

Ted Leo/Pharmacists "Bleeding Powers"

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All the time you were keeping me straight
I was bleeding powers
In my mind it was never too late
And the days were hours
And sure the waves still make spray
At the old sea wall

And the road leads somewhere
But it's not yet to your door
Yeah, the road leads somewhere
But it's not yet to your door

Let's go down to the old South End
Where we used to meet
Take me back to the basements and alleys
On Walbridge Street
Ah, but it'll only make me sadder
When I can't conjure ghosts no more

And the road leads somewhere
But it's not yet to your door
Yeah, the road leads somewhere
But it's not yet to your door

All the time you spent working away
Well, you've done more than your part
All the times you only wanted your say
Not their slings and darts
And still you couldn't let them drown in
Their own hate no more

And the road leads somewhere
But it's not yet to your door
Yeah, the road leads somewhere
But it's not yet to your door

And you still see people waiting
For the next excuse for war

And the road leads somewhere
But it's not yet to your door
Yeah, the road leads somewhere

But it's not yet to your door

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