

Too Pure

Sebadoh

Is something missing in my touch, a tension tugging at my smile
?
If there's a right thing to say, I'm sure I missed it by a mile
Swallowed in some detail, heavy in my blood
I wanna hold you close, but I can't lift my arms up
Is there a reason for this distance?
More than the drug that floats my days
A nervous bug in my system, it keeps me edgy and ashamed
I've got a saint, never ever will forgive
That never understood me but still tells me how to live
It fits when I stretch and I stretch because I can
I stretch until I'm sore and then I open up for more
I do it out of habit, not addiction
And if I give it up, clean out my blood
Will I still feel bored and disconnected?
If I do it all for love, will I ever give enough?
'Cuz you can never be too pure or too connected
You can never be too pure or too connected
You can never be too pure