

# That's That

Cass McCombs

On a whim  
We climbed in a car  
That was headed down South You were older  
And I was hard-pressed for action  
Could you tell? You said "Here, my dear"  
At the vanity fair  
"Let's make hay while the Sun shines!"  
But was it fair? Old playthings are all laid to waste  
Thrown out to make better space So I got a job  
Cleaning toilets  
At a nightclub in Baltimore And I guess that's that  
Almost shorter than a dream  
And definitely of less noise Old playthings are all laid to waste  
Thrown out to make better space Do I Do?

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