

What We Talk About

Old 97's

Well the hour is late for a visit on a whim
Well the hour is late for a quiet drunken talk
I don't begrudge you the anger in your voice
No I don't begrudge you anything at all 'Cause I know that the time is scarce in Laredo with your friends
You're on holiday, on a bender, in a daze
You find all nite food in a diner full of noise
Where the bad mood walks like ants across your plates 'Cause I know what this is, this is what we talk about
When we talk about love, when we talk about love
Yeah I know what this is, this is what we talk about
When we talk about love, when we talk about love Well the city lights are on fuses that have blown
So the city sleeps, 'cause there's nothin' else to do
Well the couch is deep and the phone receiver's warm
I miss you much too badly to convey to you

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