

Kicked It In the Sun

Built to Spill

Backwashed thoughts
And you made me talk
No, you made me listen
There's a feeling from Ada to Irene There's something
There's nothing you haven't seen
Tiny TV, on at three, so serene
No place to be alone So come on over
Yeah, let's sit down a little while
Some wine
You will find the same things The same things
The same things
The same things
The same things By the time you read this
You kicked it in the sun
It was all that you could do
How could you refuse?
And you kicked it in the sun It was all you had to do
And you kicked it in the sun
It was all you had to do
How could you refuse?
And you kicked it in the sun It was wrong and it was rude
And you kicked it in the sun
It was wrong and it was rude
How could you refuse?
And you kicked it in the sun It's alright now
I'm getting over, getting mine
It's alright now
I'm getting over, getting mine He seemed so unashamed of how he operated
Corresponds to the facts that you want
Despite his expectations
He turned out mediocre
His master plan was so, so We're special in other ways
Ways our mothers appreciate
That net does not make me feel safe
All those holes make me nervous He woke up late that morning
Went to the window and saw
The sun had stopped its shining, so, so
We're special in other ways Ways our mothers appreciate
We're special in other ways

Ways our mothers appreciate
We're special, we're special

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