Fix It

Bob Mould

I'm out of inspiration
Time to break it in a million little pieces
The magic and depression
It settles in like cancer of the soul

Turn the corner as I turned a phrase
And ran into a wall of sound
Let me know if you need a hand
I'll be around

Fix it, fix it, fill it up
Time to fill your heart with love
Fix it, fix it, full enough
Time to find out who you are

I yell into a paper cone
Pounding on a piece of wood and wires
We all feel the crush of life
I don't know how anyone survives

Small vibration, once it's amplified
Can build you up and tear you down
Fly that kite 'til lightning strikes me to the ground

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Fix it, fix it, fill it up
Time to fill your heart with love
Fix it, fix it, full enough
Time to fix who you are