

The Sound of Fear

Eels

Sun comes up on the old neighborhood
Spray-painted bricks and dead firewood
Well I don't know where I'm gonna be next
I don't care where I am gonna be Next time if you think of it
You might remember me as
The one who let you down
But never made another sound of fear Some people like to call me Chuck
It's Charles and you are shit outta luck
If you think you know what happens next
You think you know what happens Next time if you think of it
You might remember me as
The one who let you down
But never made another sound of fear Sun goes down on the old neighborhood
Dark, damp the stop where I once stood
I don't know where the bus stops next
And I don't care where the bus stops Next time if you think of it
You might remember me as
The one who let you down
But never made another sound of fear The sound of fear
I can't hear
The sound of fear

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