

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

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so bright so bright
and cold this bitter long day