

# Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, The Sons Of Cain

Old, lonely, and endless light. Cold morning rises from the night.  
No smile smiles back through the glare. No Voice calls back from the stairs.  
Oh, those wounds on your blistered feet? That march you on along that dusted street  
Oh, that dust gathers 'round your head as, clean, I rise from my lonely bed  
All the talking - this and that none taking me to where you're at  
Oh, as fine as the day is long  
Oh, my fineness, where have you gone?  
And I know I'm not to sing of fights I've missed  
But, alone, I've got to sing just to exist  
And to resist  
So you're gone now, and who's to blame?  
Left down here among the sons of Cain  
Have you gone on to their heavenly fame  
Leaving me here among the sons of Cain?  
So, you're gone now, and who's to blame?  
Left down here among the sons of Cain  
Oh, you're gone now, and who's to blame?  
All alone among the sons of Cain