

The Popular Music

Superchunk

We were struck by lightning, it was like we'd never get old
Now when I reach out my arm in the morning the pillows are all
cold

They were more or less the same when your head was there
Now I'm saving the traces of it and only I hold the secret who
died your hair

The last time a wind this hard blew through this town
I was you coming through that pulled my pillows down
Breaking ties and fruit flies and the summer's always breezy
Now I know you recorded the who's of your homes just to tease m
e

I've got my ear to the ground and I'm listening for you
I've got my ear to the ground and I'm listening for you

This happy homecoming, I am not inclined to believe it
And a snap shot of me I know now you need it
So I'm coming back from my time underground
Do you see what I've found?

You want proof I still set out your plate?
Well I got your telegram about eight months too late
Now I'm smashing not washing the china you left me to use
Making mosaics of scenes from the parts of my life that you lef
t me to lose

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