

Bob Mould, Thumbtack

Here's the town we live in
This is how the land lays out
I bought a map
So I could find my way around / way around

Taped the map on the wall
Studied every avenue
I Found my way around
Tried to feel at home for once

We worked out a system
When one of us would leave
A thumbtack stuck showing
where we were going

All the time time, you wore a hole
The same place tacked over and over
And I never go there, I never go there

But through that hole, you see
My faith in you boring deeper and deeper
Finally through the wall

Map began to rip apart
I watched it fall to the floor
I didn't bother moving my thumbtack any more