

Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, Bleeding Powers

All the time you were keeping me straight I was bleeding powers
In my mind it was never too late, and the days were hours
And sure the waves still make spray at the old sea wall...

And the road leads somewhere, but it's not yet to your door
And the road leads somewhere, but it's not yet to your door

Let's go down to the old South End, where we used to meet
Take me back to the basements and alleys on Walbridge Street
Ah, but it'll only make me sadder when I can't conjure ghosts no more

And the road leads somewhere, but it's not yet to your door
And the road leads somewhere, but it's not yet to your door

All the time you've spent working away, well you've done more than your part
All the times you only wanted your say, not their slings and darts
And still you couldn't let them drown in their own hate no more

And the road leads somewhere, but it's not yet to your door
And the road leads somewhere, but it's not yet to your door

And you still see people waiting for the next excuse for war

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