

Astronautalis, Fax Machine

The sun has burned my eyes,
Got me making that face again.
I'm driving my dented car in donuts,
Listening to that same old mixtape, my friend.
The one that starts and ends
With odds and ends and a dumb dance song,
As a troubled name with a subtle way
Is saying that she thinks that I'm handsome.
As shuttles crash and buildings fall
And diseases fly on airplanes,
I wonder where the romance has gone,
(???)
I want to build you a house,
In the country, with the son of Michael Landon,
But I want to protect my couch,
And my collection of rusty handguns.
It's as tough as nails, as tough as tigers,
as tough as tricky shots.
But I believe the dreams of my father,
It's the only dreams that I've got.
I've never seen the top,
Give me a good, solid lay of the land,
But I guess a guess is just a guess,
And the first step to finding the facts at hand.
I hate the bleeding hearts and hard-heads
As much as the nervous man hates the taste of a stutter.
You know what they say: in the land of the blind
The man with one eye's on every tabloid cover.
It's not a case of me vs. the others,
1,000 monkeys vs. man,
Before the Lord lays me down to sleep,
I pray that you'll understand.
I need my room to breathe,
My own private patch of dirt,
Where I can raise my sheep and make my beats
And teach my kids to curse.
I need a sandwich, and a hammock,
But not a butler or a reporter
Just a couple friends to watch my back
But never watch over my shoulder.
It's as pretty as a picture,
And it stands alone without a frame,
That's why it sits all silent inside my wallet
Waiting for you to see my dreams.