

Anything You Want

Spoon

If there's anything you want
Come on back 'cause it's all still here
I'll be in the back room drinking my half of the beer
And if you and me is so right
Why's it the same thing every night? It's just a matter of time
It's almost measurable
Imagination ain't kind on us tonight You're at your best when you got the guns turned
A hundred eighty degrees
And finding out if it adds all up right
We go through all the same lines or sell out to appease
But go to sleep in a bed of lies
I made my own more than once or twice And now time is my time, time is my own
And I feel so alive yet feel so alone
'Cause you know you're the one
And that that hasn't changed since you were nineteen
And still in school waiting on a light
On the corner by sound exchange

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