

Superchunk, Sick To Move

Finger on my pulse
I've got my finger in the socket
Why build a cradle
if you don't plan to rock it?
I've got my things together all in one place
I've got my stuff out of your way
I've got myself out of your face

Well I thought that
you said that
we were gonna
so come on

Now I'm to sick to
sick to move

Sick of no direction
I'm sick of my reflection
There's a field outside my house I think I'll crawl there for protection
At this point when I plan you know I
plan on going wrong it's just I
never thought I'd plot the course of failure for this long

Well I thought that
you said that
we were gonna
so come on

Now I'm to sick to
sick to move