

The Village in the Morning

The Magnetic Fields

Outside the rain is coming down
Inside it's warm and dry
You'll never find a cab uptown
So why not stay the night?

Why don't you call in sick tomorrow
Let's sleep the day away
I've got pyjamas you can borrow
Let's take a holiday

You can't leave the village in the the morning
When the radio writes poetry for Avenue Pi
You get tangled in the wheels of old Queen River
And you can't find the breath to whisper goodbye
Whisper goodbye

Why don't you stay until the weekend
It should clear up by then
As your resolve begins to weaken
We'll become such good friends

And you could stay until the summer
And we can sleep through spring
And I can telephone my drummer
And have her get your things

You can't leave the village in the the morning
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Whisper goodbye

Why don't you stay until we're old
And fall in love with life
Why don't you stay until we're ghosts
We'll only seem to die

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