

Crowd of Drifters

The Magnetic Fields

Sometimes the road is too long
You meet all kinds of people
Some of them cast no shadow
They have no reflections
Take a look in your photo book
I'm not there anymore I was a traveling salesman
I got lost on the back roads
Fell in with a crowd of drifters Sometimes the sun is too bright
And it burns you like acid
You get to love driving at night
The moon is so close you can kiss it
I used to remember you smiling and waving
I don't think I can anymore I was a traveling salesman
I got lost on the back roads
Fell in with a crowd of drifters We come, unnoticed, at sundown
At the start of a blackout
We set bonfires all over town
And it's over by morning
Sometimes we bring the rat and the wolf
And sometimes the worm I was a traveling salesman
I got lost on the back roads
Fell in with a crowd of drifters

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