

Hold Steady, The "The Sweet Part Of The City"

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Back when we were living up on Hennepin.
She kept threatening to turn us in.
At night she mostly liked us.
We used to pass around a thermos.
Some nights she looked gorgeous.

We were living it.
We delivered it.
We didn't feel a thing.
We were living it.

The sweet part of the city.
The parts with the bars and restaurants.
We used to meet underneath the marquees.
We used to nod off in the matinees.
She always claimed that she was from Tennessee.
Now it seems to me

Like distance doesn't equal rate and time no more.
It's like gravity doesn't apply.
Everything sparkles and it feels like we're on wheels.
It was dark but I guess that's the deal.

St. Theresa showed up wearing see through.
It was standard issue.
We went out to get some more wine.
But it's a long haul to the corner store from the center
of the universe.
When you can't get your car off the curb.

We were living it.
We delivered it.
We didn't feel a thing.
We were in heaven in

The sweet part of the city.
The parts with the bars and restaurants.
So we shot ourselves out into outer space.
It was tough to place the aftertaste.
It was stark but it was spacious.

It's a long way from Cedar-Riverside to Cedars-Sinai.
Three times St. Paul to Cheyenne.
It's a long way from Sacramento too.
We were bored so we started a band.

We'd like to play for you.

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