

## 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