

On the Floor

Superchunk

I work down here on the floor
That is rare, you can find me
I'm not alone but I'm not sure
Think I'm just looking for something to blind me

To the cars flying by
And the ashes swerve into the sky
So create a thunderstorm
And leave me out to drive

Until there's nothing left
Of the weight on your chest
And I am just a feather
Floating on your breath in the morning
When there's nothing left

Well, I sleep like a dog
Every sound scares me to waking
I just wanna be the quiet sound
Puts you to sleep without shaking

Oh, from the cars flying by
When the ashes swerve into the sky
Take me to the lightning storm
And leave me out to thrive

Until there's nothing left
Of the weight on your chest
And I am just a feather
Floating on your breath in the morning
Oh, in the morning
When there's nothing left

With the weight on your chest
And you don't ever have to guess
And I am just a feather
Floating on your breath
When there's nothing left