

Saturday

Built to Spill

You waited for Saturday and waited for my birthday
And most of us probably, expect even less than that
And Im glad youre not like us
And by us I mean everyone in the world who isn't you
All this time, I thought was mine
Your proximity made
When boredom comes it wont be long
Before I sing to you
Theres nothing you can do
Theres nothing you can say
To make my problems go away
Or to make me do the same
From the outside
My ideas pour me outside
Bottled feeling for a mountain
Marbled ceiling commence the healing

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