

Language City

Wolf Parade

Language City is a bad old place
We all know
Where eyeballs float in space
We all know

We were tired, we can't sleep
It's crowded here, none of us leave
Language City don't mean a thing to me

Audiences, the same program is always on
I'd infer, it's best to avoid the law
When your wife wakes up and sees
Shut the blinds and block out the street
Language City don't mean a thing to me

All this working
Just to tear it down
All this working
Just to tear it down

Language City is a bad, old place
We all know
Eyeballs float in space
We all know

We're tired, we can't sleep
It's crowded in the street
Language City don't mean a thing to me

I been here so long my heart is a parking lot
Hollow feet rooted to the spot
But the fields are beyond belief
From tower out to where I can see
Language City don't mean a thing to me

All this working
Just to tear it down
All this working
Just to tear it down

On the telephone
On the telephone
On the telephone
Someone's counting the hours
In a paper room
In a paper room
In a paper room
Somebody's counting the hours

Know I know it's true
From above this room
Somebody's counting the hours
The hours
The hours
The huuuuuurs

Oh the long bitter road

Let us down
Oh the ringing telephone
There's no one around

We are not at home
We are not at home
We are not at home
We are not at home
We are not at home
We are not at home

We are not at home
We are not at home
We are not at home
We are not at home
We are not at home
We are not at home

Hang on the telephone
Hang on the telephone
Hang on the telephone
Hang on the telephone