

Jason Collett "Tinsel & Sawdust"

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We're the fugitives of American portions
Caught on the sleeves, yesterday's conquered
From the fresh cut grass out on the interstate
Where the wheels keep on rolling
Till we've sealed our fate

Tinsel & sawdust, who's gonna give you up?

So here's a guitar that you use to strum
You never got very far but you could still sing along
The oblique pastiche of childhood memories
Has got you down on your knees
You know you can't escape these things

Tinsel & sawdust, who's gonna give you up?
It's not who you are, it's just what you've become

Skies fold into roads, we've been gone for days
Feeling more at home when I'm this far away
Flip the cassette of the mixed tape you made
Light up a joint, let our souls catch some rays

Tinsel & sawdust, I'm gonna give you up
It's not who you are, it's just what we've become
Tinsel & sawdust, tinsel & sawdust

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