

Blizzard Of '77

Nada Surf

In blizzard of '77
The cars were just lumps on the snow
And then later
Tripping in 7-11
The shelves were stretching out of control
On a plane ride
The more it shakes
The more i have to let go
Now the signals
Still getting all mixed up
We're always doing damage control
But in the middle of the night i worry
It's blurry even without light
I know i have got a negative edge
That's why i sharpen all the others a lot
It's like flowers or ladybugs
Pretty weeds or red beetles with dots

I miss you more than i knew
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