

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 were 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

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