

When I came back from San Diego  
Checkered lights and rain in the afternoon  
Oh, made me miss the imagination I used to have

There's something else  
I thought about  
The universe  
When it's merciful

How should I know  
After wringing out my memory  
And all that my hands send away  
Oh, riffling for a stem to find an answer I knew

There's something else  
I thought about  
The universe

When it's merciful

Oh, what  
What's my blood for?  
What shows my dear?  
The universe  
When it's merciful

Who's light did it come in on?

There's something else  
I thought about  
The universe  
When it's merciful