

Sheryl Crow, Resuscitation

Short circulated
Sleeping through the dopamine
When you've got nothing to fear
Too low to notice
Superman in disco jeans
Having a good time
Just wish I was here

Resuscitation
Bring me around
Resuscitation
Bring me down

So separated
Under watergun ballet
When you've got no map
You've got no place to go
Some sexy killjoy
Bring everybody down
Well, I eat confusion
And spit it out slow

Resuscitation
Bring you 'round
Resuscitation
Bring you down
The road is paved with hope and glory
But my shoes are hiding under the bed
I need a little evaluation
Rejuvenation
Of soul and head

So underneath
Hanging on the bathroom rug
Holding it together
With rubber bands and chewing gum
This mansion's crashing
I'm just the butler's maid
What do we care
We just need our own parade

Resuscitation
Bring me down
Resuscitation
Bring me 'round