

Frank Black, The Modern Age

Well I found a road and off I sped
I met a man with no little toe and a real big head
Though I did not speak somehow I said
Where are you from? He said the modern age
And where are you from? I said the modern age

On the shore by the sea that was still lathering
I met a man in the business of hunting and gathering
Somehow we understood each other's blathering
And he said where are you from? I said the modern age
And where are you from? He said the modern age

Stopped at a light in my car
I asked the next car how they are
They say that we are fine and how are you?
I say that I am fine and thank you

I'm feeling fine in the modern age
Driving around in the modern age
Driving around in the modern age