

## Crowd of Drifters

### The Magnetic Fields

Sometimes the road is too long You meet all kinds of people  
Some of them cast no shadow They have no reflections  
Take a look in your photobook I'm not there anymore

I was a traveling salesman  
I got lost on the backroads  
Fell in with a crowd of drifters.

Sometimes the sun is too bright And it burns you like acid  
You get to love driving at night The moon is so close you can  
kiss it  
I used to remember you smiling and waving  
I don't think I can anymore

I was a traveling salesman  
I got lost on the backroads  
Fell in with a crowd of drifters.

We come, unnoticed, at sundown At the start of a blackout  
We set bonfires all over town And it's over by morning  
Sometimes we bring the rat and the wolf And sometimes the worm

I was a traveling salesman  
I got lost on the backroads  
Fell in with a crowd of drifters.