

# Everything at Once

## Superchunk

when something has you pinned  
and the contraption that you're in  
won't let your day begin and every rustling of leaves  
is the thieving of your thieves  
and sleep is obsolete like bathtub gin you can hear the big black clock  
an no, it doesn't slow or stop  
it just ticks as you tick off what might have been so here's a song about nothing and everything at once  
oh the minutes and the months  
nothing and everything at once so here's a song about nothing and everything at once  
oh the minutes and the months  
the feedback and the drums  
oh the feeling noise becomes  
everything at once  
the oaks and the sweetgums  
on the street where you are from  
everything at once  
nothing and everything at once  
nothing and everything at once

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