

# Donald Fagen, Century's End

Those trucks in the street  
Is it really Monday  
Time to find some trouble again  
Make a bid for romance  
While the dollar stands a chance  
Dumb love in the city at century's end

We cut to this blonde  
Dancing on a mirror  
There's no disbelief to suspend  
It's the dance, it's the dress  
She's a concept more or less  
Dumb love in the city at century's end

(At century's end)  
Nobody's holding out for heaven  
It's not for creatures here below  
We just suit up for a game  
The name of which we used to know  
It might be careless rapture

This kid's got the eye  
Call it pirate radar  
Scoping out the room for some trend  
But there's nobody new  
So she zeroes in on you  
Dumb love in the city at century's end

(At century's end)  
Nobody's holding out for heaven  
It's not for creatures here below  
We just suit up for a game  
The name of which we used to know  
By now it's second nature

Scratch the cab  
We can grab the local  
Let's get to the love scene, my friend  
Which means look, maybe touch  
But beyond that not too much  
Dumb love in the city at century's end  
Dumb love in the city

Love in the city at century's end  
Love in the city at century's end  
Love in the city at century's end  
Love in the city at century's end