

Nada Surf, Dispossession

my coat, leave behind my coat and my belt,
leave behind my coat and all that,
i don't want it back...

it's called undertown and it's over that way.
some people leave in the morning,
some people when they go to bed.
inside, it's been rotting for a long time now,
ever since i found out
i'm not to blame if i get left out.

my coat, leave behind the looks, magazines and books.
don't want it back.

we're going away, we're dropping the lot.
we'll take another tack if we ever get stopped.
it's the last plan we made before we came unglued.

everything i touch is on the blink.
gotta find a place to land, find a place to think.
who are you people?