

Stockholm Syndrome

Yo La Tengo

What's the matter, why don't you answer
What's the matter with me?
It is so hard to be
Free and easy, we'll disappear completely
Hardly as I've known it's glad
Your heart is broken, and the doors are open
As you're hoping to be
There's brighter places to see
Hands need warning, early in the morning
Hardly as I've known a surprise
No, don't warn me
I know it's wrong, but I swear it won't take long
And I know, you know,
It makes me sigh; I do believe in love
Another season, but the same old feelings
Another reason could be
I'm tired of aching, summer's what you make it
But I'll believe what I want to believe

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