

# Sleater-Kinney, Taste Test

Bad thoughts, bad car, bad drive  
A mess a lot a lie  
I can't be alone tonight  
I'm tired, I'm hurt, I'm fine

(where are you now  
where did you go)

You've always got me guessing why  
Nothing the same after tonight  
Nothing is gonna make it right  
Keep the house quiet dark tonight

(That's how I happen to find you  
and how am I gonna tell you  
Don't start I'm not gonna fight you  
Could be I'm not gonna find you)

One sour, one sweet, one lime  
Taste both taste yours taste mine  
Too late too long no light  
I can't see a thing tonight

(where are you now  
where did you go)

You've always got me guessing why  
Nothing the same after tonight  
Nothing is gonna make it right  
Tell me what's going on inside

(That's how I happen to find you  
and how am I gonna tell you  
Don't start I'm not gonna fight you  
Could be I'm not gonna find you)