nebraska

Moe

Super thick chunks of a broken life and reality
At the dinner table come to me
I said goodbye my friend my exit's here,
The road's so long, a million miles or so,
Too much for me I got to go,
My navigator's here.

They say it's nice this time of year,
They say it's nice this time of year,
They say it's nice this time of year on Jupiter,
Except for the meteors (if you don't mind the meteors)

And Nebraska's so flat that I don't care,
I'll never use this map, have I made it clear
I don't know jack but I'll stay sincere,
Whoa-oh my navigator's here

Super thick chunks of broken light in the Milky Way
You never know if they're burning bright
In Anchorage the sun's up about half the night,
Half the day and most of the time
The sun burns bright all the time
Then the winter comes

And they say it's nice this time of year,
They say it's nice this time of year,
They say it's nice this time of year in Anchorage,
Except for the Polar bears (if you don't mind the frozen bears)

And Nebraska's so flat that I don't care
I'll never use this map, have I made it clear
I don't know jack but I'll stay sincere
Whoa-oh my navigator's here

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They say it's nice this time of year on Jupiter

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