

## Binding

Superchunk

From black to gray  
The night goes  
With hours and minutes here  
My eyes go  
With words and pages  
My vision blurs  
The written word  
I can't read it anymore binding...

I can see it coming  
I can see the morning coming  
I can feel my stomach aching  
I can feel my stomach aching  
I can feel that coffee baking  
...