

Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, Dial Up

Pack up what you own,
and you dial up who you can phone,
and you save up all your pennies,
and we hope but, oh -- is there any --
and we wonder, oh, how can he put you out tonight?

Go back in your mind,
twenty years in time,
and we'll go a-walking through your garden;
see the trees you planted in your yard then.
All your work, it didn't seem so hard then,
but it's hard tonight.

Five years further on,
from the stage it looked like we'd won,
but how many of those who heard you play
have gone their insouciant ways?
And the streets run bloody to this day,
and to your house tonight.

And we, still so touched
Can we offer you that much?
More than those who you fought
And who left you with nought

And who lied to you?
They lied to you
They lied to you, lied to you, lied to you
But this you always knew

So pack up your bulls and smalls
And we'll tack up your painting on our walls
And we'll write down all our songs then
And we'll right up all our wrongs then
And we'll tear up the streets a million strong then
In your name tonight