

Bright Eyes "Burn Rubber"

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Well if you turn the porchlight on and let the marble
night withdraw
You can smoke a cigarette on the wooden steps
The mosquitos are not vampires
The moon is not your mother
Even if she is preparing for a total eclipse
Get behind the wheel
Stay in front of the storm

The clouds dream disorder
They make faces, they make mud
On some ancient order which is no longer enforced
The sugar bowl is full of ants
Your sister is a dumpy mess
And you're cutting off your head to spite your
shoulders
Get behind the wheel
Stay in front of the storm
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