

Language City

Wolf Parade

Language City is a bad, old place
We all know
Where eyeballs float in space
We all knowWe were tired, we can't sleep
It's crowded here, none of us leave
Language City don't mean a thing to meAudiences, 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 meAll this working
Just to tear it down
All this working
Just to tear it downLanguage City is a bad, old place
We all know
Eyeballs float in space
We all knowWe're tired, we can't sleep
It's crowded in the street
Language City don't mean a thing to meI 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 meAll this working
Just to tear it down
All this working
Just to tear it downOn 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 hoursKnow I know it's true
From above this room
Somebody's counting the hours
The hours
The hours
The houuuuursOh 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>