

Kevin Devine, Whistling Dixie

We're a nation full of dumbbells
Pulling nightshifts at the gym
We're a nation full of bookworm girls
Dumbing down to fall in love with them

We're a nation full of suspects
Whistling Dixie at the scene
We're a nation full of bad detectives
Selling clues to everyone we meet

We're a nation full of envy
Insecure and losing sleep
We're a nation full of jealous boyfriends
Driven by facts and history

We're a nation full of ivy
It's wall-to-wall-to-wall, all green
We're a nation full of sound byte blood cells
Bound in knots and swelling down the stream

We wrap bibles up in blankets
Just in case we're watched in sleep
But it's the slingshots underneath our pillows
That keep us calm and rested and relieved

'Cause we're a nation built on eggshells
Bandages and appleseeds
Attractive homes and top bruised foundations
That come apart gradually
Before they're leveled completely