

# Sort Of

## Silversun Pickups

Do you think I'm sort of alive  
Should I set these motives aside  
Do I feel well sort of benign  
When you walk your body through mine  
What's keeping my tongue tied  
I see when you roll your eyes  
I swear any moment you will hear  
My spirit explode  
When there's fire on the ground  
Should it turn my whole world around  
When a wheel's in the lake  
Should I think it's a big mistake  
When there's smoke in the sky  
Please don't wake me I don't know why  
When your hand stretches out  
Is it way beyond  
Way beyond my reach  
Do you think it's sort of a crutch  
When you try to move me to touch  
Do I shake  
Well sort of  
But not much  
When my shades are summoned and crushed  
What's keeping my tongue tied  
I see when you roll your eyes  
I swear any moment you will hear  
My spirit explode  
When there's fire on the ground  
Should it turn my whole world around  
When a wheel's in the lake  
Should I think it's a big mistake  
When there's smoke in the sky  
Please don't wake me I don't know why  
When your hand stretches out  
Is it way beyond  
Way beyond my reach  
Reach  
Keep reaching  
For me  
Does it make you nervous  
When you hear my bones  
Animate my body  
Without a soul  
what's keeping my tongue tied  
I see when you roll your eyes  
I swear any moment you will hear  
My spirit explode  
When there's fire on the ground  
Should it turn my whole world around

When a wheel's in the lake  
Should I think it's a big mistake  
When there's smoke in the sky  
Please don't wake me I don't know why  
When your hand stretches out  
Is it way beyond  
Way beyond my reach

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