

Swingline

Adrian Belew

Swingline throughout the backyards of the midwest
Lean back, baby, in your seat on the train
Look through the window pane

Look at that kid over there with no underwear
And a silly dog who doesn't care
His mother stretches to reach the clothes line
While a mean neighbor leans on the population sign

Non-stop through the backyards of the midwest
Eavesdrop, baby, from your seat on the train
Look through the window pane

Some kinda Buick left in a stream
It used to be somebody's' dream
A town stares at the summer heat waves
Past a smooth afternoon,
Ready to close for the day