

## Fair to Midland "Short-Haired Tornado"

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if you croak i hope ya know i'm gonna toss you in the  
trash  
you can't really blame us, we're only doin' what you  
asked  
if you have yourself a son, I'm gonna tell your baby boy  
that father time's chock full of lies  
so don't jump in just yet

doubting thomas deserves much more than we can  
give  
if we win the lottery, let's buy an island just for him  
so when that hurricane tries beatin' down the door  
we can make him bat its eyes until it can't see what's a-  
...

until we can't see what's ahead

you can sew me in stitches

and curse at the cautious  
while it lasts  
'cause soon we'll all forget

if we croak i hope ya know it's gonna be in single files  
hunting for models that were never worth the while  
each one of us caught head for throwing jack frost in  
july  
and staring at the sun till our eyes were done  
and we could not see what's a-...

until we can't see what's ahead  
you can sew me in stitches  
and curse at the cautious  
while it lasts  
'cause soon we'll all forget

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