

Velcro

Comadose

There's not a lot that you can do in this van,
With these fine young boys.
Stuck in confined spaces,
The pram has only so many toys.
You fall in love with girls in hi-viz jackets,
Girls in their golf carts.
Well laid tans and sunglasses,
But it's over before it starts.
In a field in Texas,
Under the Waco rain,
Pulled from the deepening quicksand,
By an angel and his chain.
I'll be your tongue.
You'll be my groove.
I'll be your positive.
You'll be my negative.
I'll be your tongue.
You'll be my groove.
I'll drive the get away,
And you bring the glue.
I'll be your velcro.
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Now we're clacking at computers,
In the sickly light they throw.
All jonesing for wi-fi,
So we can steal more tv shows.
Watching a 6 year old on YouTube,
Playing drums to Billie Jean.
Now this is the stuff that binds us,
This and all those dairy creams.
I'll be your tongue.
You'll be my groove.
I'll be your positive.
You'll be my negative.
I'll be your tongue.

You'll be my groove.
I'll drive the get away.
And you bring the glue.
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We're heading home, airport screening,
Man has his rubber gloves on.
He says there's explosive residue on the strings of my guitar?
Well that will be six weeks of sweat now,
In a pop-rock combo.
Why don't you come and join us?
You can take all the solos?
I'll be your tongue.
You'll be my groove.
I'll be your positive.
You'll be my negative.
I'll be your tongue.
You'll be my groove.
I'll drive the get away,
And you bring the glue.
I'll be your velcro.

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