

## 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.  
Ooh, ooh. ooh, ooh

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.  
Ooh, ooh. ooh, ooh

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.  
Wouldif I could find a way.  
Grab something and hold it tight.  
Even if it's just one night.  
Ooh, ooh. Ooh, ooh!

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

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.  
Ooh, ooh. ooh, ooh

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.