

Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, Squeaky Fingers

Like it's a dream -- and there's a moon, and a tune --
a shower in a motel room,
and through the steam, and in my ear,
I can hear
squeaky fingers on the mirror.

Beyond the door, out in the lot,
the night is hot,
and kids are givin' what they got;
and is it me or is it fey,
when I say,
"It reminds me of another day?"
Ya-hey!

Out in the road, across the town,
out and down,
where they disappear without a sound,
into the whole from whence they came,
without a name,
givin' and gettin' joy and pain;

and into pants, then into boots,
and business suits,
to fill them out while they commute;
or to remain in tricked out cars,
and country bars,
county fairs, and church bazaars --
Stay hard!

Like it's a dream, in motion slow
And they all know
I hear them come and watch them go
And as the steam begins to clear, I face the mirror
The evidence has disappeared
Into the hole from whence it came
Still unnamed, like tomorrow's town is just the same
Into the whole from whence I came
Still unnamed, like tomorrow's town is just the same
Unnamed