

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