

Normal American Kids

Wilco

Remind myself, myself long ago
'Fore drive, 'fore I could vote
All the time holding a grudge
'Fore I knew people could die just because
Shaft in a sling, head for the bus
I knew what I liked was not very much
High at the time, tied to the grid
Always afraid of those normal American kids

Oh, all of my spirit leaked like a cut
I knew what I needed would never be enough
I was too high to change my bid
Always afraid to be a normal american kid

Always hating normal normal american empty summer days
Lightning crazed and cracked like an egg
High behind the garden shed
Painting myself as a normal American kid
I always hated it

High as high as high can loom
Under the sheets in my bedroom
I was high as high can get
Always afraid of those normal American kids

Oh, bongs and jams, and carpeted vans
Hate everything I don't understand
Hard times tightening the lid
I had to get away from those normal American kids
Always hated those normal American kids
Always hated those normal American kids