The Question is How Fast

Superchunk

The hair is blonde and falls
Down your face
An unsuccessful attempt
To try and erase

The fog [?] is blue and settles
Settles with the heat
This stitching is familiar I can
Trace it with my feet

The matter is not where we go
But how long it will last
The question is how fast...
This is not a test, it's just an ask
And the question is how fast

A bird that's small enough
To winter in your ear
Bleeds you draining cup of oil
It's bitter, makes me cheer

[?]Grasping body front
[?]Cleaning into moon
Sheets are wrapped around I will be
Joining you there soon

The matter is not where we go
But how long it will last
The question is how fast...
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And the question is...

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