

A Small Definition

Superchunk

You didn't leave much space
At the bottom of the page
There's room for four words, maybe three
And you write, "nothing can hurt me"

You're always "systems go" unless
Some little bird stops the press
Some things are flexible but true
And that doesn't work for you

Well, the things to you that matter
You could hang around the neck
Of the drunk and helpless dancer
Just to keep those moves in check

You want the rock that breaks your back
To be polished and without cracks
You want a love to save your life
But of a certain shape and size

Ooh, that's a small definition...