

Flowers For My Brain

Dear and the Headlights

We're just whistling past the graveyard
Laughing in backseats and restaurants
Don't know ourselves well but so what
We know each other
Floating down from all my mixed up meditations
Trying to straighten out my spine
It's been folding in the moments that I need it
I'm obsessing over finish lines
Asked you why you're smiling every time you see me
Said I remind you of a joke
I think you might actually me on to something
There's no point in trying to take ourselves so seriously
We're swaying in subconscious subways so insane
But your thoughts still bring flowers for my brain
And I still pull my hands past your ribcage
Hoping my movements might find their place at your side
For as long as you'd like
And we will weave in and out of sanity unnoticed
Swirling in blissfully restless visions of all our bleary progress
Glowing in radiant madness
Certain of all we're become
Now we're sneaking out the backdoor of our American minds
Gonna leave a couple hundred years of bad tradition behind
Done with swimming in the sea of agitated animal doubt
Gonna make up our own meanings till the final blackout [x2]