

# Thumbtack

Bob Mould

Here's the town we live in  
This is how the band lays out  
I bought a map  
So I could find my way around, way around

Taped the map on the wall  
Studied every avenue  
Found my way around  
Tried to feel at home for once

We worked out a system  
When one of us would leave  
A thumbtack stuck showing  
Where we were going

All the time you wore a hole  
The same place tacked over and over  
And I never go there  
I never go there?

Through that hole you see  
My faith in you  
Boring deeper and deeper  
Finally through that wall

Map began to rip apart  
Watched it fall into the floor  
Well I didn't bother  
Moving my thumbtack anymore

Here's the town we live in  
This is how the band lays out  
I bought a map  
So I could find my way around, rip apart

Watched it fall into the ground  
Well I didn't bother  
Moving my thumbtack anymore

Anymore, anymore, anymore, anymore  
Anymore, anymore, anymore, anymore