Everything at Once

Superchunk

when something has you pinned
and the contraption that you're in
won't let your day beginand every rustling of leaves
is the thieving of your thieves
and sleep is obsolete like bathtub ginyou can hear the big black clock
an no, it doesn't slow or stop
it just ticks as you tick off what might have beenso here's a song about nothing and everything at once
oh the minutes and the months
nothing and everything at onceso 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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