

Anything You Want

Spoon

If there's anything you want
Come on back cause it's all still here
I'll be in the back room drinking my half of the beer
And if you and me is right
Why's it the same thing every night

It's just a matter of time
It's almost measurable
Imagination ain't kind on us tonight

You're at your best you got the guns turned a hundred eighty de
grees
And finding out if it adds all up right
We go through all the same lines or sell out to appease
But go to sleep in a bed of lies
I made my own more than once or twice

And now time is my time time is my own
And I feel so alive yet feel so alone
Cause you know you're the one and that that hasn't changed
Since you were nineteen and still in school waiting on a light
On the corner by sound exchange