

There's not a lot that you
Can do in this van
With these fine young boys
Stuck in confined spaces
The pram has only so many toys
We fall in love with girls
In hi-vis jackets
The girls in the golf carts
Welly-tans, sunglasses
But it's over before it starts
In a field in Texas
Under the welcome rain
Pulled from the deepening
Quicksand
By an angel and his chain
I'll be your tongue,
You'll be be my groove
I'll be your positive,
You'll be my negative
I'll be your tongue,
You'll be be my groove
I'll drive the getaway
And you bring the glue
I'll be your velcro
Now we're clacking at computers
In the sickly light they throw
All jonsing for wifi
So we can steal more TV shows
Watching a six year old on YouTube
Playing drums to Billie Jean
This is the stuff that binds us
This and all those Dairy Queens
I'll be your tongue,
You'll be be my groove
I'll be your positive,
You'll be my negative
I'll be your tongue,
You'll be be my groove
I'll drive the getaway
And you bring the glue
I'll be your velcro
Heading home, airport screening
The man has his rubber gloves on
He says there's explosive residue
On the strings of my guitar
That'll be six weeks of sweat now
In a pop/rock combo
Why don't you come and join us?
You can take all the solos
And I'll be your tongue,
You'll be be my groove
I'll be your positive,
You'll be my negative
I'll be your tongue,
You'll be be my groove
I'll drive the getaway and
You bring the glue

I'll be your velcro