

Lifetime

Bob Mould

The clouds move between
You and me and New York City
The song gets fuzzy on the AM radio
Tucked underneath the pillow

I move my fingers slow
Across the frequencies
And try to dial in the sound
To drown the noise out
And stop the world from falling
How it anchors me now

Half the verse it disappears
In the static and the haze
(what a lifetime we have)
And the second refrain gets lost in the rain
But that's the magic and mystery
That's how we fall in love

We worship God together
And worship us alone
As we kneel at the bed
You turn the light out
And say good night out loud
What a lifetime we have

So when you're old and broken down
And you can't conjure up a sound
Don't despair, my darling
The tubes will glow and fill the room
With the scent of burning dust
That's the lifetime we have