

When spring comes around and the ice runs away
And the sun hits the tops of our heads
Then the dormant desires explode into life
And the body demands to be fed

Whispering sadness, like a mild form madness
Or a line from a meaningful song
Turn your eyes to the Lord but the churches are empty
There is now no escape from your longing

"Things are gonna start getting good"
You hear them call
You captured the unspoken feelings of my heart
Which gave me a start
I know I'm nowhere near perfection
I'm pointing in the wrong direction
All I ever seem to do is sit here playing
Around on this stupid guitar

When spring comes around and the ice runs away
And the sun hits the tops of our heads
Then the dormant desires explode into life
And the body demands to be fed

I've got a million ants under my skin
They're all digging a hole where the rain can't get in
My world comes out when the sun disappears
But my blood is turning sour with insect fear

Whispering sadness
Like a mild form madness
Or a line from a meaningful song
Turn our eyes to the Lord
But the churches are empty
There is now no escape from your longing

I've got a million Beatles under my skin
They're all digging a hole where the rain can't get at 'em
My blood will come out when the Earth disappears
And my girl will turn to flour with insect fear

Why are you forever under the weather?
You're at an age when you should be feeling good
But when you hide in your bed
And look in your head
You find you've gone deeper than you should
It could be your shallowness is your strength