

The Small Stuff

The Dismemberment Plan

My heart is true
But my sigh is erratic
My mind is filled
With a symphony of static
And nothing is traumatic

Unless you make it be so
I'm getting better at the small stuff
I'm getting better at the small stuff, small stuff
I'm getting better yeah
Day by day, night by night
Little by little I'm getting it right
And soon it's just a thing of beauty

There's nothing wrong
With a little well-placed efficiency
But I can't tell
If it really means you're dissing me
But I can't sit here bitching

And watch you make it be so
I'm getting better at the small stuff
I'm getting better at the small stuff, small stuff
I'm getting better yeah
Day by day, night by night
Little by little I'm getting it right
And soon it's just a thing of beauty

There is a string section by my bedside
Your body in the riptide
I see a putrid leg flip out of the sunrise
Like a putrid dolphin, yeah
The radar dishes filled on the beach
Just like they're human organs
And all the while they start to feel my pain
Just like a...

So I'm the man
You're the emperor of Texas
And no one's sane
Now that Sam Houston has axed us
And nothing can protect us

Unless you let it be so
I'm getting better at the small stuff
I'm getting better at the small stuff, small stuff
I'm getting better yeah
Day by day, night by night
Little by little I'm getting it right
And soon it's just a thing of beauty