

# White Sky

## Vampire Weekend

An ancient business, a modern piece of glasswork  
Down on the corner that you walk each day in passing  
The elderly sales clerk won't eye us with suspicion  
The whole, immortal corporation's given its permission  
The little stairway, a little piece of carpet  
A pair of mirrors that are facing one another  
Out in both directions, a thousand little Julias  
That come together in the middle of Manhattan  
You waited since lunch  
It all comes at once  
Around the corner, the house that modern art built  
I ask for modern art to keep it out the closets  
The people who might own it, the sins of pride and envy  
And on the second floor the Richard Serra skatepark  
You waited since lunch  
It all comes at once  
Sit on the park wall, ask all the right questions  
"Why are the horses racing taxis in the winter?"  
Look up at the buildings, imagine who might live there  
Imagining your Wolfords in a bowl upon the sink there  
You waited since lunch  
It all comes at once  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>