

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)