

Five Years

Old 97's

Pushing through the market square
So many mothers sighing
News had just come over
We had five years left to cry in
News guy wept and told us
Earth was really dying
Cried so much, his face was wet
And I knew he wasn't lying

I heard telephones, opera house, favourite melody
I saw boys, toys, electric irons and TVs
My brain hurt like a warehouse, it had no room to spare
I had to cram so many things to store everything in there
And all the fat and skinny people
And all the tall-short people
And all the nobody people
And all the somebody people
I never thought I'd need so many people

A girl my age went off her head
Hit some tiny children
If the black hadn't-a pulled her off
Well, I think she would have killed them
A soldier with a broken arm
Fixed his stare to the wheels of a Cadillac
A cop knelt and kissed the feet of a priest
And the queer threw up at the sight of that

I think I saw you in an ice cream parlour
Drinking milkshakes, cold and long
Smiling and waving and looking so fine
Don't think you knew you were in this song
And it was cold and it rained, so I felt like an actor
And I thought of ma and I wanted to get back there
Your face, your race, the way that you talk
I kiss you, you're beautiful, I want you to walk

We've got five years, stuck on my eyes
Five years, what a surprise
We've got five years, my brain hurts a lot
We've got five years, that's all we've got

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