

No More Parades

Son Volt

Don't know if your carin', truth is worth tearin' though we're
miles apart.
Front door leavin's the way I've been feelin' 20 days overboard
.

That's the way the hinge turns, just half way round
Believe it all first, finally flickers out
No mood anymore, hold up, hammer down the stake
No more parades

Got to know a friend with a think tank and a farm and you could
n't ask for better.
Works on dreams inside of her schemes, lives like the words in
a song.

A pesticide moon hangs, cold coffee and tears flowin' out of th
e brain.
Should a caught the bus, should a pulled in line, should a made
up for that
Down time.