Beat

Sebadoh

Not an afterlife
Full of aliens, no
No philosophy
No way of thinkingInstead of diving in
Spin around just 1ooking
A we11 travelled path
Beside the roadAnd when you hear the bell
You can always trust yourself
Pointless to explain
Infinite no-thingGently flowing down
Observe the hologram
Advancing world retreats
Away from grasping handsDejected scientists
Mystics and garbage men
Asses back in line
And start it all againIf you hear a bell
There's nothing left to tell
Just before you can explain...
When it gets interesting

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