

nowhere, man

tUnE-yArDs

People want—
People want—
People want—

People wanna hear you sing
People wanna hear you sing
People wanna hear you sing
People wanna hear you sing

Yes, I meant to scare you, just like that dream
Where your guns get pulled back on you
(People wanna hear you sing)
They rip pieces off your fertile skin
For every sin, sin against the people

Nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide
Nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide
Nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide
Nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide
Nowhere to hide

People, people
People wanna hear you sing
People wanna hear you sing
People wanna hear you sing

You whine that you're discluded
And with that single word erase the very story of my life
So I rip pieces of my fertile skin
Nowhere woman finds her little ways to win

Nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide
Nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide
Nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide
Nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide

Screaming babies are your problem
Screaming babies are your problem

Seems like Jesus and Dylan
Got the whole thing wrong
If you cannot hear a woman
Then how can you write her song?

Nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide (you've got)
Nowhere to run (adapt)
Nowhere to hide (you've got)
Nowhere to run (adapt)

Nowhere to hide (you've got)
Nowhere to run (adapt)
Nowhere to hide (you've got)

(Adapt
You've got
Adapt
You've got
Adapt
You've got
Adapt
You've got)

People wanna hear you sing (adapt)
People wanna hear you sing (you've got)
People wanna hear you sing (adapt)
People wanna hear you sing

(People wanna hear you sing
People wanna hear you sing
People wanna hear you sing
People wanna hear you sing)