

# 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

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And the question is...