

# Fair To Midland, Timbuktu

Pack up with what's worthy  
Lock it up in the car  
Don't be surprised if i drive too far  
Speak now and we're followed while the weakest react  
The nose on the siren is right on our tracks  
A pair of tripods eyes through streets of mercury  
Not as common as leisure days  
Not as modern as much too late  
I sailed through the catapults between april and may  
He quoted his price & that's what he'll pay  
He spread thick like a heathen  
The clouds buried the chalk  
While the sut on our throat  
Till our engine stops  
Pearls & oysters every each turn  
Grow the lilac near the grubworm  
Push the button closest to him  
Give me glue so i can stick to plan  
Push the button closest to him  
But instead  
Sail the desert