

Kicked it in the Sun

Built to Spill

Back washed thoughts and you made me talk
No you made me listen
There's a feeling
From Ada to Irene
There's something, there's nothing
You haven't seen
Tiny TV's on at 3, so serene no place to be
Alone
So come on over yea
Lets sit down a little while
Some wine you will find the same things
By the time you read this, you kicked it in the sun
It was all that you could do, how could you refuse
And you kicked it in the sun
It was all that you could do
And you kicked it in the sun
It was all that you could do, how could you refuse
And you kicked it in the sun
It was wrong and it was rude
But you kicked it in the sun
It was wrong and it was rude, how could you refuse
And you kicked it in the sun
It's alright now I'm getting over getting mine
It's alright now I'm getting over getting mine
He seemed so unashamed of how he operated
Corresponds to the facts that you want
Despite his expectations he turned out mediocre
His master plan was so so
We're special in other ways
Ways our mothers appreciate
That net does not
Make me feel safe
All those holes make me nervous
He woke up late that morning
Went to the window and saw the sun had stopped its shining so so
We're special in other ways
Ways our mothers appreciate
We're special in other ways
Ways our mothers appreciate

Songwriters

MARTSCH, DOUG Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>