

Editors, Orange Crush

I've got my spine, I've got my orange crush
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Follow me, don't follow me
I've got my spine, I've got my orange crush
Collar me, don't collar me
I've got my spine, I've got my orange crush

We are agents of the free
I've had my fun and now its time to
Serve your conscience overseas (over me, not over me)
Coming in fast, over me x2

High on the roof
Thin the blood
Another one on the waves tonight
Comin' in, you're home

We'd circle and we'd circle and we'd circle to stop and consider
And
Centered on the pavement stacked up all the trucks jacked up
And
Our wheels in slush and orange crush in pocket and all this here
County
Hell any county it's just like heaven here and I was remembering
And I
Was just in a different county and all then this whirlybird that
Headed for I had my goggles pulled off I knew it all I knew
Every back
Road and every truck stop

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