

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 loveWell 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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