

April Tenth

Garbage

It was April tenth
I remember it well
It was so cold that year
It was colder than hell
And things haven't been good
For you, for a while
'Cause I'd been on tour
I hadn't heard

Ruth dropped in
With the letter you wrote
And we read it aloud
To prove that I could
And we were both laughing
'Cause we know how you are

We never thought
Your quitting was good
We thought that we knew you
Well, I guess that we don't
Are you heavenly or
Just like the past?
We called you "The Black Penny"
Remember that?

The sea is wide
The streets are long
And there's blood on all our hands
With the catalyst gone
And only what's left to us
Is history built on dust
I was sweating on poet's words
Great nations and governments

Feat lies in victories
Eager and keen to please
Those junkies are everywhere
With their thousand-yard stare
We all end up the same
Like little lambs to meet their end