

Burton Cummings, Sour Suite

Don't wanna listen to my telephone ring
Or sing ding-a-ling or talk about a thing
Not this morning
Don't wanna think about the night before
Or maybe it's a bore behind an open door
Got no time for that this morning
If I had the mind or I had the time
Maybe I could throw together a new kind of rhyme
And tell about my warning
But it's too late now.
It's too late now.
It's too late now.

I don't wanna think about a runaway dad
That took away the only thing that I never had
Don't even miss him this morning
I don't wanna think about a cold goodbye
Or a high school buddy got a little too high
I can't help him out this morning
Reviewers laugh at me so I go out to sea
And perhaps it's just as well cause I'd rather be in hell
Than be a wealthy man this morning
But it's too late now.
It's too late now.
It's too late now.

Whatever happened to images cause now they're gone
And worn-out phrases just keep a hangin' on
Whatever happened to homes as opposed to houses
The conversation sinks as the evening drowns
It's just like 46201.
It's just like 46201.

Whatever happened to early morning open skies
And broken faces, half with melting eyes
Enough of riddles that just play with time
Cause I'm still here and I can't beg a dime
I'm back here in 46201.
I'm back here in 46201.

Something better's waiting for me around the corner now
I got to find it and try and hang on for a little while
I'm back here in 46201.
There's gotta be a few small changes made

Don't wanna listen to my telephone ring
Or sing ding-a-ling or talk about a thing ...
Leave me alone this morning.