

Baby Missiles

The War on Drugs

I'm on the back of a new belief
And on the back of a new belief
My friend rides all alone
Yeah, he's up and down like a new Jack Tone

He was a part of the new machine
He felt alive in the new machine
My friend dies all alone
Yeah, just up and down like a new Jack Tone

Yeah, you want to talk about going down
Yeah, you'd rather make a young man proud
You should have seen all the rattling in my brain

And in the wake of a northeast bus
I came on my back like a northeast perch
You should have seen all the rattling in my way

Just the sound of a northeast bus coming back here
Because I don't mind when the pioneers go soft on me
It's just the sound of a northeast bus on its back babe
You got your head in the common field
Adjust your hands with the common touch

I was alive on the new machine
He felt alive in the new machine
My friend rides all alone
Yeah he's up and down like a new Jack Tone

He wanna leave but he don't know how
He want to try but he don't know why
He's going to lean on the back of me
Like a slide on the back of b-b-belief

Just the sound of a northeast bus coming back here
Because I don't mind when the pioneers go soft on me
It's just the sound of a northeast bus on its back babe
You got your head in the common field
Adjust your hands with the common touch