

Speed of Mutation

Screeching Weasel

it only seems to happen at three or four a.m. some blurry half
formed picture of some half forgotten friend becomes clear but
i can't hold it ti happens in my dreams i can't remember what i
t was that meant so much don't question speed of mutation even
a rotten creep can have moments sweet and pure i lay there some
thing missing what happened to that girl is she okay or is she
just a face in the crowd why can't i think of what it was that
mean so much don't question speed of mutation why do i wake up
feeling that i've lost something big why do i try to hold on to
things that don't exist i keep on asking myself what happened
to that hirl they're moments that i make up they're moments swe
et and pure don't ever try to find something you left behind do
n't ever try to make a memory into something don't ever fool yo
urself it always disappears don't ever kid yourself there's no
girl of your dreams don't question speed of mutation