Century

Paul Westerberg

Yeah well, I bit off more than I could chew
I sucked awhile and spit it out
You met me once now who are you
You met me twice who am I to doubtBuilt to please and raised to rock
Construction starts here on this block
Millennium has come at last
My one horse town is made of glassMy century is turning
My century is turningWell so long to the so, so years
Of river mouths and chandeliers
Morning crews that make me yawn
I hold my heave until I'm goneI cock an ear and crack a smile
Last in line and single file
The only ones standing at this speech
Are the ones with the brooms and the mops and the keysI cock an ear and crack a smile
Last in line and single file
The only ones standing at this speech
Are the ones with the brooms and the mops and the keysNow I can't go back it's my last chance
Now I can't go back it's my last chanceBlacktop yards and sonic booms
Done Heroin and in ladies rooms
Bouncing balls and spinning wheels
Electronic retail power dealsTurning calendars forgotten
Expiration date is rotten
Behind my eyes Ive seen it all
Years go past upon the wallTurning calendars forgotten
Expiration date is rotten
Behind my eyes Ive seen it all
Years go past upon the wallMy century, my century

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