

The Movement

"I Don't Get It"

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There's a picture of a little kid no one noticed what he did there's a background just can't remember what's the point and what's the center there's this feeling it's part of who you are supposed to tear you apart but I don't get it and I don't have it I don't know anything about it life slides right by me and I'm like no reaction, just a shrug and I don't know why I can't find my can't imagine I don't get it I don't get it and I'm locked out of Sunday school and hanging out in the vestibule and waking up in the crying room next to you but that stuff never made any sense I can't connect and you're not impressed and when it's back to the present tense it's meaningless meaningless there's this picture it's part of what you are supposed to tear you apart but I'm not in it I'm just out of it I don't know anything about it you think through everything I think no reaction just a bug and I don't know why I can't get through I don't get it I don't get it.

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