

Robert Pollard, Catching Waves Again

Metal man buzzing
Made it through customs
Into the void and over the goal post
Went up north
To where the city lights shine
Like strobes of aurora on bottles of wine

I think I'm catching waves again
I think I'm catching waves
Yeah, I know it

Went out west and spoke to the sky

Took unsolemn vows
That here shall I die
Yeah, I know it

Went back home
To swallow and tuck
Headed for the sick bay
Like a Runaway Truck

Yes, I'm catching waves again
I think I'm catching waves again