

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