Sponge

R.E.M.

Pleasure is melting like chocolate
My blue ribbon gumption is gone
All my gravy must have soaked into something
And the worldThe filthy steps, the cold concrete
The phony earth below my feet
The ancient odor of the street

Yes, the world, world, world, it is a spongeYes, the world, world, world, it is a spongeAnd when the crisis passes

When the coast is clear

I'll be buffed down to a liquid

And the world, world, world, it is a spongeYes, the world, world, world, it is a sponge Yes, the world, world, world, world, it is a spongeThroughout this entire ugly outing I've been mumbling the convex of what I should be shouting

But I'll soon be silent, you'll soon hear nothing 'Cause the world, world, it is a spongeThe world, world, world, world, it is a sponge World, world, world, world, it is a sponge

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