

Ben Kweller, In Other Words

Another night slips away.
In other words I should say
there are no words he should say.
There are no words.

In his eyes I see the fear
that only time can disappear.
If only time could reappear.
Now's the time.

Something to take it away.
To take it away. To take it.

Don't let it stay.
Don't let it stay. Don't let it.

The butterflies are passive/aggressive
and put their problems on the shelf
but they're beautiful.
And he'll realize the only thing that's real
are the kids that kid themselves, and the demise
of the beautiful. What is beautiful?

The multi-life is better than
the one we're in - the one we knew.
'Cause everyone is seeing through
everyone.

They're stepping on his gold terrain.
He's moving on with bold refrain.
His blatantly old campaign
Is moving on.

Something to take it away.
To take it away. To take it.

Don't let it stay.
Don't let it stay. Don't let it.

The butterflies are passive/aggressive
and put their problems on the shelf
but they're so beautiful.
He'll realize the only thing that's real
are the kids that kid themselves, and the demise
of the beautiful. What is beautiful?

What can't stay goes away.
What can't stay goes away.

It starts stopping when it stops stopping. repeat X9

yeah

ahh yeah

oooooooo yeah yeah yeah repeat x 3
oooooooo yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah ooooooooo