

## **Ted Leo & The Pharmacists "Counting Down The Hours"**

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Innocence, it don't come easy, in a sense it never will  
Accidents mean no one's guilty, ignorance means  
someone's killed  
So I asked our Mr. Mellor how to get to where one's  
going  
And he points to his survival, and he points me down  
the road

And I go on and on to lead a light low  
Wondering if I got a soul and counting down the hours  
'til it goes

On a dark wet night in April, on a street in Jersey where  
I went looking for some writing that I knew would not be  
there  
And a punter from the Pelhams and the police in the  
rain  
Were concerned more with a car than with the fact the  
light had changed

But after listening all morning, as I drove down 95  
To a story of detainees who were barely kept alive  
I could deal with trying to process pigeons acting like  
they're doves  
But not with interference from the power lines above

'Cause I go on and on to lead a light low  
Wondering if I've got a soul counting down the hours  
'til it goes

And precautions, yes precautions  
But if you're playing with a gun, well you could kill  
someone  
And in the dark it's hard to know a friend  
But I'm not angry, I won't be forever angry

As I'm walking toward tomorrow with a rifle in my hand  
And I'm thinking about new England, and I'm missing  
old Japan  
And a mountain in California where a spring runs hot  
and cold  
And if I told you I felt ageless, would you tell me I'm not

old?

'Cause I go on and on to lead a light low  
Wondering if I've got a soul and counting down the  
hours 'til it goes  
On and on to lead a light low  
Wondering if I've got a soul and counting down the  
hours 'til it goes

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