

Whiskey & Ritalin

Fair to Midland

from hand to heart and hands to head
these gritty teeth grind gears of infrared
he crash lands in dull white noise
all I hear is static in his voice when those sweet red hands
start their whirlwinds
and you're the drain you're imagining things
your pretend machine
has sticks in its every spoke
you're inventing it all
from thin air and close calls
welcome to the balancing act your rabbit's foot is hare and hounds
and I drag pianos, eyes glued to the ground
when he dialed 911
busy signals sang familiar songs
those sweet glad hands
start their whirlwinds
and you're the plane you're imagining things
your pretend machine
has sticks in its every spoke
you're inventing it all
from thin air and close calls
if we bought the stock we'd be broke you taught us to claw put us through your speech
if I'm a red anchor
then your coming with me
and on the way down
we can sleep with the fish
as we go into the blue
we can both reminisce and you better hide
or learn how to climb
'cause your coming with me
and on the way down
you will sleep with the fish
'cause your coming with me you're imagining things
your pretend machine
has sticks in its every spoke
you're inventing it all
from thin air and close calls
welcome to the balancing act

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