

Century's End

Donald Fagen

Those trucks in the street
Is it really Monday
Time to find some trouble again
Make a bid for romance
While the dollar stands a chance
Dumb love in the city at century's end

We tap to this line
Dancing on a mirror
There's no disbelief to suspend
It's the dance, it's the dress
She's a concept more or less
Dumb love in the city at century's end

(At century's end)
Nobody's holding out for heaven
It's not for creatures here below
We just suit up for a game
The name of which we used to know
It might be careless rapture

This kid's got the eye
Call it pirate radar
Scoping out the roof for some trend
But there's nobody new
So she zeroes in on you
Dumb love in the city at century's end

(At century's end)
Nobody's holding out for heaven
It's not for creatures here below
We just suit up for a game
The name of which we used to know
By now it's second nature

Scratch the camera
We can grab the locals
Let's get to the love scene, my friend
Which means look, maybe touch
But beyond that not too much
Dumb love in the city at century's end
Dumb love in the city

Love in the city at century's end
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