

# Nemeses Are Laughing

## Bob Mould

When you're feeling empty  
Fragile, hungry and stoned  
Sweet cinnamon spice

And then you're on your own  
Retracing footsteps of my younger days  
Hold on, rearview mirror lies in the haze

A dark thought gets caught  
At the bottom of the sea  
It's all wrong, play along  
Would you be my enemy? Hummingbirds are always  
Hours away from death  
The smell of deep depression  
And feathers on your breath

Songwriters

ROBERT ARTHUR MOULD  
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