

Waves

Yeasayer

Can you feel it?
Making waves
The bubbles churn
And curls turn
On a perm that doesn't fade

Like the wheels on a motorcade
Like the star of a float parade
Like it's time to celebrate
Like Grandma's herbs that smell so great

Can you feel it?
It's in your bones
Clock ticks; an annoying German
on a cellular telephone

Like the thought of getting old
In a cemetery home
Those are things I shoulda known
I'll find the wave or ride alone