

Geography

Klinger

Gazing out the window of some big girder bird
Down on mother nature's face, torn-up, twisted, absurd
I wondered what the chances were that you
Were down there looking up at me
Oh we're silly as geography
Silly as geography
You and me
We just can't get it right
You're a function of my latitude
Let's end our little warring feud
Oh how I wish you would come home
Or I'll come there to you
People will tell you what to do
Where your head should be
They don't tell me nothing
I ain't already heard before or better said
We all want focus, we crave company
But we're cross-eyed and punch-drunk
From too much scenery
From our battles with geography
Silly as geography
You and me
We're a lot like real estate
But the state you're in is never real
It's one helluva rare raw deal
Oh how I wish you would return
We're silly as geography
You and me
Yes, well I am, who you are
You're a function of my latitude
Let's end our little warring feud
Come on, come on
Or I'll come there to you
We're silly as geography

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