

# 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