tap

Tomberlin

Tap the heart until I hate myself
Hit the square and rearrange myself
I don't like it, what it does to me
Never makes me wanna laugh or sing

Do you think about the trees in the breeze?
How they swing and scream and talk and breathe
I wish I was so tall and green
Swing my branches, only sing for me

Talk to strangers like we already met
Even though it hasn't happened yet
Will I be found if I'm never met?
Did the chicken come before the egg?

I love the people playing songs in the park
Guitar for babies instead of people in the bars
Do you think they know how good they are?
I think they do, they got kids singing like larks
They go ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Stopped watching movies that make me feel
And you said, "trash TV is the best meal"
And I reply, "well none of it's real"
You said, "I know and I think that's ideal
But sometimes don't you wanna hit to the heart"
He said he only wondered who would play his part

Always wondering about my health
Always wondering if I'll go to Hell
Should take some vitamins
I don't know what to take
And I should sleep more
But I'm always wide awake

I'm not a tree
I'm in a forest of buildings
I'm not a singer
I'm just someone who's guilty
Remind me that I don't have to be anything
Remind me that I don't have to be anything
I look for signs on the faces of the buildings
I look for signs on your face of us ending

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