Sleater-Kinney, Lora's Song

And the more I lie perfectly still More or less, who can tell And I let my hand go back at your face Break a wish, iron cage

But you, you must be real Or having too long time But you, you're too surreal Switching through the place you find

Still, still, perfect and proud Wear, tear, half a cloud Won't you be late, wait, lost in your bed Make a wish, rip it to shreds

But you, you must be real Or having too long time But you, you're too surreal Switching through the face you find