Daniel

Juliana Hatfield

At the water's edge
That's where I make my bed
No TV radiation
To fill up my headMy eyes are blue like you
Our babies will be born blue
I wait all day, it's torture
He's got something to say, that's for sureHe looks alright outside
But he feels so bad inside
He looks so good on the outside
But he feels so bad insideAt the water's edge
That's where I lay my head
With rocks in your pockets
You float on your back
You're drowning in your bedI watch the birds and bunnies
You look so small and lonely
I live on sugar and honey
This is the sound of no moneyHe looks alright outside
But he feels so bad inside
He looks so good on the outside
But he feels so bad insideHe looks alright outside
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He looks so good on the outside
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But he feels so bad inside

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