

Mike Doughty, American Car

My circus train pulls through the night
Full of lions and trapeze artists
I'm done with elephants and clowns
I want to
Run away and join the office

Aimless sister, you're surrounded
Angel-faced and I'm astounded
How sweet you are

In your long, black American car
And you know just where to find me
If I don't know who you are
You will remind me

There's a girl down in the bar
A flaming star upon her shoulder
Slugging hot pink frozen drinks
To put the foot down on her smolder

Easy, cowboy, what's the rush now?
She may cleave me like a snowplow

All the lazy days are gone
Still the grind is grinding on
Throw the memories in a drawer