

Kevin Devine "Whistling Dixie"

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We're a nation full of dumbbells
pulling nightshifts at the gym
And we're a nation full of bookworm girls
dumbing down to fall in love with them
We're a nation full of suspects
whistling dixie at the scene
And we're a nation full of bad detectives
selling clues to everyone we meet
We're a nation full of envy
insecure and losing sleep
We're a nation full of jealous boyfriends
driven nuts by facts and history
We're a nation full of ivy
it's wall to wall to wall all green
And we're a nation full of soundbyte bloodcells

bound in knots and swelling down the stream
We wrap bibles up in blankets
just in case we're watched in sleep
But it's the slingshots underneath our pillows
that keep us calm and rested and relieved
'Cause we're a nation built on egg shells, bandages,
and apple seeds
attractive homes on top of bruised foundations
that come apart gradually...
before they're leveled completely
Yeah, before they're leveled completely.

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