

## **The Magnetic Fields "Crowd of Drifters"**

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Sometimes the road is too long  
You meet all kinds of people  
Some of them cast no shadow  
They have no reflections  
Take a look in your photo book  
I'm not there anymore

I was a traveling salesman  
I got lost on the back roads  
Fell in with a crowd of drifters

Sometimes the sun is too bright  
And it burns you like acid  
You get to love driving at night  
The moon is so close you can kiss it  
I used to remember you smiling and waving  
I don't think I can anymore

I was a traveling salesman  
I got lost on the back roads  
Fell in with a crowd of drifters

We come, unnoticed, at sundown  
At the start of a blackout  
We set bonfires all over town  
And it's over by morning  
Sometimes we bring the rat and the wolf  
And sometimes the worm

I was a traveling salesman  
I got lost on the back roads  
Fell in with a crowd of drifters

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