingredients
Swears in flawless english it's the best in town
Funny how a sameness cannot be distinguished
Strangeness is relieving when you're pointed out
Emails, poems, slogans on example
Of three things I can't unify
Well, Berlin got blurry
As my thoughts all hurried to you

Songwriters

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