

Oh, Me

Meat Puppets

If I had to lose a mile
If I had to touch feelings
I would lose my soul
The way I do I don't have to think
I only have to do it
The results are always perfect
But that's old news Would you like to hear my voice
Sprinkled with emotion
Invented at your birth?
I can't see the end of me
My whole expanse I cannot see
I formulate infinity
And store it deep inside of me If I had to lose a mile
If I had to touch feelings
I would lose my soul
The way I do I don't have to think
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