

A Collection of Accounts

Superchunk

I try to keep still when I sleep
Or I get rubbed wrong by the sheets
I pull a pillow across my eyes
'Cause it's a dagger that eastern line

And when I step outside that door
I don't exist so much anymore
But as an arrow flashing up or down
Just a collection of accounts

A collection of accounts
A collection of accounts
Drained dry every day
Like a ditch that feeds a fountain
Just to be restored
And get drained some more

Do you feel the target on the back of your head
Based on the threadcount of your bed
Black ink you might sketch your friends
But it's a dagger that's sinking dread

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