

Bob Mould, 180 Rain

If you are counting down the hours til you sleep / You might be wide awake, but wading in too deep
In the morning light, you can find your way from here / As the Eastern sky begins to reappear

You can't stop the rain / let me off this plane / Normally, I'm not the first one to complain

Are you happy now? Did I make you smile? Would you hold me for a while?
(Generally, I'm not the kind of guy who likes to kiss and tell;
but everyone wants to know the story - oh well, oh well.)

When the nighttime comes and you try to fall asleep / You're so unhappy / what you did to me

Snowball rolls down the mountain side / A catastrophe is happening tonight

You never tried to see my side / so now I simply turn away
180 degrees / Look in the mirror, please / Who would you like to be tomorrow?