

Mathilda

Nada Surf

They used to call me Mathilda
My mama kept my hair long
I was more pretty than handsome
And I was not very strong
My voice was kinda high
Not a typical guy
They used to call me Mathilda
I was never sure why
I felt bad about it
But I didn't get mad
I got sad about it
But I was all that I had

Where's this order coming from?
Do you hear it like a drum
From back in time?
Do you feel like who you are?
Are you driven from afar
Along for the ride?
There's a manner in your town
There's no way to turn it around
Why even try?

Just kids, we have our tests
Look at your nails, is your palm out?
If you hold your hands unlike a man, it's not allowed
We start out young, it's too much fun to laugh out loud
We think we're free, but we don't see, our heads are bowed
Our heads are bowed

Read somewhere that women will
Worry most 'bout being killed
When with a new guy
Men on dates fear ridicule
It's the sting they knew at school
And it still applies

Sometimes nothing is better
Than anything made of words and letters
And looks and gestures, blank is clean
Blank is a peaceful empty scene

In your private self
You make some room
And have some space
You wake your loves up
One by one
And make them safe
And make them safe

Who knows how many in a group
Feel the odd one out
Who the joke's about?
That feeling, that loneliness
Hangs over like a curse
Over like a thirst
Where's this order coming from?

Do you hear it like a drum
From back in time?

Though it's all around, I still wonder
Why we can't move on, and we still bear arms
And we still make fun out of anyone
Picture a worksite bar of clockout drinking
And then go inside, do you feel that vibe?
Something makes me think someone wants to fight
There's a drive to quell what we hate in ourselves
If it's in the Bible, then you know it's old
And if it's in nature, then it's been foretold
That a slice of our numbers will feel this way
It's not something we discuss between guys who are straight
And then I looked up, "Was Fred Phelps gay?"
But I found no answers, so then who's to say?
But only self-hatred could explain his rage
There's a special Hell that we built for ourselves
And it's handed down in homes and playgrounds