

Tower

Superchunk

She climbs the tower, gun in hand
Everyday at 5 PM
She has a bomb, she has a plan

She kills imaginary men
Kills them with her lipstick head
But she's safe from them
'Cause they don't understand

My guts fell out the top of my head
I'll live without them
I have my days for sure
But I don't count them
When everything's just right
I'll come down off my mountain
I'm out of sorts right now
By then I will have found them

Don't call me the weird one
I watch them come and go all night
I serve them, listen to their shit
These people just aren't right

My guts fell out the top of my head
I'll live without them
I have my days for sure
But I don't count them
When everything's just right
I'll come down off my mountain
I'm out of sorts right now
By then I will have found them