

Misfits & Mistakes

Superchunk

All these open spaces
Well they give me no cover now
I stand out here, reflecting all your fears off my odd surfaces
And those friendly faces
Well they just, disappear somehow
Behind the glass, the dirty window curtains and shades coming down

Well these bright clear skies
Well they give me no peace of mind
I'm out here cooking all alone in the sun
Put me away I'm done anyhow
And those funny faces
Yeah they're all crumbling down
It's something like shying away from any shapes that you don't
recognize
But you were never delicate
Paper clips and paper cuts
Rusty plates from out of state
And further away than that
Say you will, say you will
Gather like leaves in the gutter
Say you will, say you will
Put all the random pieces together

But you were never delicate
Paper clips and paper cuts
Rusty plates
Plastic six-pack rings 'round the wrists of the worst of us
Say you will, say you will
Gather like leaves in the gutter
Say you will, say you will
Put all the random pieces together
Say you will say you will
For all the misfits, mistakes, and the others
Say you will, say you will
Fall down together like lines in your letters

Put all the random pieces together
Put all the random pieces together now
Put all the random pieces together
Put all the random pieces together