

There's not a lot that you  
Can do in this van  
With these fine young boys  
Stuck in confined spaces  
The pram has only so many toys  
We fall in love with girls  
In hi-vis jackets  
The girls in the golf carts  
Welly-tans, sunglasses  
But it's over before it starts  
In a field in Texas  
Under the welcome rain  
Pulled from the deepening  
Quicksand  
By an angel and his chain  
I'll be your tongue,  
You'll be be my groove  
I'll be your positive,  
You'll be my negative  
I'll be your tongue,  
You'll be be my groove  
I'll drive the getaway  
And you bring the glue  
I'll be your velcro  
Now we're clacking at computers  
In the sickly light they throw  
All jonsing for wifi  
So we can steal more TV shows  
Watching a six year old on YouTube  
Playing drums to Billie Jean  
This is the stuff that binds us  
This and all those Dairy Queens  
I'll be your tongue,  
You'll be be my groove  
I'll be your positive,  
You'll be my negative  
I'll be your tongue,  
You'll be be my groove  
I'll drive the getaway  
And you bring the glue  
I'll be your velcro  
Heading home, airport screening  
The man has his rubber gloves on  
He says there's explosive residue  
On the strings of my guitar  
That'll be six weeks of sweat now  
In a pop/rock combo  
Why don't you come and join us?  
You can take all the solos  
And I'll be your tongue,  
You'll be be my groove  
I'll be your positive,  
You'll be my negative  
I'll be your tongue,  
You'll be be my groove  
I'll drive the getaway and  
You bring the glue

I'll be your velcro