

# Round The City Square

Bob Mould

Whisper going round the city square  
Rumor grows a tumor in your garden  
Anticipation as the rain begins to fall  
And pools up at the gutter in your hallway

I didn't want us to end this way  
But the love has faded away  
Chariot hits the wall  
Body language says it all  
It's the saddest state so suddenly  
The magic disappears  
And the clouds that circle round our home  
Will suck the colour from our bones

I never get to win at pin-the-donkey-tail  
The children's games we played  
As grown-ups we have failed  
For several years I tried to plead my case  
And all the riddles I got back have settled into place

I found a way to get away  
You found a place called home  
I found the road that took me there  
You found you weren't alone  
Now I sit here with the things I need  
And then I wander aimlessly  
I wonder if the whispering is  
Going round the city square

And as you boarded with your ticket  
You found home was safer than  
The place you tried to make your home  
Maybe it felt like home just now and then  
Now and then, now and again  
I tried to plead my case  
It fell on empty ears  
For several years

I heard the whisper going round the city square  
I heard the whisper going round the city square  
I heard the whisper going round the city square  
I wish that I could silence it but you weren't there