

Nemeses Are Laughing

Bob Mould

When you're feeling empty
Fragile, hungry and stoned
Sweet cinnamon spice
And then you're on your own

Retracing footsteps of my younger days
Hold on, rearview mirror lies in the haze

A dark thought gets caught
At the bottom of the sea
It's all wrong, play along
Would you be my enemy?

Hummingbirds are always
Hours away from death
The smell of deep depression
And feathers on your breath

Nemeses are laughing
There's nowhere left to go
And everything's collapsing
The world I used to know