

# At The Drive-In, Lopsided

This is the accent of the halfhearted land.  
Does it all make sense now?  
And if the ship was built in bottled sand,  
Does it all make sense now?  
The anchor's kiss was scrawled in dyslexic crayon.  
Does it all make sense now?

Is this just a life preserve or a bivouac tenure?  
The tropic of cancer answered, "Drink the quicksand."

A mirror was splintered on the decks floor.  
Does it all make sense now?  
A stowaway that lived beneath this hull.  
Does it all make sense now?  
The anchor's kiss was scrawled in dyslexic crayon.  
Yes, it all makes sense now.

Is this just a life preserve or a bivouac tenure?  
This tropic of cancer answered, "Drink the quicksand."  
Its gills will swim faster after a breath from the shore.  
Is this just a life preserve or a bivouac tenure?

Breathe the taste of salt water.  
Dry-heave up and overboard!

Ponce de Leon wrinkles.  
Let's make it young again!

Boat drinks for captains.  
Row our boat, stowaway!

Boat drinks for captains.  
Row our boat, stowaway!

Is this just a life preserve or a bivouac tenure?  
The tropic of cancer answered, "Drink the quicksand."  
Its gills will swim faster after a breath from the shore.

All makes sense now.  
If your map was torn,  
navigate, navigate.  
All makes sense now.  
If your compass broke,  
navigate, navigate.  
All makes sense now.  
If your map was torn,  
navigate, navigate.  
All makes sense now.