The Magnetic Fields, Crowd Of Drifters

Sometimes the road is too long You meet all kinds of people
Some of them cast no shadow They have no reflections
Take a look in your photobook I'm not there anymore

I was a traveling salesman
I got lost on the backroads
Fell in with a crowd of drifters.

Sometimes the sun is too bright And it burns you like acid
You get to love driving at night The moon is so close you can kiss it
I used to remember you smiling and waving
I don't think I can anymore

I was a traveling salesman
I got lost on the backroads
Fell in with a crowd of drifters.

We come, unnoticed, at sundown At the start of a blackout
We set bonfires all over town And it's over by morning
Sometimes we bring the rat and the wolf And sometimes the worm

I was a traveling salesman
I got lost on the backroads
Fell in with a crowd of drifters.