

## Wheelhouse

Kurt Vile

Sometimes I talk too much but I gotta get it out  
But I don't wanna talk, I only wanna listen  
My baby talks soft, my ears are always ringing now  
Humming a sad song when I'm alone  
But you gotta be alone to figure things out sometimes  
Be alone, when even in a crowd of friends and not so  
Sometimes of whom you just can't distinguish but  
Thank god for the former, yeah

Some bow down a hundred times a day or more  
To find a way, to get back down to the temple one day  
Find the temple, to bask in the glory of  
Roll around on a floor of furry carpet then  
Sleep soundly for the first time in forever and  
Breathing deep inside

There's a desert down below the earth's core  
A hidden staircase in the house that you reside in  
A little something from the cupboard over there  
A little medicine, it's a medication situation

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