

# Bob Mould, Lost Zoloft

You think you know the animal until you strike a certain nerve  
A latent homosex become so violent when provoked and now obscured

Beyond the rage you feel / There's some appeal in this  
And objects in the mirror may be much closer than they might appear

Someone as beautiful as you would never look at me / Lost zoloft, lost zoloft  
No one as beautiful as you could ever look at me / Lost zoloft, lost zoloft

One Miss America could never service you (Chelsea queen with tambourine)  
Confined until conformity achieved humiliation (6%, a tight machine)

You punch my face again / I'll have to call the State Police  
I need my fingers fro my work / Brush the dirt stains off your knees