

# 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 houuuuurs

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