

10th Avenue Freakout

Fog

Since Sam Rosen packed up for New York
My baseball mitt collects dust on the floor of my car.
And I sort of secretly hope he's not there to stay...
But anyway...
I hope Sam's a famous actor one day...

Sometimes I dream I'm driving across the water
In a car with my dad or my brother...
Sometimes you dream you're in a foreign country
And you packed all the wrong clothes...

Cars up on the overpass
Fake the sound of waves
I can feel the building shaking
Pacing pacing pacing pacing

By the bedroom window
Spying dirty eating urban birds...
Picking myself apart
Waiting for you to get home from work...

Since Sam Rosen packed up for New York
I don't know what to do with do-nothing days
I suppose there's no such thing anymore anyway...
I suppose that's okay...

Cars up on the overpass
Fake the sound of waves
I can feel the building shaking
Pacing pacing pacing pacing