

I Would Hurt a Fly

Built to Spill

I can't get that sound you make out of my head
I can't even figure out what's making it
No one else around even seems to be noticing
It's only small enough for me I can't get that sound you make out of my head
I can't even figure out what's making it
It feels like fingernails across the moon
Or do you rub your wings together There's a mean bone in my body
It's connected to the problems that I won't take for an answer
And I won't take that from you
Because I'd hurt a fly Let you go to sleep
Feeling bad as me
Let you go to sleep
Feeling bad

Songwriters

MARTSCH, DOUG Published by

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