

# Robert Pollard, Quicksilver

Looking at my window  
At first I didn't like you  
And now I need time  
Now I know

It would change my life  
Staring out my window  
Coming into sight  
It would change my life

And then you went away  
And then you dicked my life  
Staring out my window  
I can't see past it  
You brought me down that night