

Squirtgun, Elaine On The Brain

I've got Elaine on the brain
Shooting through my weather vain,
but I can't reach her.
I'm so sick over Elaine
Cold and flu drops down the drain,
and graying scrapyards (like metal)

Driving by the wheat silos and red barns
I can't yell enough, it's raking.
Downtown in a blue phone booth
Elaine is running out tonight
and shaking (I'm quaking)

She's all gold
and the ocean breaks cold
and I'm a wreck
You keep throwing down your wrenches.