

Sebadoh "Prince-S"

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Count it off smart guy
Now what the hell are we doin'?
No, it can't

Eleven times a scapegoat
It's not a hug but a choke
And you're not what I've been missin'
And I'll be damned before I listen to you

Prince-S of distress
You're a Prince-S of distress

Everything you want
And nothing that you need
But somehow it all just fits in
I'd climb your mind just to go wishing

I guess there's no use really 'cause
'Cause there's nothing like a real thing

Welling up in my throat
I love you, you must know
There's not much that needs fixin'
I can't quit when I'm addicted

I guess there's no use really 'cause
'Cause there's nothing like a real thing
I guess there's no use really 'cause
'Cause there's nothing like a real thing

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