

No One Asked Bazan To Dance

Deerhoof

Singing songs on the road
Like I've always dreamed, I know
Should fill me up but my light's burning low

Sick because I'm scraping by
I miss my kids and my wife
Manic for days, but now it's time to try

I shut off the radio
Fix my eyes on the road
Push past the window glass and let it flow

Out through my mouth
In though my nose
Out through my mouth
In though my nose
Out through my mouth
In though my nose

How wonderful, how strange
How invisible the change
Everything's staying the same except my brain