

Painted Yellow Lines

Dispatch

Aw it's dark outside
I've been trying to get a ride
While my body waits, my body waits
America warm my face
I've been trying to turn the page
Once I was a little boy, staring at my shoes
You came along and found me in the chicken coop
But time takes over, I can't say when
Time takes over, may we do it again
Take me to the beachhead let's go over
All of those rocks at the end of the road
Take me down to main street with no clothes on
With our bare feet on the painted yellow lines
With our shadows far behind us
Broke into that summer school and fooled around on the infirmary cot
And we can be like all those fairies, making their rain angels in the eddies
And I have no expectation, just an adolescent heart
Aw it's dark outside
I've been trying to get a ride
While my body waits, my body waits
America warm my face
I've been trying to turn the page
Once I was a little boy, staring at my shoes
You came along and found me in the chicken coop
But time takes over, I can't say when
Time takes over, may we do it again
Take me to the beachhead let's go over
All of those rocks at the end of the road
Help me down the seawall let's find Marci
See if she got that Invitation to the movie
The one where the kids break out of juvie
And then by their own admission
They go and turn themselves all in
Just as they get there to the station
The young one wheels and begs the pavement
For brother speed to make arrangements with the spirits of the night
Take me to the race track let's go bet on
Aw. the one that no one expects to win and
Let's bet on the skinny horse
He will surely try the hardest to come in first
I bet you for the winner they put on some kind of fancy dinner
Let's be like those Philadelphia sisters
That have prayed straight for a hundred years
And I have no expectation, just to be here in the present

And behold you for a second before it all goes away
Before it all goes away On those painted yellow lines
With our shadows far behind us
Broke into that summer school and fooled around on the infirmary cot
And we can be like all those fairies, making their rain angels in the eddies
And I have no expectation, just an adolescent heart
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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