

Lying In State

Superchunk

Everything that I've done
Has been judged as if the woman has won
Yeah, all that I do, more or less
Is for some woman's sake

Make them laugh, make them cry
Try my best, waste my time
Yeah, all that I do, more or less
Is for some woman's sake

Thoughts of a maniac
Saturdays, lying in state

Your cigarette burns down
And your eyes avoid mine
Yeah, you're sitting, praying, hoping, waiting
Putting on your pained today face

You don't talk and what's worse
You take the car keys out of your purse
Well, did you see too much
Or did you shoot the horse
And then close the gate?

Thoughtless minds that taverns find
Saturdays, lying in state