

## Massachusetts

Ra Ra Riot

In Massachusetts  
Oh, no  
The younger of the ocean sing  
A paean to their mother, offering  
To hold tight onto the quay  
To hold tight onto the side of the quay  
Oh, it don't matter what you do

In Massachusetts  
Oh, no  
A certain lack and dislocation  
Sotted up to the gunwales, and  
The tide tells you when to go  
The tide tells you when to come and when to go  
No, it doesn't matter what you do

I can't find my roads  
I can't, I can't find my roads  
Honestly, I want to hear the thought that I had  
But I can't feel any more with you

In Massachusetts  
Oh, no  
To be held at bat and then consigned  
To pet about the frozen time  
To a mother so cold and gray  
And though she gives you one, she takes one away  
Oh, it doesn't matter what you do

In Massachusetts  
Oh, no  
The younger of the ocean sing  
A paean to their mother, offering  
To hold tight onto the quay  
To hold tight onto the side of the quay  
Oh, it don't matter what you do

I can't find my roads  
I can't, I can't find my roads  
Honestly, I want to hear the thought that I had  
But I can't feel any more with you  
Open it dies  
How can I only say "It's a dark mind"?  
It's a dark mind  
It's a dark mind  
Oh, I can't tell the things for you  
I want someone like you  
Watching it roll by  
Watching it roll by