

Paul Westerberg

"We May Be The Ones"

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I wanna know, I wanna know.
I wanna know, I wanna know.

Is the garage your playground?
A pool, a hose
Did you piss in the alley
and get your toes caught
in the spokes of a bike
with the banana seat?
Did you carry a knife
that was rusted shut tight?
You got drunk after church at 13?

We may well be the ones
to set this world on its ears.
We may well be the ones
if nothing, why are we here?

I wanna know, I wanna know.
I wanna know, I wanna know.

The sweet smell of candles
burnt low by young women.
Alone on their own
for the very first time.
Under posters of rock stars
that you vaguely resemble.
In front of a cat,
Resounding, perhaps.
Means that you'll be the next one in line.

We may well be the ones
to set this world on its ear.
We may well be the ones
if nothing, why are we here?
Why the hell then are we here?

You may very well be the next one.
Someone sell me a handgun.
Goodbye ma, I'm done for.
It's the law, tell me what for.

I wanna know, I wanna know.
I wanna know, I wanna know.

Smoke cigarette butts
from your brother's green helmet.
He wore in that war
Once, where everyone lost.
And they taught him to pour
Coffee and napalm.
And trade in his storm
for an intense calm
That just won't let him be.

We may well be the ones.
To set this world on its ear.
We may well get it done.
Why the hell else are we here?
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