

# Glen Phillips, Fred Meyers

I want to see you sometime  
Come find me I'll be home  
I'm just between the Costco  
And the Barnes and Noble  
Behind the mom and pop grocery  
That shut down in the nineties  
Like all the other locals  
They smashed the dreams of the hopeful

I'm getting off track, sorry  
So like I said right in there  
It was the Frederick Meyers  
Sold everything from fruit to tires  
Check in with the doorman  
An old biker named Slim  
Just say you're here to see me  
And don't forget to tip him

One hand must wash the other  
Each man must be a brother  
Band up and take cover

We'll go dancing, set fires  
Tag buildings and slash tires  
Drive go-carts like Shriners  
Or just hang out at Fred Meyers

Bring a lantern with you  
It gets dark in places  
Walk up the escalator  
To the section that was kidswear  
I'm at the back wall, left side  
Under a sign that says Levi's  
Top bunk second row  
If I'm not in right then  
Ask around, somebody'll know  
'Cause everybody knows me here

One hand must wash the other  
Each man must be a brother  
Band up and take cover

We'll go dancing, set fires  
Tag buildings and slash tires  
Drive go-carts like Shriners  
Or just hang out at Fred Meyers

We'll go out babe, skateboarding  
Go looting for food hoarding  
Whatever you desire  
We could just stay in my bed at Fred Meyers

One hand must wash the other  
Each man must be a brother  
Band up and take cover

We'll go dancing, set fires  
Tag buildings and slash tires  
Drive go-carts like Shriners  
Or just hang out at Fred Meyers

We'll go out, babe, drink moonshine  
Or tip rubble on the East Side  
Dig deep holes to China

Or we could just stay in my bed at Fred Meyers  
Why don't you just stay in my bed at Fred Meyers