

Late-Century Dream

Superchunk

Well you never did like the way the road stretched out
Never knowing where all these oily black threads are tied

Under the lights of a spaceship landed
On the ice of a curve unsanded
There's a clover leaf
That'll wreck your life

And everybody lives in a knot
Everybody lives in a knot
Everybody's trying to make space around what they think they've
got
Everybody lives in a knot
Everybody lives in a knot
Everybody's trying to make space around what they think they've
got

It was never better
It was never any better
But a nation is not soothed
When they tell her
And the doctors all look shocked

But everybody grows up weened on some sick late century dream
Or the happy face on a shirt smiling "shop till you drop," yeah

Everybody lives in a knot
Everybody lives in a knot
Everybody's trying to make space around what they think they've
got

Everybody's trying to hold on to a dream even as they watch it
rot
...