

Soul Asylum, Never Really Been

Sirens are a-screaming, shots ring out at night
Movie cameras rolling in
And there goes my hero with his head between his legs
And all this time I believed in him
Now, what is the sound of snow falling down
On the tombstone in the dead of the night?
And who is the hound at the downtown dog pound
Who speaks English when the watchman's not in sight?
And where will you be in 1993?
Still sitting in the same chair
Sinning is for sinners and I'm just a beginner
But I've never really been touched there
Hey ain't it strange how some things never change
Ain't it strange how nothing stays the same?
You were thinkin' I was distressed about some universe oppressed
But I was just depressed about my last pinball game
I've learned to accept and not to expect
The respect and neglect that I get
I've tried not to forget about what hasn't happened yet
And on this I place my last bet
Hey did you give what you get
Did you get what you give?
of your ??
Winning is for winners
And I know spring follows winter
But I've never really been touched there
You know it's hard to be nice when hate becomes your vice
And you can't find peace anywhere
Love's just not for lovers
Get off your high horse brother
Drop your fist and get out of here