

This Is The Sound

Juliana Hatfield

Up above the floor so high.
A reflection in his eye.
Fell in love again last night.
Had a chance but I got stage-fright.
Oooh, oooh. oooh, oooh

I can't dance in front of you.
I never used these dancing shoes.
They won't even go up stairs.
Take me up to meet you there.
Oooh, oooh. oooh, oooh

This is the sound of a tree falling down.
Like me giving up to the ground is the sound
Of a wave breaking down to be all washed up.

I can't think of things to say.
Would if I could find a way.
Grab something and hold it tight.
Even if it's just one night.
Oooh, oooh. Oooh, oooh!

Why are simple things so hard?
Nothing ever goes too far.
I roll it over in my mind
For the hundred-thousandth time.
Oooh, oooh. Oooh, oooh

This is the sound of a tree falling down.
Like me giving up to the ground is the sound
Of a wave crashing down to be all washed up
Bridge !

Up above the town so high,
Watching gasses in the sky.
I can't stop thinking of that guy.
How do you can't see smog at night.
Oooh, oooh. oooh, oooh

I don't even know his name.
But if it's ever gonna rain,
Will it ever be the same?
Will he come back here again?

This is the sound of a tree falling down.
Like me giving up to the ground is the sound
Of a wave breaking down to be all washed up.