

Infinite Repeat

The Microphones

I guess I will have to move on
Writing it down for a song
Things aren't the same in my head
As they happen around me all day
Sampled forever, repeat

Of course, I have my own small world
But how can I get away?
I can't imagine the next day
And I'm sure it won't stay this way
'Cause everything's about to change
It's all about to flee [?]
Moving away, growing up
And finding out, finally, what's up
Sampled forever, repeat
Moving away, growing up
Finding out, finally, what's up
Kicked in the tummy and tenderly looks
Then I'm sitting there