

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

Any more, any more, any more, any more
Any more, any more, any more, any more