

# Sebadoh, Too Pure

Is something missing in my touch, a tension tugging at my smile?  
If there's a right thing to say, I'm sure I missed it by a mile  
Swallowed in some detail, heavy in my blood  
I wanna hold you close, but I can't lift my arms up  
Is there a reason for this distance?  
More than the drug that floats my days  
A nervous bug in my system, it keeps me edgy and ashamed  
I've got a saint, never ever will forgive  
That never understood me but still tells me how to live  
It fits when I stretch and I stretch because I can  
I stretch until I'm sore and then I open up for more  
I do it out of habit, not addiction  
And if I give it up, clean out my blood  
Will I still feel bored and disconnected?  
If I do it all for love, will I ever give enough?  
Cuz you can never be too pure or too connected  
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You can never be too pure