

## A Fine Day For a Parade

Fountains of Wayne

Mrs. Carver says she's sorry  
She knows enough not to worry  
But what does she know about crime?  
Believes the town is sinking  
The price of forward thinking  
You stay up all night half the time

Racking your mind  
Alone in the night  
While all your neighbors sleep tight

Years ago she lost her daughter  
Off to a sacred order  
Where they got stoned and worked the earth  
Clears up her head with bourbon  
Cause beer is so suburban  
And declassé for what it's worth

She drinks it down down down  
For all the old old days  
She's thinking of it now  
It's nice to get away  
But what a fine day for a parade

She stays up mending curtains  
Until her fingers hurt, and  
You can get so bored of it all  
No one can say for certain  
She'll never safely know when  
An asteroid will kill us all

She drinks it down down down  
For all the old old days  
She's thinking of it now  
It's nice to get away  
But what a fine day for a parade