

Two Way Action

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire

I have been driving all night
Bathing in fluorescent light
Of a western Tennessee gas station
With a pack of two way action
Im subsisting on a fraction
And I close my eyes and pretendIm on vacation
But the lights bleed through
And its all green blue
There goes my imaginationMy returns fill me with dread
Will my houseplants be all dead
My significant be with another
I say, "Okay where was I"
But I cant repress a sigh
And I think Im gonna
Yeah I think Im gonna call my motherLet the subject wander
To issues of blond hair
Or something or otherLike a bad haircut or a glass of cold water
Some of the things you wouldnt ordinarily thought
A will all be lost if you let it in
Maybe Ill never ever feel it againI have been running all night
Bathing in fluorescent light
Of a western Tennessee gas station
With a pack of two way action
Im subsisting on a fractionOf what used to be a sugar free
Half melted bag of tastations
That hard candy sensation
Its sweeping the nationAnd it puts my mind in traction
Im subsisting on a fraction
And I close my eyes
And pretend that Im on vacation
While it melts in my mouth
Still driving south in a TV nationLike a bad haircut or a glass of cold water
Shouldnt I say what I really shouldnt oughta
And you spend half a day in
Some of these places like a flash of white light
Thats in front of our facesA state of peristalsis or a parastatic stasis
And were off to the races
Oh yeah, and were off to the races
Oh yeah and were off to the races

And were off to the races

Songwriters

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