Treepeople

Built To Spill (Treepeople)

What do I care? I'll clean up to make things
Look their very best, to feel my worst
What's inside is no longer mine to destroy
But all the same on each new SundayI'll be repaid again with memories
Of trailer park gravel streets evenings
Alone in a new home, sunlight shinning
Through the front window, treepeople on my radioListen closely, I've got absolutely
Nothing to say to you
That you think you already knewGrow old and uninspired
Floor'll crumble if you get tired
Don't grow old and uninspired
Floor'll crumble if you get tiredI'm losing the steam

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