Spiderbait, Jellybean Drifter

Last night I got chased on down the hall
Rolling down like a cannonball
It ended up on out in the yard
And attached to the back was a postcard
I didn't read it 'coz I hate
goodbyes
I couldn't read it 'coz it stung my eyes
My feet were hard from the cold cement
But I've still got the stamps from the letter you sent
I will find a way
To get on
If it takes all day
On and on
Spin me out I'm feeling as light
as a feather
Count me out I'm breathing better than ever
Wring me out I'm soaked right through to the bone
Put me in to get second wind again