

A Lawn to Mow

Wye Oak

Grew up in the smoggiest of towns
A dirty haze where the sun goes down
But we know it's better to conceal
Than to reveal

In the time it takes the grass to grow
There are weeds to pull and a lawn to mow
The city looks so nice
The median, asphalt paradise

If you are like me
At least to some degree
Go to sleep, go

Friends say I've the foggiest of minds
Always asleep in half the time
But I thought it better to wait
Than to propagate

'Cause there's something underneath those sheets
It's a morning sun, and it burns for me
So you better get a lot of rest
If you want them to be impressed

If you are like me
At least to some degree
Go to sleep, go