

# Lonely Afternoon

Bob Mould

Well, the silence in this house  
It echoes in this house  
I pull myself together, say  
"Today I will get out"  
The world, it changed without me  
You should hear what I've been told  
The streets I see are blasphemy  
Lined with paper cups and gold

And in some dream, I think  
That every word I dare to speak  
Someone's always leaning over me  
Lean all over me

A giant vision in the distance  
Chase that rainbow down  
I hear a pound, pound, pounding in my chest  
I hear a knock, a knocking sound  
It's the slivers flowing through my veins  
It's a sign that I'm alive  
You're lucky, oh my friend, so lucky  
You're lucky just to be alive

As words go turning by  
I wish they'd all come clear  
In this room  
Another lonely afternoon

I can count the lonely days  
I get by, as they go by  
Standing in the stairway by this room  
By this room

(They've held me down for long enough;  
Like a flower, I need to grow)

The frail and tender heart  
Been shipwrecked with a fool  
Feeling so abused, well, sometimes  
Life can be so cruel  
And the ones who make decisions for you  
Well, they better understand  
But you don't know what made me think of that  
Lonely afternoon