

# Mike Doughty, Wednesday (Contra La Puerta)

Boats moored in the water  
the green waves are rolling at the shore  
I love to see them reaching  
I just want to stay in this joyous hour  
your sorrow is beautiful  
to me tonight  
so cold and bright

And I don't want to wait til Wednesday

so bright so bright  
and cold this bitter long day

No se poye contra la puerta

deep charse(?) on Sunday  
charm them into coming up from queen  
coming up the staircase  
bringing tiny envelopes for me  
this sarte(?) is beautiful  
stars in flight  
so cold and bright

and I don't want to see my crush again  
the magical correction  
i dream the world speeds on yeah,

no se poye contra la puerta

□

Maybe I'm a loser  
Maybe I'm the unsuspecting lord  
maybe i'm a rapper  
maybe i'm just living by the sword.

your sorrow is beautiful to me tonight  
so cold and bright

And I don't want to wait til Wednesday  
so bright so bright  
and cold this bitter long day