

Century

Paul Westerberg

Yeah well, I bit off more than I could chew
I sucked awhile and spit it out
You met me once now who are you
You met me twice who am I to doubt

Built to please and raised to rock
Construction starts here on this block
Millennium has come at last
My one horse town is made of glass

My century is turning
My century is turning

Well so long to the so, so years
Of river mouths and chandeliers
Morning crews that make me yawn
I hold my heave until I'm gone

I cock an ear and crack a smile
Last in line and single file
The only ones standing at this speech
Are the ones with the brooms and the mops and the keys

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Now I can't go back it's my last chance
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Blacktop yards and sonic booms
Done Heroin and in ladies rooms
Bouncing balls and spinning wheels
Electronic retail power deals

Turning calendars forgotten
Expiration date is rotten
Behind my eyes Ive seen it all
Years go past upon the wall

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My century, my century