

Andrew Bird, Two Way Action

I've 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 light bleeds through
And it's all green-blue
There goes my imagination

My return fills me with dread
Will my house plants be all dead
My significant be with another
I say ok 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 blonde 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've 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
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
I'm on vacation
But while it melts in my mouth
I'm 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
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