

Divorce, The "Hearts For Handlebars"

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I head South with all my countrymen
To build houses on the shoulders of those
Who we'd never let sleep in our garage
Cuz they're overfilled with cars

And they're never gonna let you in
'Til they dress you up in Protestant clothes
And parade you out
Screaming "Where is our reward?
Hey look, we saved this guy's soul!"
Whoa

Today is the day
That we trade our hearts for handlebars
Give the TV the keys
And hope that it points us at the stars

Don't look North with those jealous eyes
Cuz you know that they're just us in disguise
Hope they keep their little fingers out of this
While I take my second wish

Will they come down from their tower again?
All their speeches sound like piss in the wind
And I've heard enough
To fill the bowl at his feet
Where they're washing his toes
And they'd sell Mary for a paddle
Just to row his boat home

Today is the day
That we trade our hearts for handlebars
Give the TV the keys
And hope that it points us at the...

And if they doctor prescribes it
I'll take it
And if I stay here tonight
Will you stay with me?

Today is the day

That we trade our hearts for handlebars
Give the TV the keys
And hope that it points us at the stars

Who is the captain?
Who is the captain?
Who is the captain??
Who is the captain?!?
Who's gonna steer this ship into the rocks
While we sleep in our bunks
Dreaming of a dry pair of socks?

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