

# At The Drive-In, Star Slight

(Sailing all alone.)

We've paid that shoeshine boy whose buff has no smile.

(Guided by star slight.)

He spits on your tip-toes and you keep hugging folklore like it's

(Nowhere is home.)

Out of style, out of focus, harum scarum.

(Inside of my mind.)

We promote this cover,

Discover.

And you know your insides true,

Better than I do.

Sometimes I just can't help,

But this is star slight.

Cover,

Discover.

But this is star slight.

(Sailing all alone.)

He spits on your tip-toes.

(Guided by star slight.)

And you keep hugging folklore.

(Nowhere is home.)

To cover.

Discover.

(Inside of my mind.)

Cover.

Discover.

But this is star slight.

And you know your insides true,

Better than I do.

And you know your insides true,

Better than I do.

And you know your insides true,

Better than I do.

And you know your insides true.