

The First Song

Built to Spill

My thoughts are commodities
My lies are me
My price is a compromise
My pay is peace

And words just make it worse
They're misunderstood, see just like there
If you can't spell it out, if it's just understood
Then you think it isn't there

I make my mind up
Convince my brain
I lie on accident
Trying to explain

But all the things that I was told
All the people that told me
How can I not believe in things that
Everyone else sees?