

# 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

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