

## New Propeller

Nada Surf

There's a new propeller  
Churning up our days  
There's a whirlpool spinning  
Digging us our graves  
There's a growing menu  
Of brand new mistakes  
Same old ground I've always walked on  
Now they call it fake

Don't be afraid  
You won't be replaced  
Don't be afraid  
You won't be erased

There's a new day coming  
We don't know its name  
There's new methods brewing  
Some will be the same  
There's a growing feeling  
Going down the drain  
Same old ground I've always walked on  
There's always new pain

Don't be afraid  
You won't be replaced  
Don't be afraid  
You won't be erased

There's a brand new flavor  
Acidic in its taste  
There's a brand new picture  
Colors gone to waste  
There's a growing feeling  
Nobody is chaste  
Same old ground I've always walked on  
Sliding in the lake

You felt a bright, white light  
You gave it a name and you set a price  
Okay, there may be a God  
And they love you with all their heart  
But there's no place underground  
There is no devil hound

We're alone, but you are the door prize  
Watch it go, it's a lovely twilight  
We're alone, but you are the door prize  
Watch it go, it's a lovely twilight