

# Something I Should Do

Nada Surf

My headphones are playing a duet  
With a fire engine  
I walk through the cloud of an ex  
And I feel no tension  
All the buildings are blocking the wind  
Of late October  
'Round the corner, it shoots out again  
And I'm starting over

Dance, dance  
Dance, dance around the door  
Dance, dance  
Dance, dance around the door

Hold still  
Limit what you see  
Be free for awhile  
Lie in your room like you're lying on a hill  
There's a mountain on your window sill  
There is help for raw souls  
A language for the shy  
You don't have to say hello  
But look them in the eye

Two things, a great fog of stuff, engrossing, fleeting, bewildering  
And then, a feeling of tilt that we're rushing down a slope  
Do we not see it all the time because we're sliding at the same speed?  
A sense of safety preserved by the static distance between us  
Sometimes I try to imagine a village hundred of years ago  
Where little changes during a lifetime  
Maybe the cobbler tries a new heel on a boot, crops are rotated  
But nothing changes how people are  
What they spend their time doing or thinking about  
The world is dying, the world is living

There's something that I should do  
But I never know how  
Things I should say to you  
But it's total whiteout  
In the night reading actual air  
Always reforming  
Imagine that I'll be somewhere new  
In the morning

I was asked to write a song about social media  
And I didn't want to, anyway I'm pretty hooked  
So don't feel I'm in much of a position to critique it  
And self-critique is loaded for me anyway  
Because I've done plenty of that  
And while I know that people can identify with it  
And get comfort from hearing someone else  
Address themselves sternly  
I'm also trying to get away from self-regard in general  
Even though the unexamined life is not worth living  
More opposing truths, they're everywhere  
Still training to to hold them  
I'm trying to look out

Leave the mirror out of it  
See the tree and contemplate it  
And not question who or what I am in a relation to the tree  
But I don't know what it means yet  
That we are partially migrating into a silent conversation  
That seems to be increasing unity and tribalism at once  
And maybe the two are racing now without a finish line  
I was going to say that likely few got good thinking  
Done during the seventeenth century Dutch tulip craze  
And this is not so different  
But I've recently been heartened and disappointed to learn  
That story was greatly exaggerated  
Anyway we're crazy but also we're not crazy we're complicated  
We want things to be simple  
And we polarize into camps and we harden and entrench  
And distort and amplify and shut down and entrench some more  
Now you don't have to join a drum circle  
And get all peace and love and Haight-Ashbury  
And anyway that took  
Only a few months to turn into a bad scene, hard drug, dystopia  
Where some people will rob you  
And you can't be too open but the  
Hippies sure had a point  
Empathy is good, lack of empathy is bad  
And now the lines of non-facts waiting to get in the conversation  
Are longer and longer  
And some people can't be beat in an argument  
We have to hold to that hippie point harder  
Empathy is good, lack of empathy is bad  
Holy math says we're never not together