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 freeBut 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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