

## 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