

Concrete Bed

Nada Surf

The world's locked up in your head
You've been pouring in a concrete bed
Your habits ossified
You don't realize you're fried, so fried

To find someone you love
You gotta be someone you love

The reason's somewhere in the timber
It takes years till it sinks in
You've used up the easy streets
And you lost your taste for treats
You're so fried

To find someone you love
You gotta be someone you love

Stay high if you have to
Do whatever it asks you
You got another calling
Don't let it pass you

You know it cause you wrote it
You just didn't think you'd actually do it
It's just another wish you wished in a very long list

To find someone you love
You gotta be someone you love
To find someone you love
You gotta call your own bluff