Nada Surf, No Quick Fix

there's no quick fix you gotta take your licks strange times long lines there are no clean cups you gotta mess it up to see why you cry i can't stay home at night i'm drawn out like a moth to lamplight come on now you gotta try it out you're killing time you're killing mine don't go, i'll never know when you're away, i sleep all day nothing works and thinking hurts you belong to me in my dreams (chorus)