

Sour Suite

The Guess Who

Don't want to listen to my telephone ring
Or sing ding-a-ling or talk about a thing
Not this mornin'

I don't want to think about the night before
Or maybe it's a bore behind that open door
Got no time for that this mornin'

If I had the mind or I had the time
Maybe I could throw together a new kind of rhyme
And tell about my warnin'

But it's too late now
It's too late now
It's too late now

I don't want to think about a runaway Dad
That took away the only thing that I've ever had
Don't even miss him this mornin'

I don't want to think about a cold goodbye
Or a high school buddy got a little too high
I can't help him out this mornin'

Reviewers laugh at me so I go out to see
And perhaps it's just as well, 'cause I'd rather be in hell
Than be a wealthy man this mornin'

But it's too late now
It's too late now
It's too late now

Whatever happened to images, 'cause now they're gone
And worn out phrases just keep a-hangin' on
Whatever happened to homes as opposed to houses?
A conversation, sayings as the evening drowns
It's just like four six two zero one
It's just like four six two zero one

Whatever happened to early morning urban skies?

And broken faces, half with melting eyes
Enough of riddles that just play with time
Cause I'm still here and I can't beg a dime
I'm back here in four six two zero one
I'm back here in four six two zero one

Some bed is waitin' for me 'round the corner now
I gotta find it and try and hang on for a little while
Back here in four six two zero one, yeah
Mmm, there's gotta be a few small changes made

Don't want to listen to my telephone ring
Or sing ding-a-ling or talk about a thing
Leave me alone this mornin'

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written by BURTON CUMMINGS
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