

# 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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But he feels so bad inside

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