

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, Two Way Action

I have been driving all night
Bathing in fluorescent light
Of a western Tennessee gas station
With a pack of two way action
I'm subsisting on a fraction
And I close my eyes and pretend
I'm on vacation
But the lights bleed through
And it's all green blue
There goes my imagination
My returns fill me with dread
Will my houseplants be all dead
My significant be with another
I say, "Okay where was I";
But I can't repress a sigh
And I think I'm gonna
Yeah I think I'm gonna call my mother
Let the subject wander
To issues of blond hair
Or something or other
Like a bad haircut or a glass of cold water
Some of the things you wouldn't ordinarily thought
A will all be lost if you let it in
Maybe I'll never ever feel it again
I have been running all night
Bathing in fluorescent light
Of a western Tennessee gas station
With a pack of two way action
I'm subsisting on a fraction
Of what used to be a sugar free
Half melted bag of tastations
That hard candy sensation
It's sweeping the nation
And it puts my mind in traction
I'm subsisting on a fraction
And I close my eyes
And pretend that I'm on vacation
While it melts in my mouth
Still driving south in a TV nation
Like a bad haircut or a glass of cold water
Shouldn't I say what I really shouldn't oughta
And you spend half a day in
Some of these places like a flash of white light
That's in front of our faces
A state of peristalsis or a parastatic stasis
And we're off to the races
Oh yeah, and we're off to the races
Oh yeah and we're off to the races
And we're off to the races