

## Ted Leo & The Pharmacists

### "Sons of Cain"

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Old, lonely, and endless light. Cold morning rises from  
the night.  
No smile smiles back through the glare. No voice calls  
back from the stairs.  
Oh, those wounds on your blistered feet? That march  
you on along that dusted street  
Oh, that dust gathers 'round your head as, clean, I rise  
from my lonely bed  
All the talking - this and that none taking me to where  
you're at  
Oh, as fine as the day is long  
Oh, my fineness, where have you gone?  
And I know I'm not to sing of fights I've missed  
But, alone, I've got to sing just to exist  
And to resist  
So you're gone now, and who's to blame?  
Left down here among the songs of Cain  
Have you gone on to their heavenly fame  
Leaving me here among the sons of Cain  
So, you're gone now, and who's to blame?  
Left down here among the sons of Cain  
Oh, you're gone now, and who's left to blame?  
All alone among the sons of Cain

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