

Aisle 13

Built to Spill

Know what good you've done
Seem like on just a whim
No one can be on
All sides at once

Every day something strange
I can't explain happens to me
Often I am called by name
To clean up aisle 13

No one knows 'cause no one wants to
Know what they might find
No one sees 'cause no one wants to
See what's in their mind

Don't be all so afraid
Everyone has weird dreams
One day I'll come home to find you
Covered with ants 'cause you're so sweet

No one knows 'cause no one wants to
Know what they might find
No one sees 'cause no one wants to
See what's in their mind