

Flat Tire

Eraserheads

We left town to look for
Someone who would listen
To some songs we cook in
Our magic kitchen

Change was forbidden
It wasn't clear
Everyone must sing the same
Old song every year

Like a spell the sound came
Dancing in our heads
Painting pictures as we slept
Our songs were fed

In a music box we kept
Our secret songs
Packed our bags we took the van
And before long

Tide, slips and slides into another
Like a flat tire twisting fate
An innocent chance
In the destiny dance
Take you down the wizard gates

Never speak to strangers
Often I was told
They looked desperately
Harmless I felt bold

Sometime later aligator
We were friends
Shares some stories, tales of worries
Somehow it all blends

Everyone seemed all right
Situation stable
Everyone seemed all right
Never turns out to be quite simple

We had to get back
We packed the wrong bags in the sack
We had to get back
And she tagged along