

Garbage, April Tenth

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