

A Fine Day For a Parade

Fountains of Wayne

Mrs. Carver says she's sorry
She knows enough not to worry
But what does she know about crime?
Believes the town is sinking
The price of forward thinking
You stay up all night half the time

Racking your mind
Alone in the night
While all your neighbors sleep tight

Years ago she lost her daughter
Off to a sacred order
Where they got stoned and worked the earth
Clears up her head with bourbon
Cause beer is so suburban
And declassé for what it's worth

She drinks it down down down
For all the old old days
She's thinking of it now
It's nice to get away
But what a fine day for a parade

She stays up mending curtains
Until her fingers hurt, and
You can get so bored of it all
No one can say for certain
She'll never safely know when
An asteroid will kill us all

She drinks it down down down
For all the old old days
She's thinking of it now
It's nice to get away
But what a fine day for a parade