

## Two Way Action

Andrew Bird

I've been driving all night  
Bathing in fluorescent light  
Of a western Tennessee gas station  
With a pack of two-way action  
I'm subsisting on a fraction  
And I close my eyes and pretend I'm on vacation  
But the light bleeds through  
And it's all green-blue  
There goes my imagination

My return fills me with dread  
Will my house plants be all dead  
My significant be with another  
I say ok where was I  
But I can't repress a sigh  
And I think I'm gonna, yeah I think I'm gonna call my mother  
Let the subject wander  
Issues of blonde hair  
Or something or other

Like a bad haircut or a glass of cold water  
Some other things you wouldn't ordinarily of thought a  
And will all be lost if you let it in  
Maybe I'll never ever feel it again

I've been driving all night  
Bathing in fluorescent light  
Of a western Tennessee gas station  
With a pack of two-way action  
I'm subsisting on a fraction  
Of what used to be a sugar-free  
Half-melted bag of Tastations  
That hard candy sensation  
It's sweeping the nation  
And it puts my mind in traction  
I'm subsisting on a fraction  
And I close my eyes and pretend I'm on vacation  
While it melts in my mouth  
Still driving south  
In a TV Nation

Like a bad haircut or a glass of cold water  
Shouldn't I say what I really shouldn't oughta  
And you spend half a day in some of these places  
Like a flash of white light that's in front of our faces  
A state of peristalsis or a parastatic stasis  
And we're off to the races  
oh yeah, and we're off to the races  
oh yeah, and we're off to the races  
Yeeeeeeeah, and we're off to the races