

# Whistling Dixie

[Kevin Devine](#)

We're a nation full of dumbbells  
Pulling night shifts at the gym  
We're a nation full of bookworm girls  
Dumbing down to fall in love with them We're a nation full of suspects  
Whistling dixie at the scene  
And we're a nation full of bad detectives  
Selling clues to everyone we meet We're a nation full of envy  
Insecure and losing sleep  
We're a nation full of jealous boyfriends  
Driven nuts by facts and history We're a nation full of ivy  
It's wall to wall, to wall, all green  
We're a nation full of sound byte blood cells  
Bound in knots and swelling down the stream We wrap Bibles up in blankets  
Just in case we're watched in sleep  
But it's the slingshots underneath our pillows  
That keep us calm and rested and relieved 'Cause we're a nation built on eggshells  
Bandages and apple seeds  
Attractive homes on top of bruised foundations  
That come apart gradually before they're leveled completely  
Before they're leveled completely

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