

Sick to Move

Superchunk

Finger on my pulse
I've got my finger in the socket
Why build a cradle
If you don't plan to rock it

I've got my things together all in one place
I've got my stuff out of your way
I've got myself out of your face

And I thought that
And you said that
And we were gonna
So come on

Now I'm too sick
Too sick to move

Sick of no direction
I'm sick of my reflection
There's a field outside my house
I think I'll crawl there for protection
At this point when I plan you know
I plan on going wrong it's just
I never thought I'd plot a course of failure for this long

And I thought that
And you said that
And we were gonna
So come on

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Too sick to move

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