

Passing Sad Daydream

Soul Asylum

If you're walking home late at night, dressed up and alone
Dont you get tired of being white, buffalo never roam
Go to sneak up behind you, still your boss tapped your phone
'Coz you might be keepin secrets, that you ain't supposed to know
Now it's about to be and your bus and the lovely miss liberty
Is just another whore, there's somethin I gotta tell ya
It's hard to see things your way and its hard to understand the things you say
Most of all its hard to get hard these days, now if you got to hate someone
You might as well hate yourself, you find that you dont deserve it now
More than anyone else, so get out of your kitchen
And get out of your bed, got to tell them what you've always wanted to tell them
'Coz in the morning you might be dead so dont call the doctor
'Coz I'll be ok, its just a passing sad daydream and it led me astray
And its hard to see things your way, and its hard to understand the things you say
But most of all, its hard to get hard these days, and I ain't proud of nothin
But its better that way 'coz its too loud for talkin, and there aint much to say
So pick up your explosives, and pack up your gun, if you ain't chasin someone
You got to be on the run, and Im so far from home now
Nothin better anyway, I aint lookin to make a livin now
I just need a place to stay