

Frank Black And The Catholics, You're Such A Wire

why do you hate me?
why don't you just simmer down?
you could be doing great things
instead of just pushing me around
or maybe just be sleeping
even you at times must get tired
you're such a wire
you're such a wire look at you
you're such a wire look at you packing it blasting it
you're such a wire
the world it looks so big but it feels so small
i'm snapping like a twig in this dried up dying fall
I think the winter is gonna be a real whirligig
why do I hate you?
that's because I am full of it
if all your dreams came true then you must be completely full of it
you won't catch me weeping 'cause you know that i'm not a crier
i'm such a wire
i'm such a wire look at me
i'm such a wire look at me packing it blasting it
i'm such a wire