

## Horchata - 1/1

**Interprété par Vampire Weekend.**

In December, drinking horchata  
I'd look psychotic in a balaclava  
Winter's cold is too much to handle  
Pincher crabs that pinch at your sandals

In December, drinking horchata  
Look down your glasses at that aranciata  
With lips and teeth to ask how my day went  
Boots and fists to pound on the pavement

Here comes a feeling you thought you'd forgotten  
Chairs to sit and sidewalks to walk on

You'd remember drinking horchata  
You'd still enjoy it with your foot on masada

Winter's cold is too much to handle  
Pincher crabs that pinch at your sandals

Here comes a feeling you thought you'd forgotten  
Chairs to sit and sidewalks to walk on  
Oh you had it but oh no you lost it  
Looking back you shouldn't have fought it

In December, drinking horchata  
I'd look psychotic in a balaclava

But winter's cold is too much to handle  
Pincher crabs that pinch at your sandals  
Years go by and hearts start to harden  
Those palms and firs that grew in your garden  
Are falling down and nearing the rosebeds  
The roots are shooting up through the tool shed  
Those lips and teeth that asked how my day went  
Are shouting up through cracks in the pavement

Here comes a feeling you thought you'd forgotten  
Chairs to sit and sidewalks to walk on  
Oh you had it but oh no you lost it  
You understood so you shouldn't have fought it