

Two Way Action

Andrew Bird

I've been driving all night
Bathing in fluorescent light
Of a western Tennessee gas station
With a pack of two-way action
I'm subsisting on a fraction
And I close my eyes and pretend I'm on vacation
But the light bleeds through
And it's all green-blue
There goes my imagination

My return fills me with dread
Will my house plants be all dead
My significant be with another
I say ok where was I
But I can't repress a sigh
And I think I'm gonna, yeah I think I'm gonna call my mother
Let the subject wander
Issues of blonde hair
Or something or other

Like a bad haircut or a glass of cold water
Some other things you wouldn't ordinarily of thought a
And will all be lost if you let it in
Maybe I'll never ever feel it again

I've been driving all night
Bathing in fluorescent light
Of a western Tennessee gas station
With a pack of two-way action
I'm subsisting on a fraction
Of what used to be a sugar-free
Half-melted bag of Tastations
That hard candy sensation
It's sweeping the nation
And it puts my mind in traction
I'm subsisting on a fraction
And I close my eyes and pretend I'm on vacation
While it melts in my mouth
Sill driving south
In a TV Nation

Like a bad haircut or a glass of cold water
Shouldn't I say what I really shouldn't oughta
And you spend half a day in some of these places
Like a flash of white light that's in front of our faces
A state of peristalsis or a parastatic stasis
And we're off to the races
oh yeah, and we're off to the races
oh yeah, and we're off to the races
Yeeeeeeeah, and we're off to the races