

Saturday

Built to Spill

You waited for Saturday
And waited for my birthday
And most of us probably
Expect even less than that

And I'm glad
You're not like us
And by us
I mean everyone in the world who isn't you

All this time I thought was mine
Your proximity made
When boredom comes, it won't be long
Before I sing to you

There's nothing you can do
There's nothing you can say
To make my problems go away
Or to make me do the same

From the outside
My dealings
Pour me outside
Bottled feeling

For a mountain
Marbled ceiling
Commence the healing