

Material, The

"Moving To Seattle"

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I can smell it on the pavement (It's about to rain, rain)
And you can feed me all the pills you want
But you cannot stop the pain

Am I forcing my hand
To write this down
Today is the day
That I finally realized
That I can't rely
On anyone except myself

So you think you understand me
You're so anxious to evaluate
Well maybe I'm well
Maybe I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine
Maybe I'm in love

Am I forcing my hand
To write this down
Today is the day
That I finally realized
That I can't rely
On anyone except myself

Don't just stand there
It's about to rain (You were never one to worry)
Maybe my dreams
Are just more interesting
Than my reality
All this time see it through my eyes

Am I forcing my hand
Am I forcing my hand

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