

Melanie

Guster

(This microphone smells like pastrami)

Melanie
Is crying if I want to mind
If it were up to me
I'd cut everything from that
Oh oh oh, oh oh oh

There's so many
Who claim to know divine
Is it stupid to think
Am I jealous missing that

Would you be
What you define
Being a crutch like this
Or grief like mine

Meow meow meow meow
Meow meow meow meow
Meow meow meow meow
Meow meow meow

And it feels like
There's no bright side
Do you want to
Place your fist in the wall?

I feel that warmth within me
Can't help but think its all lies
So sadly stripped down
And thrust to the cold outside
Nothing God to protect me
I wish I could believe this
So sadly stripped down
And thrust to the cold outside

Meow meow meow meow
Meow, oh
Meow meow meow meow meow
Meow meow meow meow meow
Meow meow
Meow meow
Meow meow meow
Meow meow meow meow
Meow meow meow meow
M-m-meow meow meow
Meow