

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