

## A Collection of Accounts

Superchunk

I try to keep still when I sleep  
Or I get rubbed wrong by the sheets  
I pull a pillow across my eyes  
'Cause it's a dagger that eastern line

And when I step outside that door  
I don't exist so much anymore  
But as an arrow flashing up or down  
Just a collection of accounts

A collection of accounts  
A collection of accounts  
Drained dry every day  
Like a ditch that feeds a fountain  
Just to be restored  
And get drained some more

Do you feel the target on the back of your head  
Based on the threadcount of your bed  
Black ink you might sketch your friends  
But it's a dagger that's sinking dread

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