

Every Single Instinct

Superchunk

Oh what did I think
Would happen?
Bank robberies and a few drinks
Slip back in
Every page torn out and
A plaintive penciled-in doubt
Color slides and India ink
Landscapes strung up and still wet
Form all ranges that lay flat
Barely spring but green enough
Obviously scarred but not too tough

Every single instinct run them out like rags, every one I ever
had
Every fork and turn and following your lead, evergreens and a f
oam sea
Formulas and foul lips tied in canvas bags shredded into tiny s
cabs
Every single instinct run 'em out like rags, every one I ever h
ad

Every single instinct