

# 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  
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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