

Bob Mould, The Descent

I started out so starry-eyed
Full of hope and wonder
And I wore flowers in my hair
Not aware I'd been defiled

Every time I see you I know it's going down
How can I believe you? Karma comes around

I know this ride
You must be there by my side
You going down, I must be descending

I didn't want to play the song
That gave people so much hope
I turned my back and turned away
Here's the rope that made me choke

Every time I see you I know it's going down
How can I believe you? Karma comes around

You can see it in my eyes
You can read it on my face
You can hear it as I cry
God, I hope it's not too late
Can I try to make it up to you somehow?
Can I try to make it up to you somehow?

You can see it in my eyes
You can read it on my face
You can hear it as I cry
God, I hope it's not too late
Can I try to make it up to you somehow?
Can I try to make it up to you somehow?

Now my race is finally run
And as I tumble to the sun
All these dreams I can't achieve
Brought me crashing to my knees
My descent has now begun
All the music left undone

Can I try...
And my world, it is descending
Can I try...
And my world, it is descending
Can I try...
And my world, it is descending
Can I try...
And my world, it is descending
Can I try...

And my world, it is descending