

Titillations been replaced  
By interstate, brick face and coffee mate  
And by a list of phone calls  
You'll like to make  
Where you could sit on the edge of your bed  
And you could stare into your own shoes  
And in the pools of light there  
Go wherever you choose

Just rig up a complication  
And if it derails  
You can throw away the rudder  
And float away like vapour trails

There's nothing funnier than pride  
In an utterly confident stride  
So I pulled the car on over  
To give you a ride  
Damn this sleepy weather he said  
As he marched in sopping wet shoes  
Through rain pools evaporating  
He says in this sign I'll conquer you

I pulled the car on over  
To give you a ride  
But there's nothing uglier  
Than a man hitting his stride

Past Mexicans all dressed in beige shirts  
Leaning over their hoes  
Now the morning's over  
It's time to let them sprinklers hose

Past hills of chambermaids' dark bare arms  
And fields of muscle quilted to the bone  
Right now I'm flying over  
Yeah, right now I'm flying home  
Where I can sit on the end of my bed  
And I can stare into my own shoes  
And in the pools of light years  
Go wherever I choose

And throw away the rudder  
And float away on vapour trails  
I rigged up a complication  
Totally derailed  
So I throw away the rudder  
Float away like vapour trails  
I pulled the car on over

Throw away the rudder  
Throw away the rudder  
Throw away the rudder (float away on a vapour trail)  
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