

# 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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