

## **Fair to Midland "Whiskey & Ritalin"**

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from hand to heart and hands to head  
these gritty teeth grind gears of infrared  
he crash lands in dull white noise  
all I hear is static in his voice

when those sweet red hands  
start their whirlwinds  
and you're the drain

you're imagining things  
your pretend machine  
has sticks in its every spoke  
you're inventing it all  
from thin air and close calls  
welcome to the balancing act

your rabbit's foot is hare and hounds  
and I drag pianos, eyes glued to the ground  
when he dialed 911  
busy signals sang familiar songs  
those sweet glad hands  
start their whirlwinds  
and you're the plane

you're imagining things  
your pretend machine  
has sticks in its every spoke

you're inventing it all  
from thin air and close calls  
if we bought the stock we'd be broke

you taught us to claw

put us through your speech  
if I'm a red anchor  
then your coming with me  
and on the way down  
we can sleep with the fish  
as we go into the blue  
we can both reminisce

and you better hide  
or learn how to climb  
'cause your coming with me  
and on the way down  
you will sleep with the fish  
'cause your coming with me

you're imagining things  
your pretend machine  
has sticks in its every spoke  
you're inventing it all  
from thin air and close calls  
welcome to the balancing act

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