From Here

Stillwave

She burned the piston again
Cut her hair and donned the navy blue
Left the radio to squabble on air
Where they sing "I'll come home"
(From here)
It's when our minds go like this
That you're in black and whiteAt least you're crazy about it,
Ill join you in a minute
At least you're crazy about it
I'll join you by the hour
(From here)
From our quarter life resurgence
Where our childhood starts to crumble
From the last complicit urges
Of our great American novelShe's turning crimson again
Saying "I won't go"At least you're crazy about it
Ill join you in a minute
At least you're crazy about it
I'll join you by the hourNow is not the time to be messing around
There's a crook in the kitchen who knows all about
How with a concerted ease her saccharine mind
Fills with pleasure while he seems to be left behindNot with you at the reins
Not with you at the reins
From here
On I'll driveI'll join you in a minute, join you by the hour
Join you when I kick it, join you anyhow
Join you in a minute, join you by the hour
Join you when I kick it, join you anyhow

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