Fair To Midland, As I Was Travelling...

(And as i was traveling i realized there were no boundries)

See that car plunge into what was known as a pitiful painted pest,
On the verge of a casted script,
See them four wheels a-turn,
Hit the light,
With everything that's come to par,
And it's got your name on it,
Cause it's got your name on it,

Teiresias has an eye on you,
From the mountaintop,
He speaks like a virgin,
Here come the locusts again.

I just wept for another day,
Held it in and won't let it out.

See them four wheels turn into the spite that is coming with little haste,
And a puddle he's bound to break,
See them four wheels a-turn,
Hit the light,
Well you don't seem so refined when it's got your name on it,
Cause it's got your name on it.

Tieresias has an eye on you,
From the mountaintop,
He looks in the mirror,
For it's always telling the truth.

I just wept for another day,
Held it in and won't let it out.

And a barrel of tacks is appraised as jewelry.
And a message of trust is percieved as boring.
Could it be there's a tie between lost and trailing?
Since the dawn of the 1800's, we fell.