

# Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, Counting Down T

Innocence, it don't come easy - in a sense it never will  
Accidents mean no one's guilty, ignorance means someone's killed  
So I asked our Mr. Mellor how one gets to where one's going  
And he points to his survival, and he points me down the road  
And I go on  
Wondering if I've got a soul and  
Counting down the hours 'til it goes  
On a dark wet night in April, on a street in Jersey where  
I went looking for some writing that I knew would not be there  
And a punter from the Pelhams and the police, in the rain,  
Were concerned more with a car than with the fact the light had changed  
But after listening all morning, as I drove down 95  
To a story of detainees who were barely kept alive  
I could deal with trying to process pigeons acting like they're doves  
But not with interference from the power lines above  
And I go on  
Wondering if I've got a soul and  
Counting down the hours 'til it goes  
And oh, precautions, yes precautions  
But if you're playing with a gun, you could kill someone  
And in the dark it's hard to know a friend  
But I'm not angry, I won't be forever angry  
As I'm walking toward tomorrow with a rifle in my hand  
And I'm thinking about New England, and I'm missing old Japan  
And a mountain in California where a spring runs hot and cold  
And if I told you I felt ageless, would you tell me I'm not old?  
And I go on  
Wondering if I've got a soul and  
Counting down the hours 'till it goes