

# Wednesday

## Gladhands

Nothing here to fear, I'm just sitting around  
Being foolish when there is work to be done  
Just a hang-up call and the quiet breathing of our Persian  
We call 'Cajun' on a Wednesday  
So we go from year to year  
With secrets we've been keepin'  
Though you say you're not a Templar man  
Seems as if we're circling  
For very different reasons  
But one day the Eagle has to land  
Out past the fountain, I left by the station  
I start the day in the usual way  
Then think, well, why not and stop for a coffee  
And begin to recall things that you say  
No one's at the door, you suggest a ghost  
Perhaps a phantom, I agree with this in part  
Something is with us, I can't put my finger on  
Is Thumbelina size 10 on a Wednesday  
So we go from year to year  
With secrets we've been keepin'  
Though you say you're not a Templar man  
You tell me to cheer up  
You suspect we're oddly even  
Even still the Eagle has to land  
Out past the fountain, I left by the station  
I start the day in the usual way  
Then think, well, why not and stop for a coffee  
And begin to recall things that you say  
Pluck up the courage and snap, it's gone again  
I start humming, "When Doves Cry"  
Can someone help me, I think that I'm lost here  
Lost in a place called America

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