

# R.E.M., Sponge

Pleasure is melting like chocolate  
My blue ribbon gumption is gone  
All my gravy must have soaked into something  
And the world...  
The filthy steps, the cold concrete  
The phony earth below my feet  
The ancient odour of the streets  
Yes the world it is a sponge

And when the crisis passes  
When the coast is clear  
I'll be buffed down to a liquid  
And the world it is a sponge  
Throughout this entire ugly outing  
I've been mumbling the convex of what I should be shouting  
But I'll soon be silent you'll soon hear nothing  
'Cause the world it is a sponge