

Smoke Signals

The Magnetic Fields

Well, you've got a really long name
It won't fit on any forms
You gave me all your mirrors and they made me deformed You're sending smoke signals
I know your secret code We travel in the plaid van and we give our puppet show
And we picnic in the winter on maple syrup and snow You're sending smoke signals
I know your secret code Well, you made a Molotov cocktail, and you threw it on the ground
And it sent us flying and now we're flying about You're sending smoke signals
I know your secret code

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