

R.E.M., Little America

I can't see myself at thirty, I don't buy a lacquered thirty
Caught like flies, preserved for tomorrow's jewellery, again
Lighted in the amber yard, a green shellback, green shellback
Preserved for tomorrow's eyes, in tree beer tar-black brer sap,
The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest,
The consul a horse, Jefferson I think we're lost

Who will tend the farm museums? Who will dust today's belongings?
Who will sweep the floors, hedging near the givens?
Rally round your leaders it's the mediator season
Diane is on the beach, do you realize the life she's led?
The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest,
The consul a horse, oh man I think we're lost
The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest,
A matter of course, Jefferson, Jeffer

Lighted in the amber yard, a green shellback, green shellback
Sky-ried, sty-tied, Nero pie-tied, in tree tar-black brer sap,
Reason has harnessed the tame, a lodging, not stockader's game
Another Greenville, another Magic Mart, Jeffer, grab your fiddle,
The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest,
The consul a horse, Jefferson I think we're lost
The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest,
The consul a horse, Jefferson I think we're lost