

Sebadoh, Narrow Stories

I feel disconnected like I don't know where I am
Things will be OK they say, but they don't understand
The wait of every word that must mean everything
Don't mean anything, put me down again
I think and think til I feel fried and hope it goes away
They don't listen unless it's special secrets first to say
No one knows, no one cares and no one knows the way
Unless of course you fall in love and everything is gray
Everything is gray
I want something, something very true
Something worth my while, something special to do
Every word, people push for love
People push and shove, people far above
You are my dream love
Peoples' narrow stories killing love