

## The Guess Who "Sour Suite"

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

I don't wanna think about the night before  
Or maybe it's a bore behind that open door  
Got no time for that this mornin'

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

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

I don't wanna think about a runaway Dad  
That took away the only thing that I've ever had  
Don't even miss him this mornin'

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

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

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-hangin' on  
Whatever happened to homes as opposed to houses?  
A conversation, sayings as the evening drowns  
It's just like 4 6 2 0 1  
It's just like 4 6 2 0 1

Whatever happened to early morning urban 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 4 6 2 O 1  
I'm back here in 4 6 2 O 1

Some bed is waitin' for me 'round the corner now  
I gotta find it and try and hang on for a little while  
Back here in 4 6 2 O 1, yeah  
Mmm, there's gotta be a few small changes made

Don't wanna listen to my telephone ring  
Or sing ding-a-ling or talk about a thing  
Leave me alone this mornin'

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