

## **Screeching Weasel "Speed Of Mutation"**

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it only seems to happen at three or four a.m. some  
blurry half formed picture of some half forgotten  
friend becomes clear but i can't hold it ti happens in my  
dreams i can't remember what it was that meant so  
much don't question speed of mutation even a rotten  
creep can have moments sweet and pure i lay there  
something missing what happened to that girl is she  
okay or is she just a face in the crowd

why can't i think of what it was that mean so much don't  
question speed of mutation why do i wake up feeling  
that i've lost something big why do i try to hold on to  
things that don't exist i keep on asking myself what  
happened to that hirl they're moments that i make up  
they're moments sweet and pure don't ever try to find  
something you left behind don't ever try to make a  
memory into something don't ever fool yourself it  
always disappears don't ever kid yourself there's no  
girl of your dreams don't question speed of mutation

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