

Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, Who Do You Love

Well, the day dawned and dried the grass on the ground
Someone up and died without a sound
And though we looked for you, well, you couldn't be found
You were already on your way, dear
And I saw them call as you walked down the street
But tall through it all, you'd admit no defeat
Despite the grief that you get from everyone you meet
But open up and let things change, dear
Now we don't ask for medals, we don't ask for praise
We work hard instead, and then we walk away
But when the question still pends at the end of every day
Oh, open up to what it's saying
So the weight of the world, it won't get you down
You make what you wear and you don't wait around
You give em what they want (or as much as you can)
Like you've done all along, and you'll do again
But who do you love? Who do you love? Who do you love?
So the weight of your will will stave off decline
And you won't stop that war, but that don't stop you trying
You say all the words that move all our friends
And you work til the clock has gone round again
But who do you love? Who do you love? Who do you love?
And so goes the most of our freedom of speech: we live for the city, we work for the beach
And when the weekend seems to be just out of reach
Just make the most of what you're paid, dear
Your love's a ghost, and that's why we're delayed here