

Massachusetts

Ra Ra Riot

In Massachusetts
Oh, no
The younger of the ocean sing
A paean to their mother, offering
To hold tight onto the quay
To hold tight onto the side of the quay
Oh, it don't matter what you do

In Massachusetts
Oh, no
A certain lack and dislocation
Sotted up to the gunwales, and
The tide tells you when to go
The tide tells you when to come and when to go
No, it doesn't matter what you do

I can't find my roads
I can't, I can't find my roads
Honestly, I want to hear the thought that I had
But I can't feel any more with you

In Massachusetts
Oh, no
To be held at bat and then consigned
To pet about the frozen time
To a mother so cold and gray
And though she gives you one, she takes one away
Oh, it doesn't matter what you do

In Massachusetts
Oh, no
The younger of the ocean sing
A paean to their mother, offering
To hold tight onto the quay
To hold tight onto the side of the quay
Oh, it don't matter what you do

I can't find my roads
I can't, I can't find my roads
Honestly, I want to hear the thought that I had
But I can't feel any more with you
Open it dies
How can I only say "It's a dark mind"?
It's a dark mind
It's a dark mind
Oh, I can't tell the things for you
I want someone like you
Watching it roll by
Watching it roll by