

## Tiny Bombs

Superchunk

Tiny bombs and bigger waves  
Across your salty sea  
Brace yourself or what the hell  
Which one will it be?

Out of joy, and what's the point?  
Is it ain't and drying paint  
Mouth sounds, bloodhounds, look what we've found  
Some meaning on a scrap of tape

Are you burrowing through to some glowing core  
Or shuffled off and side-tracked along the way  
Breathing layers of paydirt and banner wavers  
The clutter that is everyday

But tiny bombs and bigger waves  
Across your once-glassy sea  
And what's it worth for a stupid song?  
This is what, this is what haunts me

How honest can I be?  
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How honest can I be?