

J Mascis "Several Shades Of Why"

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There's no peace, little comfort, no one's shoulder
not a wrinklings of a time that made you colder
i'm not saying much i tried hard that's all i do
tried and waited then got tired that's about it
whit my time
whit my time

Got to wait this time
why should i have time to answer?
several shades of why
i can't go back, it's faster
don't expect it 'cause the ending's a disaster

nothing, nothing, nothing man, a little laughter
with my time
with my time

Gone at it the wrong way
thought i'd find out but i missed it
if i make it through i'll run and stop the twistin'
way i steered us off'll lose it just to give in
hell may not dwell on the dead
how about th living?
whit my time
with my time

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