Geography

The Judybats

Gazing out the window of some big girder bird
Down on mother nature's face, torn-up twisted absurd
I wondered what the chances were that you
Were down there looking up at me

[CHORUS]
Ah, we're as silly as geography
Silly as geography
You and me
We just can't get it right
You're a function of my latitude
Let's end our little warring feud
How I wish you would come home
Or I'll come there to you

[CHORUS]

People will tell you what to do, where your head should be
They don't tell me nothing I ain't already heard before or better said
We all want focus, we crave company but
We're cross-eyed and punchdrunk from too much scenery
From our battles with geography

[CHORUS]

We're a lot like real estate
But the state you're in is never real
It's one helluva rare raw deal
How I wish you would return
We're silly as geography

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