## Supercollider

## **Fountains of Wayne**

Multi-colored microbus
Plowing over rugged terrain
We're jacking the radio
Passing the afternoon train
Around the roses she showed us
Hyacinths and sage
Gold plated garden tools
Sunlamps and it's all the rage

Stay low to the ground or they'll sniff you out You never know what you will find When you go

Out of the blackness Into the great big sky Supercollider Shooting inside your mind

Gather round the gas tower
Don't it kinda look like a bong
I heard it backwards
Hidden in a Pink Floyd song
Stella Radiata
It's got to set your mind at ease
Spinning on the tire swing
Flying like Tarzan through the trees

And back to the bus when the sun goes down Try to aim it back into town We're riding

Out of the blackness
Into the great big sky
Supercollider
Shooting inside your mind
And coriander grows along the banks where we go walking along at nigh
t
Creeping slowly over the ground
We tiptoe round the garden

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Trying not to tramp it down