

Sleater-Kinney, Jumpers

I spend the afternoon in cars
I sit in traffic jams for hours
Don't push me, I am not ok

The sky is blue most every day
The lemons grow like tumors
They are tiny suns infused with sour

Lonely as a cloud
In the Golden State
The coldest winter I ever saw
Was the summer that I spent

The only substance is the fog
And it hides all that has gone wrong
Can't see a thing inside the maze

There is a bridge adored and famed
The Golden spine of engineering
Whose back is heavy with my weight

Lonely as a cloud
In the Golden State
The coldest winter I ever saw
Was the summer that I spent

Be still this old heart
Be still this old skin
Drink you last drink
Sin your last sin

Sing your last song
About the beginning
Sing your song loud
So the people can hear, let's go

Be still this sad day
Be still this sad year
Hope your last hope
Fear your last fear

You're not the only one
You're not the only one
You're not the only one
You're not the only one, let's go

My falling shape will draw a line
Between the blue of sea and sky
I'm not a bird, I'm not a plane

I took a taxi to the Gate
I will not go to school again
Four seconds was the longest wait

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