

## **Ted Leo & The Pharmacists**

### **"2nd Ave, 11 AM"**

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out of your personal scripture, philomel, she comes.  
you sing songs to everyone about love and law and  
guns.  
but paint a dirtier picture,  
and i think you know the one: you're not saving anyone.  
you're not saving anyone.  
oh, just open your door.  
be a flaneur once more.  
you're not walking anymore,  
you're not talking anymore.  
overturning the strictures,  
you leave yourself with none of your sinners to be  
saved,  
or your comforts that you crave.  
it's a volatile mixture: the zealot and the rum.  
so you knew it couldnt be won;  
still hard lost because hard run.  
so here's to things that console,  
and to at least knowing your role, and to never being  
done.  
you're a rabbit on the run.  
ne, ne travaillez jamais:  
no, never work, that's what they say.  
mais ne, ne, ne, nous n'arretons pas:  
no, dont lets stop until it's done.  
you're a rabbit on the run.

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