

Sebadoh, Mean Distance

Alive with the magic I know it's a crime
Stirring in the ocean of my mind
Below the surface a presence remains
Subjective indecision, signs I'm deranged
Psychokinesis, through all it isn't mine
Designed to a degree, I welcome the life
Be aware I'm a weary wreck, so wrap your hands around my neck
Half-crazed elf friend given an escape
The band's so misgiving, I call it a mistake
Dreaming of a goddess I admire and trust
Deal with my neuroses and satisfy my lust
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