

Son of Three

The Breeders

I got an empty case of wip-its
No more time on the meter.

Daybreak, about face, I think I'm comin'
Cross another county line
Are we there?
Convertible cooking with nitrous,
Crackin' in the air.
I am the sign of Go.

While last nights stars were high,
Now they're popping in the sky.
And the band is jammin' in.

Daybreak, I don't like it.
Better tonight, better for you.

Buzzing with flourescence,
I don't know what it wants from me.
If I find the door,
I am the son of Go.

And the band is movin' in.
That's what you get.
That's what you get
When there's no time left on the meter.

You get an empty case of wip-its
And a boyfriend with a beeper.