

Here's Where the Strings Come In

Superchunk

Well, I have a fading impression
Of the last hurtful expression on your face
And I don't remember the time, but I remember the scene
Everything got ugly; well how do we get so mean?

And I'm sorry if the ride has been so disappointing
Well, I tell you from my side, I can't remember much
And I'm sorry if the whole thing has left you wanting
'Cause to tell you the truth, I don't remember much
No, I don't remember much about it

Well, can you see well from where you are sitting?
Because it didn't cost you a cent
It's for the pigeons to do your bidding
And with every single step, a stinking film of sweat
Well, should I wear it like a three-
piece suit, a torn flag, or a nervous halo?

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Now we're two trains on the same track
The conductor passed out drunk
And you still ask me why I look so bad
Like my bathtub duck just sunk
But where's everything comes together
Either that or it falls all apart
Yeah, here's where the strings come in