

# 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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