Ted Leo & The Pharmacists "Parallel or Together?"

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We're caught in a landslide. -- The minutes come tumbling down,

and into an hour's time, within which a day's worth of work

must be planned out and pan out for every week to be worth

the weekends of downtime and months of ennui that kills

and years of resentment of everyone's contentment, and you can't justify it, still.

Do-do-do-do.(x3)

Dow-dow-dow-dow-dow.

I tell you my reasons, you don't tell me your inside jokes

until I've gone bitter on every word that you've spoken, and all of your kind words, amounting to nought but a token

in all their inaction, will tumble away with the days and nights of together, as we're really not "together" at all.

but "parallel."

Do-do-do-do.

Dow-dow-dow-dow-dow.

Do-do-do-do.

Dow-dow-dow-dow-dow.

Do-do-do-do-do-do-do-do.

Now I'm walking on downtown, in a town that is not my home,

and shopping for breakfast, to be eaten all alone, and dreaming of houses, none of them that I own -- but that's not my provence -- that's not for what I am known.

So I gather around me all the little pieces of a song, and fit them where they belong.

So go to your downtown, and bring what you've

brought back home, and you never should worry -your hours will now be as long as the days that you hurried, and months when it all seemed wrong, in all of the action, will tumble away with the years, and parallel evenings, and parallel tracks of our tears, and nights of together are where?

So I gather around me all the little pieces of a song, and fit them where they belong.(x10)
Why-e-eye-e-eye-woah-oh.
Why-e-eye-e-eye-woah-oh.

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