

# Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, Bridges, Squares

As i walked to kendall square,  
and crossed the river basin there,  
the charles was black, the sky was blue,  
the view was old, the bridge was new.  
and past the flow's constricted mouth,  
commercial lines flowed mostly south,  
or east across a boundless sea,  
where rising soon, the star would be.  
the tides are moved by sun and moon.  
the spring will last from march to june.  
the red line train will pass behind,  
as long as bridge joins stream and sky.  
and from that point where i did stand,  
i wondered at the works of man.  
i wondered how this walk began,  
til red line train came round again.  
but it's not the time to ossify.  
it's not the end of wondering why.  
it's not in your faith or your apostasy.  
it's not the end of history.  
as i can take, so i could give,  
if i could shop where i could live.  
as i can read, so i'd write books,  
if i could eat where i could cook  
where talkers have a place to meet,  
where walkers walk along the street,  
and subways travel paths well hid,  
but ferries take you off the grid.  
and it's not the time to ossify.  
it's not the end of wondering why.  
it's not in your faith or your apostasy.  
it's not the end of... predicatble waves of historicity,  
nostalgia for gas-lit time i'll never see,  
futurians manifest, internationalists.  
connected are the promenades and waterways  
the living waves of harbor nights and city days.  
and where is the builder?  
was there something missed?  
hidden in the plans to the bridge that started this?  
but it's not the time to ossify.  
it's not the end of wondering why.  
it's not in your faith or your apostasy.  
it's not the end of history.  
as i walked on to founders' square,  
and crossed the river basin there,  
the passaic was grey, the sky was blue,  
the bridge was old, the view was new.  
and from that point where i did stand,  
i wondered at the builder's plan.  
i wondered how this walk will end.  
til path train came around again.  
but it's not the time to ossify.  
it's not the end of wondering why.  
it's not in your faith or your apostasy.  
it's not the end of history.