

# The Length of Las Ramblas

Superchunk

Hillside scratchin' on a cheap postcard  
And I hear chickens running crazy laps in a dusty yard  
Temples of madness and  
Eggs scrambled hard  
Well I'm soaked through my shirt  
But its cold where you are

From the park I can see  
Statues of explorers  
Staring out to the harbor  
Sent to destroy us  
Well I'm soaked through my shirt  
But its cold where you are

And if everything you say is true  
And its as simple as a letter never got to you  
Well, if everything you say is true  
Then I believe you

That night I dropped the letters home  
And walked the length of las ramblas  
Tired and alone and inspired  
But it's not too far  
Well I'm soaked through my shirt  
But its cold where you are

And if everything you say is true  
Like the frost on these fields of silver [?]  
And its as simple as a letter never got to you  
Well if everything you say is true  
Then I believe you