

Sleater-Kinney, Wilderness

Kenny and Linda on the way to Chelan
Transmission's shot, no back up plan
Will they hitch a ride?
Or get into a fight?

Moved to the West Coast, packed up their things
The winters are gray, now so are the dreams
They tried
To make it all right

All our little wishes have gone dry
Made it to the water, waded in the lies
When we felt the heat
Couldn't turn it into fire
Too caught up in our own desires

Said I do in the month of May
Said I don't the very next day
Will they try again?
Or is it doom for them?

Moved to a city where hippies run wild
Everything's white
Now so are the smiles
They tried to fight the good fight

All our little wishes have run dry
Made it to the water, waded in the lies
When we felt the heat
Couldn't turn it into fire
Too caught up in our own desires

We're spilt right in half
It's making me crazy
A two-headed brat
Tied to the other for life

It's a family feud
The red and the blue now
It's truth against truth
I'll see you in hell
I don't mind, I don't mind

All our little wishes have run dry
Made it to the water, waded in the lies
When we felt the heat
Couldn't turn it into fire
Too caught up in our own desires