

Juveniles

The Walkmen

You're with 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, for my sake
It's a tragedy Oh country air
Is good for me
No matter whose 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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