

The Magnetic Fields, Smoke Signals

Well you've got a really long name
It won't fit on any forms
You gave me all your mirrors and they made me deformed

You're sending smoke signals
I know your secret code

We travel in the plaid van and we give our puppet show
and we picnic in the winter on maple syrup and snow

You're sending smoke signals
I know your secret code

Well, you made a Molotov cocktail, and you threw it on the ground,
and it sent us flying, and now we're flying about

You're sending smoke signals
I know your secret code