

I changed the oils and oiled the squeaks
Patched the holes and fluid leaks
At dusk beneath a diabetic moon

And wait to take the TV crews
Across the creaking ice
The news is howling to the timber wolves and soon

I'll go through it all again
Watch their doubtful smiles begin
But the visions that I see believe in me

So praise the things I can't forget
With burgers and a silhouette
On t-shirts at the council general store

I'll listen to the south winds sigh
With rumors and regrets and I
Don't want to talk about it anymore

Won't go through it all again
Watch their doubtful smiles begin
When the visions that I see believe in me

Oh the visions that I see, they will believe me