Sad Professor (Unplugged 2001)

R.E.M.

If we're talking about love
Then I have to tell you
Dear readers
I'm not sure where I'm headed
I've gotten lost before
I've woke up stone drunk
Face down in the floorLate afternoon, the house is hot
I started, I jumped up
Everyone hates a bore
Everybody hates a drunkThis may be a lit invention
Professors muddled in their intent
To try to rope in followers
To float their malcontent
As for this reader
I'm already spentLate afternoon, the house is hot
I started, I jumped up
Everyone hates a sad professor
I hate where I wound upDear readers, my apologies
I'm drifting in and out of sleep
Long silence presents the tragedies of
Love, note the age, get afraid
The surface hazy with attendant thoughts
A lazy eye metaphor on the rocksLate afternoon, the house is hot
I started, I jumped up
Everyone hates a bore
Everybody hates a drunk
Everyone hates a sad professor
I hate where I wound up
I hate where I wound up

Songwriters
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