

I Write the B-Sides

Eels

I write the B-sides
That make a small portion of the world cry
I like the sea side
And singing songs that make you not wanna die
Throw a stone into the sea
And wait for it to come back to me
Better get out on the boat
'Cause someone told me that stones don't float
I like to sit out back
And look up at the squirrels in the trees
They don't like radio tracks
And they don't ever talk down to me
Throw a nut up in the tree
Gonna fall right back on me
Well these guys know who they are
And what they needs in their own backyard
Woo ooh, woo ooh I like to play in the snow
I stick my hand in, now where did it go?
It might be mighty cold
But that's all part of not doing what you're told

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