

Contact

Phish

The tires are the things on your car
That make contact with the road
The car is the thing on the road
That takes you back to your abode

The tires are the things on your car
That make contact with the road
Bummed is what you are
When you go out to your car and it's been towed

I woke up one morning in November
And I realized I love you
It's not your headlights in front
Your tailpipe, or the skylight above you
It's the way you cling to the road
When the wind tries to shove you
I'd never go riding away
And come back home without you