

Dinosaur Jr., Bulbs Of Passion

I sit queasy, jittered, uneasy.
The toll that looms, the loss I dread.
I buckle when my judge clutches,
Questioning my treatment of an ego underfed.
Bulbs of passion, bulbs of passion.

Place it here on the bureau,
Let the interests rip apart the understood.
No one's satisfied with merely a cut,
So they sabotage their own livelihood.

The feeble structure is teetering, but intact.
The parts all function but the fuse is lit.
Teeth scrape on the last remaining fossil.
I wanna crumble but instead I slit.

And hold it in my hand, but they're sweating.
Trained for now, but soon forget.
The tears are flowing from the love in her eyes,
The hated feeling gonna eat me alive.
Bulbs of passion, bulbs of passion.
Bulbs of passion, bulbs of passion.