

Is It Making You Feel Something

Superchunk

You can turn the lights out
And rethink every sound
Coming out of your mouth
Or you can turn it around
With a question

Is it making you feel something?
Is it making you feel something?

Now you're restless and easily led
There's black mold on your white bread
But can you get outside of your head
Long enough to see

That there's a current at the bottom
Moving things forgotten
Killed by death and rotten
To some
Not to me

Now is it making you feel something?
Is it making you feel something?

Now fakes are faking everything
That once made your poor heart sing
If you've got a bell
Then ring it
Make it ring

Now is it making you feel something?
Is it making you feel something?
Is it making you feel something?
Is it making you feel something?
Is it making you feel something?
Is it making you feel something?