

Screw It Up

Superchunk

When you lost your grip
And you let that sweaty glass slip
Oh to the floor
Yeah you were trained to beg
No way to know that this was just a skip
On a record you lost as a kid oh yeah

Can you keep a window clear
When you sleep do you have
One view at the threshold
Oh we're dumb
Is there a difference
Well we're so
All our common sense in a foxhole full of dirty water
A foxhole full of dirty water
Yeah I want you to hold on to any dream
Where you are happy
With less than a quarter

Such a simple lie
Oh but ya screw it up screw it up
Every single time
Owe yourself that much at least
Oh yeah you owe yourself so much
So stop all your little [?]
Are you aware that they lost their touch
For you its just a waste of time
But for them its like a feast, yeah

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