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, and years.
We'll stay for 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.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 (oh 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.

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