

Egoverride

Bob Mould

It's the sound of my ego spinning out of control
Sounds in my head that might never come out
Stuck in my head, and forever reverberate
How do you pluck them out?

These are the stories that will never unfold
All of the characters cast in stone
Years surely weathered them, I don't remember them
They've all faded away

I'm a child, I'm a baby
I can change my mind like any other genius
This is genius, this is genuine, this is bullshit

Suppressing the violent side
That ego can override

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As a child, as a baby
As a phenom, as a meteorite
Burned out in the galaxy
Where the parking lots are oh so bright

Suppressing the violent side
That ego can override

Suppressing the violent side
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