

Pipeline / Kill Time

Sonic Youth

Stretch me to the point where I stop
Run ten thousand miles and then think of me
I think you know the place we should meet
Don't worry if it's dark and I'm lateRun me out a thin wire
Help me to kill this, love
I'll meet you tonight at the bottom of the well
Just feel around in the dark until you get the ideaI'm not moving doesn't mean I can't
Flame on in my head
My best friend sucked his wife's blood an shriveled up
He was mistaken for saneWe move and groove and cut loose from fear
We should kill time, we'll shut it down
I've got a pipeline straight to the heart of you
Opening in my headBright glass on a chair being wound around us
The toiling of idle hands
Dripping, with guilt
A secret form of punishment
Axes through skulls
Shadow of futility
Endless, revolt
The shifting of light and shadowsNo one is right
Nothing is solid
Nothing can be held in my hands for longWe should kill time

Songwriters

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