Wednesday

John Grant

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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