

What`s Wednesday Want

Sass Jordan

Half past nine in the middle of a wednesday morning sneaker parade
The city sweats with the heat and the smoke
And all the urban decay
A boy is running with a broken arm
A dog is dreaming of a distant farm
And everybody that is here is trying to kill each other It's killing me...

What's Wednesday want from me?
I don't really wanna know
Whatever Wednesday wants
By Thursday I'll have found a way to go

Paper tigers on the magazine racks
Their mouths are roaring with rage
Old bag lady with a coffee sits there reading from a torn out page
Another thief is trying to make a break
A man is crying out for goodness' sake
The garbage turns into an ocean as the dirty gutter spills on the street

No more concrete jungle prisons
I'll be going home