

Timbuktu

Fair to Midland

Pack up with what's worthy
Lock it up in the car
Don't be surprised if i drive too far

Speak now and we're followed
while the weakest react
The nose on the siren is right on our tracks

A pair of tripods eyes through streets of mercury
Not as common as leisure years
Not as modern as much too late

I sailed through the catapults
between april and may
He quoted his price & that's what he'll pay

He spread thick like a heathen
The clouds buried the chalk
While the suit on our throat 'till our engine stops

A pair of tripods eyes through streets of mercury
Not as common as leisure years
Not as modern as much too late

Pearls & oysters every each turn
Grow the lilac near the grubworm
Push the button closest to him
Give me glue so i can stick to plan

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Grow the lilac near the grubworm
Push the button closest to him
Give me glue so i can stick to plan

I can stick to plan
But instead