Intel and Dreams

Nada Surf

Good chord, bad chord
Good chord, bad chord

Oh I like the lightness of being on my own
I like the quiet and walking 'round my home
With no other body there and no fabric you can tear
It can almost be like floating in a gravity-free zone

Good chord, bad chord
Good chord, bad chord

As my eyes scan round the world I can follow any thread
Any curiosity and see just where it led
Everything's so natural
There's no awkward push and pull
Deep down I'm so much more comfortable inside my head

But oh, 81 times a day I turn and see nothing but empty air the
re
And even the best days they feel half-wasted

I grew up with an older sister and
Even through some sparring we were a team
And we shared intel and dreams
Oh we shared intel and dreams