

Some Green

Superchunk

What about some green in this?
Does it really need to exist?
Taking up oxygen in the room
Maybe I could be of use
Doing something less obtuse
Than turning all my rotten thoughts into perfume

Pointing up like the first person to see the moon

Look for me sometime
Well, there may still be an outline
Dust of charcoal and lime
Ooh, or the echo of a chime

I could walk around all sides
Of the dumbest idea I
Had and paint a picture like
It's some kind of rune
Or maybe I should go outside
Stop leaving notes on your side
Of the bed and abandon the room

Pointing up like the first person to see the moon

Look for me sometime
Yeah, there may still be an outline
Dust of charcoal and lime
Ooh, or the echo of a chime
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