

Kicked It In The Sun

Built to Spill

Backwashed thoughts
And you made me talk
No, you made me listen

There's a feeling
From Ada to Irene
Theres something, theres nothing
You haven't seen

Tiny TV's on at 3
So serene
No place to be
Alone

So come on over, yeah
Let's sit down a little while
Some wine
You will find the same things

Same things, same things
Same things, same things

By the time you read this
You kicked it in the sun
It was all that you could do
How could you refuse?

You kicked it in the sun
It was all you had to do
You kicked it in the sun
It was all you had to do, how could you refuse?

And you kicked it in the sun
It was wrong and it was rude
And you kicked it in the sun
It was wrong and it was rude, how could you refuse?

And you kicked it in the sun

It's alright now
I'm getting over getting mine
It's alright now
I'm getting over getting mine

He seemed so unashamed of how he operated
Corresponds to the facts that you want
Despite his expectations he turned out mediocre
His master plan was so so

We're special in other ways
Ways our mothers appreciate
That net does not make me feel safe
All those holes make me nervous

He woke up late that morning
Went to the window and saw
The sun had stopped its shining

So, so

We're special in other ways
Ways our mothers appreciate
We're special in other ways
Ways our mothers appreciate