

## Deerhoof

### "Hazel St"

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There was no connecting my actions with words  
In the bright sunlight, the movement of birds  
The car ride home, was blinded again  
The light would not focus the light would not bend  
There's no use calling I know what you'd say  
Over and over it ended today  
Worlds lost their meaning and could not explain

Why the subject was always just out of frame

I was sixteen  
I lived on Hazel Street  
Protect me from the scene  
And guide me with your heat

Ice forms in sheets  
There melting in the street

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