

## Tower

Superchunk

She climbs the tower, gun in hand  
Everyday at 5 PM  
She has a bomb, she has a plan

She kills imaginary men  
Kills them with her lipstick head  
But she's safe from them  
'Cause they don't understand

My guts fell out the top of my head  
I'll live without them  
I have my days for sure  
But I don't count them  
When everything's just right  
I'll come down off my mountain  
I'm out of sorts right now  
By then I will have found them

Don't call me the weird one  
I watch them come and go all night  
I serve them, listen to their shit  
These people just aren't right

My guts fell out the top of my head  
I'll live without them  
I have my days for sure  
But I don't count them  
When everything's just right  
I'll come down off my mountain  
I'm out of sorts right now  
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