

Paul Westerberg, Sunrise Always Listens

Talking to myself again
My sentences ramble at great length
And I believe I have just started
To bore the only guy who's listening
And the sunset
And the lampshade
And the TV and the bed
But the sunrise always listens
The sunrise always listens
Sometimes she even finishes
My sentences
And I don't need a skywriter
To make graffiti in your sky
Your world is a ballon to me
I'll poke a hole
And see what's inside
I bored a sunset
And a lampshade
And a TV then a bed
But a sunrise always listens
Yes sometimes she'll even finish
My sentences
Like I want her (back) yeah
And she starts to laugh
And throws back her golden head
Talking to myself again
My sentences ramble my sentiment
I believe I've started
To go out of my head
And there's no one here
To hear just what I've said
But the sunrise always listens
Yeah the sunrise always listens
Yeah the sunrise even finishes
My sentences
Yeah the sunrise always listens