

We're an American Band

Yo La Tengo

Driving in the south, the motor's on fire
Let's put it out, before the flames go higherMonday matinee, in pull we are life's throb
So hard to choose between conceit and rockSome college in the spring, the sound is all wrong
Reset the mate to our Flamin Groovies songDriving, night again, they're late, car crash
We'll turn to look unless we're going too fast

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