Supercollider

Jack Trammell

Multi-colored microbus
Plowing over rugged terrain
We're jacking the radio
Passing the afternoon train
Around the roses she showed us
Hyacinths and sage
Gold plated garden tools
Sunlamps and it's all the rage
Stay low to the ground or they'll sniff you out
You never know what you will find
When you go
Out of the blackness
Into the great big sky
Supercollider
Shooting inside your mind
Gather round the gas tower
Don't it kinda look like a bong
I heard it backwards
Hidden in a Pink Floyd song
Stella Radiata
It's got to set your mind at ease

Spinning on the tire swing
Flying like Tarzan through the trees
And back to the bus when the sun goes down
Try to aim it back into town
We're riding
Out of the blackness
Into the great big sky
Supercollider
Shooting inside your mind
And coriander grows along the banks where we go walking along at night
Creeping slowly over the ground
We tiptoe round the garden
Trying not to tramp it down
Stay low to the ground or they'll sniff you out
You never know what you will find
When you go
Out of the blackness

Into the great big sky
Supercollider
Shooting inside your mind

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