

Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, Parallel Or Together

We're caught in a landslide
the minutes come tumbling down
and into an hour's time
within which a day's worth of work
Must be planned out and pan out
For every week to be worth
The weekends of downtime
And months of an ennui that kills
And years of resentment
Of everyone's contentment
And you can't justify it, still.

I tell you my reasons
You don't tell me your inside jokes
Until I've gone bitter
On every word that you've spoken
And all of your kind words
Amounting to nought but a token
In all their inaction
Will tumble away with the days
And nights of together
As we're not really "together" at all, but "parallel."

Now I'm walking on downtown
In a town that is not my home
And shopping for breakfast
To be eaten all alone
And dreaming of houses
None of them that I own
But that's not my province
That's not for what I am known

So I gather around me
All the little pieces of a song
And fit them where they belong
So go to your downtown
And bring what you've bought back home
And you should never worry
Your hours will now be as long
As the days that you hurried
And months when it all seemed wrong
In all of the action
Will tumble away with the years
And parallel evenings
And parallel tracks of our tears
And nights of together are where?

So I gather around me
All the little pieces of a song
And fit them where they belong
And fit them where they belong
And fit them where they belong
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