

Denver

Tiny Animals

A pocket full of quarters and a high score
I told you, I told you, there's nothing to be sad for
The world is so sublime, you're gonna do just fine

And I don't even know why
No I don't even know why

And I recall how my blood was almost boiling
I can't believe I blamed you for being so annoying
I call you seven times, but you don't pick up the line

And I wish I didn't know why
No I wish I didn't know why

What's with this?
I told you not to mess around
What's with this?
The news is all around town
What's with this?
You held it all then put it down
What's with this?

Lyrics submitted by chris.

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