

Classic Rock In Spring/Freeway In Mind

Kurt Vile

Hey how are ya?
You sure got a way of greeting a man
Might I add the perfect sun tan
You're riding on your yellow Schwinn
While blasting classic rock in spring
A couple of summer demons
With battery recharging
When you hear the Bob Seger song
You know I'll be long gone
Cutting all my classes
Like a hit of acid
Hey how are ya?

Like a dog on a telephone
There is nonsense sustaining
And staying on ya getting off
You find yourself much better off
Feeling a bit less softer even
But coughing up a lung and then some
Yeah, you know i got your battery recharger right here
And hey how are ya?

I got a freeway in mind, let go of my head
Walk down my line, better be sure you'll be dead
I got a trumpet, I know where to dump it
I'm glad that you came if the sound is the same

Sometimes my reckless ways, shock my self system for days
Now I'm channelling my faze in an anacin haze
But it ain't gonna do me in, I know when to dump it
A hole in my way again, I'll surely just jump it

There was a kid in a tree among the birds and the bees
Between bee hive and bird nest and I think you know the rest
He wanted to be free with them but they weren't believing
Pecking and stinging him till he wasn't breathing
But it ain't gonna do him in, he'll just go to heaven
Not done just a dreamer of ten or eleven

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