

Little America

R.E.M.

I can't see myself at thirty, I don't buy a lacquered thirty
Caught like flies, preserved for tomorrow's jewelry, again
Lighted in the amber yard, a green shellback, green shellback
Preserved for tomorrow's eyes, in a tree beer tar-
black br'er 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 belonging
s
Who will sweep the floor, 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, drive

Lighted in the amber yard, a green shellback, green shellback
Skylight, sty-tied, Nero pie-tied, in a tree tar-
black br'er sap
Reason has harnessed the tame, a lodging, not stockader's game
Another Greenville, another Magic Mart, Jeffer, grab your fiddl
e

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, lost