

Ode to the Mets

The Strokes

Up on his horse, up on his horse
Not gonna wake up here anymore
Listen one time
It's not the truth
It's just a story
I tell to you

Easy to say
Easy to do
But it's not easy, well maybe for you?
Hope that you find it
Hope that it's good
Hope that you read it
Think that you should
Cuts you some slack, as he sits back
Sizes you up
Plans his attack

Drums please, Fab

And I got it all
I got it all waiting for me
Down on the street
But now you gotta do something special for me
I'm gonna say, what's on my mind
Then I'll walk out
Then I'll feel fine

Yeah, I'm under his thumb, I'm on his back
I will not show my teeth too quick
I needed you there
I needed you there
But I didn't know
I didn't know

Go alone
I'll go alone
We'll go alone
I'll go alone

Back from his trip
He's at the door
When he gets back
He's on the phone
Innocent eye
Innocent heart
No, it's not wrong
But it's not right
Innocent time
Out on his own
Not gonna do that
Come out of control

I was just bored
Playing the guitar
Learned all your tricks
Wasn't too hard

It's the last one now
I can promise you that
I'm gonna find out the truth
When I get back

Gone now are the old times
Forgotten, time to hold on the railing
The Rubik's Cube isn't solving for us
Old friends, long forgotten
The old ways at the bottom
Of the ocean now has swallowed
The only thing that's left
Is us, so pardon
The silence that you're hearing
Is turning into
A deafening, painful, shameful roar