

# Kicked It In The Sun

## Built To Spill

Backwashed 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, on at three, so serene  
No place to be alone  
So come on over  
Yeah, let's sit down a little while  
Some wine  
You will find the same things  
The same things  
The same things  
The same things  
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 you had to do  
And you kicked it in the sun  
It was all you had to do  
How could you refuse?  
And you kicked it in the sun  
It was wrong and it was rude  
And 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  
We're special, we're special

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