

# Judybats, Geography

Gazing out the window of some big girder bird  
Down on mother nature's face, torn-up twisted absurd  
I wondered what the chances where that you were down there looking up at me

Ah, we're as silly as geography  
Silly as geography  
You and me  
We just can't get it right  
You're a function of my latitude  
Let's end our little warring feud  
How I wish you would come home  
Or I'll come there to you

People will tell you what to do, where your head should be  
They don't tell me nothing I ain't already heard before or better said  
We all want focus, we crave company but  
We're cross-eyed and punchdrunk from too much scenery  
From our battles with geography

Silly as geography  
You and me  
We're a lot like real estate  
But the state you're in is never real  
It's one helluva rare raw deal  
How I wish you would return

We're silly as geography  
Silly as geography  
You and me  
We just can't get it right  
You're a function of my latitude  
Let's end our little warring feud  
How I wish you would come home  
Or I'll come there to you