

# Garbage, April 10

It was April the tenth  
I remember it well  
It was so cold that year  
It was colder than hell

Things haven't been good  
For you, for a while  
Because I'd been on tour  
I hadn't heard

And you've dropped in  
With the letter you wrote  
And I read it aloud  
To prove that I could

And we were both laughing  
Cause we know how you are  
We never thought  
Your quitting was good

We thought that we knew you  
And I guess that we don't  
Are you heavenly or

just like the past?

We called you "the black penny";  
Remember that?

The sea is wide  
The streets are long  
And there's blood on all our hands  
With the catalyst gone

And only what's left to us  
Is history built on dust  
I was sweating on poet's words  
Great nations and governments

Sweet lies and victories  
Eager and keen to please  
those good keys are everywhere  
with their thousand-yard stare

We all end up the same  
Like little lambs to meet their end