The Fix Is In

Ok Go

When we got to Boston, we knew we'd missed a turn
No one back in traffic school had told us
There are signs that can't be learned
Geography's too stubborn and people are too clear
So let's go find a road-side motel with a clerk who won't tell
Days will turn into nights, nights will turn into days, weeks, seasons
[Incomprehensible], we'll stay for years, and years
Red and white for blood cells, red and white for wine
They could be the whole damn spectrum
If we'd all just let them, Lord, it's such a crime
Working on an inch less waistband
In the strip mall wasteland outside of this town
Or clawing at the penthouse kitchen floor for just one smidgen more
Everybody knows, everybody knows that it's in
The fix is in, the fix is in, my fix is in, the fix is in
My fix is in, the fix is in, my fix is in, my fix is in
Let's go back to Boston, forget about the turn
Atlases and gas station attendants are none of our concern
We'll forge a little life, dear and double down our debts
And I guess it stands to reason
That the passing seasons will slowly dull regrets
Working on an inch less waistband
In the strip mall wasteland outside of this town
Or clawing at the penthouse kitchen floor for just one smidgen more
Everybody knows, everybody knows that it's in
The fix is in, the fix is in, my fix is in, the fix is in
The fix is in, my fix is in, the fix is in, the fix is in
The fix is in, my fix is in, the fix is in, my fix is in
The fix is in, oh, the fix is in
Working on an inch less waistband
In the strip mall wasteland outside of this town
Or clawing at the penthouse kitchen floor for just one smidgen more
Everybody knows, everybody knows that it's in

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