

Ted Leo/Pharmacists

"Counting Down The Hours"

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Innocence, it don't come easy, in a sense it never will
Accidents mean no one's guilty, ignorance means
someone's killed
So I asked our Mr. Mellor how to get to where one's
going
And he points to his survival, and he points me down
the road

And I go on and on to lead a light low
Wondering if I got a soul and counting down the hours
'til it goes

On a dark wet night in April, on a street in Jersey where
I went looking for some writing that I knew would not be
there
And a punter from the Pelhams and the police in the
rain
Were concerned more with a car than with the fact the
light had changed

But after listening all morning, as I drove down 95
To a story of detainees who were barely kept alive
I could deal with trying to process pigeons acting like
they're doves
But not with interference from the power lines above

'Cause I go on and on to lead a light low
Wondering if I've got a soul counting down the hours
'til it goes

And precautions, yes precautions
But if you're playing with a gun, well you could kill
someone
And in the dark it's hard to know a friend
But I'm not angry, I won't be forever angry

As I'm walking toward tomorrow with a rifle in my hand
And I'm thinking about new England, and I'm missing
old Japan
And a mountain in California where a spring runs hot
and cold
And if I told you I felt ageless, would you tell me I'm not

old?

'Cause I go on and on to lead a light low
Wondering if I've got a soul and counting down the
hours 'til it goes
On and on to lead a light low
Wondering if I've got a soul and counting down the
hours 'til it goes

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