Speed of Mutation

Screeching Weasel

it only seems to happen at three or four a.m. some blurry half formed picture of some half forgotten friend becomes clear but i can't hold it ti happens in my dreams i can't remember what it was that meant so much don't question speed of mutation even a rotten creep can have moments sweet and pure i lay there something missing what happened to that girl is she okay or is she just a face in the crowd
why can't i think of what it was that mean so much don't question speed of mutation why do i wake up feeling that i've lost something big why do i try to hold on to things that don't exist i keep on asking myself what happened to that hirl they're moments that i make up they're moments sweet and pure don't ever try to find something you left behind don't ever try to make a memory into something don't ever fool yourself it always disappears don't ever kid yourself there's no girl of your dreams don't question speed of mutation

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