

# Aisle 13

## Built To Spill

Know what good you've done  
Seems like on just a whim  
No one can be on  
All sides at once  
Every day something strange  
I can't explain happens to me  
Often I am called by name  
To clean up aisle 13  
No one knows 'cause no one wants to  
Know what they might find  
No one sees 'cause no one wants to  
See what's in their mind  
Don't be all so all afraid  
Everyone has weird dreams  
One day I'll come home to find you  
Covered with ants 'cause you're so sweet  
No one knows 'cause no one wants to  
Know what they might find  
No one sees 'cause no one wants to  
See what's in their mind

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