

# 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