

Deerhoof

"Hazel Street"

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And there was no connecting actions and words
And the bright sunlight, the movement of white birds

The car ride home, smiling again
The light of my focus, the light of my bed

There's no use calling, I knew what you'd say
I had no way of knowing what ended today

Words are familure I could not explain
Why the subject was always just out of frame

I was 16
I lived on Hazel Street
Protect me from my seam
And guide me with your heat

I was 16
I lived on Hazel Street
Touch me from the seam
And guide me with your heat

And ice forms their sheet
They're melting in the street
The ice forms their sheets
They're melting in the streets

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