

From the Curve

Superchunk

Is this what you expected?
Flat and empty, how I feel?
The brain is emptied out and clean
Clean is not a state that's real

So take what you are given
Just forget what you deserve
People think you're out there living
But you fell from the curve

Give me a name
Right now I'm just a cycle
Waiting to end
Right now I feel recycled
And I'm ready to leave again

Some tree in bloom like crazy hair
Some man in feathers flying
I want to stay, I don't, I'm lying
Getting used to it's what I feel

So much to answer for
We have so much to answer for
So sick of talking about it
Falling asleep on the floor

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