

## What We Talk About

Old 97's

Well the hour is late for a visit on a whim  
Well the hour is late for a quiet drunken talk  
I don't begrudge you the anger in your voice  
No I don't begrudge you anything at all  
'Cause I know that the time is scarce in Laredo with your friends  
You're on holiday, on a bender, in a daze  
You find all night food in a diner full of noise  
Where the bad mood walks like ants across your plates  
'Cause I know what this is, this is what we talk about  
When we talk about love, when we talk about love  
Yeah I know what this is, this is what we talk about  
When we talk about love, when we talk about love  
Well the city lights are on fuses that have blown  
So the city sleeps, 'cause there's nothin' else to do  
Well the couch is deep and the phone receiver's warm  
I miss you much too badly to convey to you  
'Cause I know what this is, this is what we talk about  
When we talk about love, when we talk about love  
Yeah I know what this is, this is what we talk about  
When we talk about love, when we talk about love  
I know what this is, this is what we talk about  
When we talk about love, when we talk about love