

With Bells On

Superchunk

Blankets and bedspreads in mothballs
Bathmats and cigarettes we'll burn them all
Cookouts and juleps counting down
Dancing when you left town

Tickets and photos framed
Candles and pink champagne
Pouring it down the drain

Think of me on the plane
Memories, streets we'll name
Pouring it down the drain

You disappear in a white cloud suddenly
You were promising out loud, bitterly
All you took with your bells on ringing too
I knew that you had but so did you

Tickets and photos framed
Candles and pink champagne
Pouring it down the drain

I think of you on the plane
I think of the silver rain
Pouring it down the drain