

Painted Yellow Lines

Dispatch

Aw it's dark outside
I've been trying to get a ride
While my body waits
My body waits

America
Warm my face
I've been trying to turn the page

Once I was a little boy
Staring at my shoes
You came along and found
Me in the chicken coop

But time takes over
I can't say when
Time takes over
May we do it again

Take me to the beachhead let's go over
All of those rocks
At the end of the road
Take me down to main
Street with no clothes on
With our bare feet on the

Painted yellow lines with
Our shadows far behind us
Broke into that summer school
And fooled around on the infirmity cot
And we can be like all those fairies
Making their rain angels in the eddies
And I have no expectation
Just an adolescent heart

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Time takes over
May we do it again

Take me to the beachhead let's go over
All of those rocks
At the end of the road

Help me down the
Seawall let's find Marci
See if she got that

Invitation to the movie
The one where the
Kids break out of juvie
And then by their own admission
They go and turn themselves all in
Just as they get there to the station
The young one wheels
And begs the pavement
For brother speed to make arrangements
With the spirits of the night

Take me to the race
Track let's go bet on
Aw the one that no
One expects to win and
Let's bet on the skinny horse
He will surely try the
Hardest to come in first

I bet you for the winner
They put on some kind of fancy dinner
Let's be like those Philadelphia sisters
That have prayed straight
For a hundred years
I have no expectation
Just to be here in the present
And behold you for a second
Before it all goes away

Ah
Ah
Ah
Before it all goes away
Ah
Ah
Ah

And those painted yellow lines
With our shadows far behind
Broke into that summer school
And fooled around on the infirmary cot
And we can be like all those fairies
Making their rain angels in the eddies
And I have no expectation
Just an adolescent heart