

Ted Leo + the 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
And 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
And the road leads somewhere, but it's not yet to your
door

All the time you've 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
And 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

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

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