

Minus 5

"Retrieval Of You"

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I drive by airports three times a day
Synchronizing every single move
It's on the airwaves--you're coming my way
Sure, I don't have much to lose
I'm a fumbled record star
They call me DJ minimart
'Cos that's where I work

Everybody knows I fell afoul of fame
And you're to blame that I'm What's-His-Name
I'm setting an example--you're the one I choose
For page-two news, it's my retrieval of you

I'm right behind you; don't turn around
I was the one who cut your first song
Get in the backseat and keep your head down
Didn't I shout it out all night long?
Now you're a fabled record star
And I'm DJ minimart
'Cos that's where I work

I've got a boxcar with blankets and bread
In sector 9, where no one goes
I brought a pillow for your precious head
You'll be fine once you get to know me again

I drive by airports, practicing retrieval of you
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