

Uncovering The Old

Dr. Dog

Turn it down, start it over
Alone is such an ugly game
Pay it back, pay it forward
Nothing means nothing to me
So they went down to the station
They were looking for a ride
They were running out of ink
They were running out of time, yeah
And with the color of the whistle
With the sounding of the smoke
I repeat it in a picture
I repeat it in a joke, yeah, yeah
Loud clothes, quiet earrings
Black nights, white shadows, a bone and a key
Old flame, ex-widows
Someone has been done to me
So they believed that their conductor
Is the leader of the pack
Killing time into conducting then
They're never looking back, yeah
And the table had to chase it
And the time hopped back
And the things that cut the cable
And they're running down the tracks, yeah, yeah
So they kissed the farmer's daughters
With their pockets full of gold
And they draw the shades and lockets
On the corner of the window
In a can under the kitchen, in an unmarked grave
They're uncovering the old
Where are you going?
Where are you going?

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