

The Guess Who, Sour Suite

Don't want to listen to my telephone ring
Or sing ding-a-ling or talk about a thing
Not this morning

I don't want to think about the night before
Or maybe it's a bore behind an open door
I've got no time for that this morning

If I had the mind or I had the time
Maybe I could throw together a new kind of rhyme
And tell about my warning

But it's too late now
It's too late now
It's too late now

I don't want to think about a runaway dad
That took away the only thing that I've ever had
Don't even miss him this morning

I don't want to think about a cold goodbye
Or a high school buddy got a little too high
I can't help him out this morning

Reviewers laugh at me so I go out to sea
And perhaps it's just as well 'cause I'd rather be in hell
Than be a wealthy man this morning

But it's too late now
It's too late now
It's too late now

Whatever happened to images, 'cause now they're gone
And worn-out phrases just keep a-hanging on
Whatever happened to homes as opposed to houses
The conversation sinks as the evening drowns
It's just like 46201
It's just like 46201

Whatever happened to early morning open skies
And broken faces, half with melting eyes
Enough of riddles that just play with time
'Cause I'm still here and I can't beg a dime
I'm back here in 46201
I'm back here in 46201

Something better's waiting for me around the corner now
I got to find it and try and hang on for a little while
I'm back here in 46201
There's gotta be a few small changes made

Don't want to listen to my telephone ring
Or sing ding-a-ling or talk about a thing
Leave me alone this morning
</lyrics>

== Credits ==

* Composer: Burton Cummings