

The Undertow

The Feelies

Bring back the innocent lords
It may be later than you think
There's new places to explore
But the old ones return tomorrow
Lines are forming all around
Hear them cry out above our heads
Divide the years apart
The passive grumble like a shell

I'm the intended, hear the call
Try to be careful and I don't know why
One hundred years, maybe more
I'm the intended and I don't mind it

Waiting patiently
Walk over to the window
Then you look away
Can't see no accidents
Waiting endlessly
It will be easier and
We will be together
Just another test
Like any other test

I'm the intended, hear the call
Try to be careful and I don't know why
One hundred years, maybe more
I'm the intended and I don't mind at all

And it all comes down
As you wait for the dream
You've known all along
But you're waiting alone
For the moment to come
And you hear them call
And you hear them call
And you're waiting alone