

Game Theory "Wyoming"

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Used to run all night on mood swings
And spill our gasoline
And play the violin behind the scenes

Felt so right to leave you losers
Why do I miss you now?
How much we give the ghost up
When we learned how to get where we're going?

Come on home, Wyoming
I know that every night you lie
And stare at the ceiling
Till you start believing it's the sky
Never knowing why

High on any sheer will measure
We run the on-time train
But we could call just one off due to rain
Sable frenzy, drunks and addicts
Do it all the time
We could always let one fall behind what we do
And pay what we're owing

Come on home, Wyoming
I know that every night you lie
Stare at the ceiling
Till you start believing it's the sky
Never knowing why

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