R.E.M., Little America

I can't see myself at thirty, I don't buy a lacquered thirty Caught like flies, preserved for tomorrow's jewellery, again Lighted in the amber yard, a green shellback, green shellback Preserved for tomorrow's eyes, in tree beer tar-black brer sap, The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest, The consul a horse, Jefferson I think we're lost

Who will tend the farm museums? Who will dust today's belongings? Who will sweep the floors, hedging near the givens? Rally round your leaders it's the mediator season Diane is on the beach, do you realize the life she's led? The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest, The consul a horse, oh man I think we're lost The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest, A matter of course, Jefferson, Jeffer

Lighted in the amber yard, a green shellback, green shellback Sky-lied, sty-tied, Nero pie-tied, in tree tar-black brer sap, Reason has harnessed the tame, a lodging, not stockader's game Another Greenville, another Magic Mart, Jeffer, grab your fiddle, The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest, The consul a horse, Jefferson I think we're lost The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest, The consul a horse, Jefferson I think we're lost