

Superchunk

"Here's Where The Strings Come In"

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Well I have a fading impression
Of the last hurtful expression on your face
And I don't remember the time, but I remember the
scene
Everything got ugly; well how do we get so mean?

Chorus

And I'm sorry if the ride has been so disappointing
Well I tell you from my side, I can't remember much
And I'm sorry if the whole thing has left you wanting
Cause to tell you the truth, I don't remember much
No I don't remember much about it

Well can you see well from where you are sitting?
Because it didn't cost you a cent

It's for the pigeons to do your bidding
And with every single step, a stinking film of sweat
Well should I wear it like a three-piece suit, a torn flat,
or a nervous
Halo?

Chorus

Now we're two trains on the same track
The conductor passed out drunk
And you still ask me why I look so bad
Like my bathtub duck just sunk

But where's everything comes together
Either that or it falls all apart
Yeah, here's where the strings come in

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