

Spiraling Down

Bob Mould

Spiraling down, spiraling round
Nobody writes a song about you
Nobody pays much attention to you
Spiraling down, spiraling round
At this point, I don't believe
Anything you say or do And you can't share your
Thoughts with me, in case
Something goes wrong
Or somebody leaves
And all of this becomes evidence
In some strange trial in your head Close, you were never even close to close
Broken heart, broken soul
Spinning downward with total control Fare thee well, my setting sun
Send my regards, but don't tell anyone
How far I've fallen, or where I've gone
Don't get involved, don't tell anyone

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