

The Vast Spoils of America

Saves the Day

There's something sweet about seeing the world
There's something great about Kansas
It's like staring across an ocean
Like seeing the first stars burn white
Through the swamp and trees of Southern night
Oh, I'll always have those mornings in
California where the mountains climb so tall
And waves crash blue around you
When everyone's passed out in the van
And I'm the one driving through the land
Alone in open roading
Ted's out in the seat right next to me
He's drooling on his sleeve
Who ever made up open skies and two of the bluest eyes
Must be some young phenom
Sometimes taking off can open up your eyes
To everything that lies in your heart
'Cause that's when you miss your home
And the trees seem a little deader
I think we're getting back tonight
Would you care if I came over?
I've missed you about three weeks now
I'm dying just to taste your lips
Could we stomp around your back yard
And wreck our clothes in the mud?

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