

Song for Marion Brown

Superchunk

Are you bitter?
Are you tight?
Is your jaw permanently white?
From years of explaining how you feel
Through an emboucher of steel
With a saxophone in one hand
Peeling out a music made of fire

Critics calls
Can be cold
With new things saving the old
Hubcaps and lawnmower blades
Homemade drums lined up along the stage
engines twist into song

Well I don't have to tell you
Well I don't have to tell you
They're charging admission now
But you don't care
Well you never cared
They're charging admission now
For your baby teeth
And a lock of hair
They're charging admission now
Well you do care
Well of course you care

Too many clubs
To recall
Scattered lumps exploding as they fall
You left the old structures to rust
While the Capricorn moon gathers dust
Now the box sets are moving in the malls

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Well I don't have to tell you...