

# 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

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