

Rem "Little America"

Visit "[Little America](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

I can't see myself at thirty, I don't buy a lacquered
thirty
Caught like flies preserved for tomorrow's jewelry
Lighted in the amber yard, green shell back, green
shell back
Listen for tomorrow's eyes in tree beer, tar black brer
sap

The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest
The consul a horse, Washington, I think we're lost

Who will tend the farm museums? Who will dust
today's belongings?
Who will sweep the floor, hedging near the givens?
Rally 'round your leaders, it's the mediator season
Diane is on the beach, do you realize the life she's led?

The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest
The consul a horse, oh man, I think we're lost
The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest
The matter of course, Washington

Lighted in the amber yard, green shell back, green
shell back
Skylight, stock tight, Nero pie-tied in tree, tar black brer
sap
Reason has harnessed the tame, a lodging, not
stockade's game
Another Greenville, another Magic Mart, grab your
fiddle

The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest
The consul a horse, Washington, I think we're lost
The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest
The consul a horse, Washington, I think we're lost

Visit [Rem](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.