

Supercollider

Fountains of Wayne

Multi-colored microbus
Flowing over rugged terrain
We're jacking the radio
Passing the afternoon train
Around the roses she showed us
Hyacinths and sage
Gold plated garden tools
Sunlamps and it's all the rage

Stay low to the ground or they'll sniff you out
You never know what you will find
When you go

Out of the blackness
Into the great big sky
Supercollider
Shooting inside your mind

Gather round the gas tower
Don't it kinda look like a bong
I heard it backwards
Hidden in a Pink Floyd song
Stella Radiata
It's got to set your mind at ease
Spinning on the tire swing
Flying like Tarzan through the trees

And back to the bus when the sun goes down
Try to aim it back into town
We're riding

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And coriander grows along the banks where we go walking along at night
Creeping slowly over the ground
We tiptoe round the garden
Trying not to tramp it down

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