

I Write The B-Sides

Eels

I write the b-sides
That make a small portion of the world cry
I like the seaside
And singing songs that make you not wanna die
Throw a stone into the sea
And wait for it to come back to me
Better get out on the boat
'cause someone told me that stones don't float

I like to sit out back
And look up at the squirrels in the trees
They don't like radio tracks
And they don't ever talk down to me
Throw a nut up in the tree
Gonna fall right back on me
Well these guys know who they are
And what they need is in their own backyard

I like to play in the snow
I stick my hand in now where did it go
It might be mighty cold
But that's all part of not doing what you're told