

Julian Casablancas - Ludlow St.

Tom: F

Everything seems to go wrong when I stop drinking
 Everything seemed to go my way last night
 Everything seems so wrong to me this morning
 I know things will be brighter later tonight

On Ludlow St
 Chinatown's coming on Ludlow St
 Puerto Rican's are runnin' on Ludlow St
 Soon, musicians will haunt it on Ludlow St
 Where Indians once hunted
 And it's hard
 Just move along

While I surrendered my ego you fed yours
 All my fantasies died when you said yours
 I have dangled my pride to forget yours,
 Will my mind be at ease when you get yours?
 We'll find out soon enough

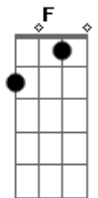
It started back in 1624
 The Lenape tribes would soon get forced from their home
 Soon we'll all get pushed out as soon as I get sober
 I remember why I drank it all away
 On Ludlow St

(F Bb C F Bb F C F)
 Nauseous regrets are calling me on the phone
 My shoes, they seem to be my only home.
 The only thing to last will be my bones.
 Oh, tonight you'll hear the animals next door to you moan.
 On Ludlow St.
 Faces are changing on Ludlow St.
 Yuppies invading on Ludlow St.
 Night life is raging on Ludlow St.
 History's fading.
 And it's hard... to just move along.

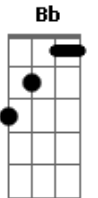
While I surrendered my ego, you fed yours.
 All my fantasies died when you said yours.
 I have dangled my pride to forget yours.
 Will my mind be at ease when you get yours?
 We'll find out soon enough.

While they defended their ego, you fed yours.
 All their fantasies died when you said yours.
 They have dangled their pride to forget yours.
 Will their souls be at ease when you get yours?
 We'll find out soon enough.
 I'll found out soon enough.

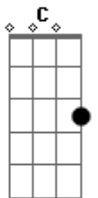
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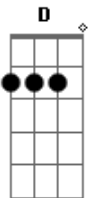
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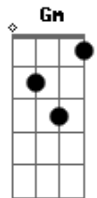
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