

Antiques, every other sentiment, an antique  
As obsolete as warships in the Baltic  
I'm drivin' on a straight road it never alters  
And the radio serenades but doesn't falter

You offer infrared instead of sun  
You offer paper spoons and bubble gum

Late sky  
Like an all night radio station without morning  
Like stumbling on Pearl Harbor without warning

You offer infrared instead of sun  
You offer bubble gum

You give me faron young four in the morning  
You give me faron young four in the morning  
Every mother's son's romantic  
Every mother's son's frantic

The sunset makes a fence out of the forest  
But here I am with head inside the bonnet  
I've lost just what it takes to be honest

You offer infrared instead of sun  
You offer bubble gum

You give me faron young four in the morning  
You give me faron young four in the morning  
Forgive me faron young four in the morning  
Forgive me faron young four in the morning