

The World Wasn't Built In A Day

NoMeansNo

As I was driving around aimlessly, a waking dream occurred to me

That everyone I knew had died that day

That my friends, co-workers and loved ones, had all just suddenly passed away

Well, there were drunken car crashes, airline disasters, and suicides that were unexplained

And as I drove past familiar scenes, streets and buildings that were a hundred times seen

As a wave of contentment washed over me, I wondered what this could possibly mean

As the sun spilled its warmth over the houses and trees

I felt that I was finally free But you know what they say

The world wasn't built in a day

You know what they say

The world wasn't built in a day (no way) I picked up a woman in the parking lot of the local Safeway

Well, I had seen her face a hundred times but I never knew her name

And as I drove her home she laughed and she sighed and the strain of the moment passed away

I explained how my father had died, how I had seen his body and never cried

She let her hand fall on my leg and there she let it stray

When I dropped her off she asked me up, I politely said I couldn't stay

And as she walked to the door, as those bags of groceries gently swayed

I turned the wheel and muttered to myself, "No way, man, no way" (Chorus) Sunset over the mountains and on

the harbour that beneath them lay

In long shadows the traffic lights gleamed, red and green, they traced the way

Through a corridor of sidewalks, where people wandered at the end of their day

I drove to my space on the waterfront, picked up my guitar and started to play

Alone I sang for the people that I knew, for my friends and family, and for them I prayed

That no storm would come and sweep them up, that no winds would bear them away

I sang, "Your voice from my throat cries, your heart beats in my chest,

From my head stare your eyes, for you I live and die!

This loneliness is a lie! This loneliness is a lie!" (Chorus) The streets were empty as I drove home, the air was

cool and the sky was dark

Streetlamps cast their mockery of light over ghostly shapes in an empty night

Should I believe in the things I see? Am I in you? Are you in me?

What should I believe? Tell me. What should I believe?

At home, on the porch, the wind in the trees murmured a background for my waking dream

Where I drive through a city with labyrinth streets, where no one walks, where no voices speak

Where empty towers above me rise toward an empty, starless sky

Like a cold wind washing over me, I saw the meaning of this dream

I felt that I was finally free, I felt that I was finally free (Chorus) You lie before me sleeping, your eyes flutter in

a dream

Am I in you? Are you in me? What should I believe? What should I believe?

But you know what they say... you know what they say

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