

## The Good Lovelies "Backyard"

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We were sitting in our backyard,  
Waiting for the stars to show.  
But the city lights shine too far  
On and on the grey skies glow.

Took my bike out on Harvard Street,  
Rode up Atlers to Saint Clair,  
Started countin' cars surrounding me,  
My lungs burstin' for some cleaner air.

It was sadder than the morning doe,  
Much funnier than a clown.  
But when push comes to shove,  
Oh, I still love this town.

Do do do do  
Do do do do  
Do do do do do do do do

I was waitin' on the eastbound train,  
Headed out to see the suburbs,  
When I thought I heard my name.  
It was just a crazy lady slurrin' words.

It was sadder than a weepin' willow.  
As silly as a dog with a bone.  
But when you ask me 'bout it,  
I'll still call this my home.

Do do do do  
Do do do do do do do do  
Oh oh  
Do do do do  
Do do do do do do do do

Early mornin' on a Saturday,  
The bustle wakes us up in bed.  
Construction, trucks, kids in the park at play,  
No quiet place to lay our heads.

I was madder than the old hatter,  
I was crazy as the Cheshire Cat,

But when we get to the heart of the matter,  
This is where I'll hang my hat.

Do do do do  
Do do do do do do do do  
Oh oh  
Do do do do  
Do do do do do do do do (x2)

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