

# Superchunk "Tower"

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She climbs the tower, gun in hand  
Every day at 5 pm  
She has a ball she has a friend  
She kills imaginary men  
Kills them with her lipstick head  
But she's safe from them  
Cause they don't understand

Chorus  
My guts fell out on top of my head  
I'll live without them  
I have my days for sure  
But I don't count them

When everything's just right  
I'll come down off my mountain  
I'm out of sorts right now  
By then I will have found them

Don't call me the wierd one  
I watch them come and go all night  
I serve them, listen to their shit  
These people just aren't right

Chorus

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