

Spoon, Anything You Want

If theres anything you want
come on back cause its all still here
ill be in the back room drinking my half of the beer
and if you and me is so right
whys it the same thing every night

its just a matter of time
its almost measurable
imagination aint kind on us tonight
youre at your best when you got the guns turned a hundred
eighty degrees
and finding out if it adds all up right
we go through all the same lines or sell out to appease
but go to sleep in a bed of lies
i made my own more than once or twice

and now time is my time time is my own
and i feel so alive yet feel so alone
cause you know youre the one and that that hasnt changed
since you were nineteen and still in school waiting on a light
on the corner by sound exchange