

# Wolf Parade, Language City

Language City is a bad old place  
We all know  
Where eyeballs float in space  
We all know

We're tired  
We can't sleep  
It's crowded here  
None of us leave  
Language City don't mean a thing to me

Audiences, the same program is always on  
I didn't fail, it's best to avoid the law  
When your wife wakes up and sees  
Shut the blinds and block out the street  
Language City don't mean a thing to me

All this working, just to tear it down (x2)

Language City is a bad old place  
We all know  
Eyeballs float in space  
We all know

We're tired  
We can't sleep  
It's crowded here  
None of us leave  
Language City don't mean a thing to me

I been here so long my heart is a parking lot  
Hollow feet, rooted to the spot  
But the fields are beyond belief  
From the tower out to where I can see  
Language City don't mean a thing to me

All this working, just to tear it down (x2)

And on the telephone, on the telephone, on the telephone  
Somebody's counting the hours

And in a paper room, in a paper room, in a paper room  
Somebody's counting the hours

And now I know it's true, in a golden room, in a golden room  
Somebody's counting the hours, the hours, the hours, the hours

Oh the long bitter road  
Let us down  
Oh the ringing telephone  
There's no one around

We are not at home (x6)  
We are not at home (x6)  
Hang on the telephone (x4)