

eels, The Sound Of Fear

Sun comes up on the old neighbourhood
Spray painted bricks and dead firewood
Well I don't know where I'm gonna be next
I don't care where I'm gonna be

next time if you think of it
you might remember me as
the one who let you down
but never made another sound of fear

Some people like to call me chuck
Its Charles and you are shit outta luck
If you think you know what happens next
you think you know what happens

next time if you think of it
you might remember me as
the one who let you down
but never made another sound of fear

Sun goes down on the old neighbourhood
dark damp has stopped where I once stood
I don't know where the bus stops next
and I don't care where the bus stops

next time if you think of it
you might remember me as
the one who let you down
but never made another sound of fear

The sound of fear

I can hear

The sound of fear