

Bob Mould, High Fidelity

Now suspicion grows / I can't turn my back
I can't live like that anymore
So you're branching out / trying something new
What am I to do / I'll figure out

Oh, can I be the only person who gets no fruit off the tree
Who could live with me in high fidelity?

As the times they change / I get left behind
Losing all my mind / I'll figure out
And as I tumble down to the depths below
There's no flowers growing there / I'll dig it out