

## Five Years

Arcade Fire

Pushing thru 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, then I knew he was not lying I heard telephones, opera house, favourite melodies I saw toys, boys, electric irons and T.V.'s 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-skinny people, and all the tall-short people And all the somebody people, and all the nobody 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, 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 a queer threw up at the sight of that I think I saw you in an ice-cream parlour, drinking milk shakes 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 We've got 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