

Counting Down The Hours

Ted Leo

F#m

D

Innocence, it don t come easy - in a sense it never will

Bm

A

E

Accidents mean no one s guilty, ignorance means someone s killed

F#m

D

So I asked our Mr. Mellor how one gets to where one s going

Bm

A

E

And he points to his survival, and he points me down the road

F#m

As I go on

D

Wondering if I ve got a soul and

E

A

Counting down the hours til it goes

F#m

D

On a dark wet night in April, on a street in Jersey where

Bm

A

E

I went looking for some writing that I knew would not be there

F#m

D

And a punter from the Pelhams and the police, in the rain,

Bm

A

E

Were concerned more with a car than with the fact the light had changed

F#m

D

But after listening all morning, as I drove down 95

Bm

A

E

To a story of detainees who were barely kept alive

F#m

D

I could deal with trying to process pigeons acting like they re doves

Bm

A

E

But not with interference from the power lines above

F#m

As I go on

D

Wondering if I ve got a soul and

E

A

Counting down the hours til it goes

F#m

D

And oh, precautions, yes precautions

Bm

A

E

But if you re playing with a gun, you could kill someone

F#m

D

And in the dark it s hard to know a friend

Bm

A

E

But I m not angry, I won t be forever angry

F#m

D

As I m walking toward tomorrow with a rifle in my hand

Bm

A

E

And I m thinking about New England, and I m missing old Japan

F#m

D

And a mountain in California where a spring runs hot and cold

Bm

A

E

And if I told you I felt ageless, would you tell me I m not old?

F#m

As I go on

D

Wondering if I ve got a soul and

E

A

Counting down the hours till it goes