

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)