

Jim White, Corvair

Sunlight in the weeds...I wish that I was blind...to the ghosts
dancing in the breeze...blowing through my mind.
Got a Corvair in my yard. It hasn't run in fifteen years.
It's a home for the birds now. It's no longer a car.
Last night I dreamed that I was swimming in a sea.
Like always, with everything I went in too deep.
Got a Corvair in my yard. It hasn't run in fifteen years.
It's a home for the birds now. It's no longer...a car.
Got a simple friend out west, and in the blink of an eye,
I'd swap him straight, his life for mine...and never wonder "Why?"
[CHORUS]