

That's That

Cass McCombs

On a whim
We climbed in a car
That was headed down South

You were older
And I was hard-pressed for action
Could you tell?

You said "Here, my dear"
At the vanity fair
"Let's make hay while the Sun shines!"
But was it fair?

Old playthings are all laid to waste
Thrown out to make better space

So I got a job
Cleaning toilets
At a nightclub in Baltimore

And I guess that's that
Almost shorter than a dream
And definitely of less noise

Old playthings are all laid to waste
Thrown out to make better space

Do I Do?