

Jebediah, Jerks Of Attention

There is no pain, my bodies drained
I never should of had that fourth slice straight
We gathered round, the lost and found
But my jerks of attention let me down

Well I took the first one,
And I pulled it back.
And what was once green
Had all turned black, had all turned black
And there was nothing left to say.

I'm ten foot tall, the world's so small
I know it all when I'm wasted
What you see, inside of me
Has been set free when I'm wasted, wasted.

I'm getting there, my constant stare
And I don't think I'll move from this chair
We've got them both, Archers of loaf
And the Stone Roses in the stereo

Wasted, wasted
Wasted, wasted

I don't want to be straight, don't want to be straight
I don't want to be wasted, wasted, wasted, don't