

## Painted Yellow Lines

Dispatch

Aw it's dark outside  
I've been trying to get a ride  
While my body waits  
My body waits

America  
Warm my face  
I've been trying to turn the page

Once I was a little boy  
Staring at my shoes  
You came along and found  
Me in the chicken coop

But time takes over  
I can't say when  
Time takes over  
May we do it again

Take me to the beachhead let's go over  
All of those rocks  
At the end of the road  
Take me down to main  
Street with no clothes on  
With our bare feet on the

Painted yellow lines with  
Our shadows far behind us  
Broke into that summer school  
And fooled around on the infirmery cot  
And we can be like all those fairies  
Making their rain angels in the eddies  
And I have no expectation  
Just an adolescent heart

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Take me to the beachhead let's go over  
All of those rocks  
At the end of the road

Help me down the  
Seawall let's find Marci  
See if she got that

Invitation to the movie  
The one where the  
Kids break out of juvie  
And then by their own admission  
They go and turn themselves all in  
Just as they get there to the station  
The young one wheels  
And begs the pavement  
For brother speed to make arrangements  
With the spirits of the night

Take me to the race  
Track let's go bet on  
Aw the one that no  
One expects to win and  
Let's bet on the skinny horse  
He will surely try the  
Hardest to come in first

I bet you for the winner  
They put on some kind of fancy dinner  
Let's be like those Philadelphia sisters  
That have prayed straight  
For a hundred years  
I have no expectation  
Just to be here in the present  
And behold you for a second  
Before it all goes away

Ah  
Ah  
Ah  
Before it all goes away  
Ah  
Ah  
Ah

And those painted yellow lines  
With our shadows far behind  
Broke into that summer school  
And fooled around on the infirmary cot  
And we can be like all those fairies  
Making their rain angels in the eddies  
And I have no expectation  
Just an adolescent heart