

Passing Sad Daydream

Soul Asylum

If you're walking home late at night
dressed up and alone
dont you get tired of being white
buffalo never roam
go to sneak up behind you
still your boss tapped your phone
'cause you might be keepin secrets
that you ain't supposed to know
now it's about to be
and your bus
and the lovely miss liberty
is just another whore
(there's somethin I gotta tell ya)
its hard to see things your way
and its hard to understand the things you say
most of all
its hard to get hard these days
now if you got to hate someone
you might as well hate yourself
you find that you dont deserve it now
more than anyone else
so get out of your kitchen
and get out of your bed
got to tell them what you've always wanted to tell them
'cause in the morning you might be dead
so dont call the doctor
'cause Ill be ok
its just a passing sad daydream
and it led me astray
and its hard to see things your way
and its hard to understand the things you say
but most of all
its hard to get hard these days
and I ain't proud of nothin
but its better that way
'cause its too loud for talkin
and there aint much to say
so pick up your explosives
and pack up your gun

if you ain't chasin someone
you got to be on the run
and Im so far from home now
nothin better anyway
I aint lookin to make a livin now
I just need a place to stay

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