

Stab

Built to Spill

Make it a time
Make it anytime
Make sure that it's not the only kind
That others find

I've got a mind
I've got half a mind
To shut down the whole system at the spine
With fishing line

I'm really glad there's a grasp to grab
It's only a stab in a wet paper bag
Is that so bad?

I wrote a song
It was slow and long
I wrote the words and the music wrong
But life goes on
And on and on and on and on and on and on