

Slug & MURS

"Permanent Standby"

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[MURS] She's in the back of a cab again She just packed up her bags and then Her new town She can bust down and run around Had to leave the ex cause he always brought that gun around But she's long gone He'll never find her Just another bad tattoo A reminder Of her past And how they tried to hold her back But fuck her home town Man, that whole scene was wack She's in the big city now doin' big thangs Works a little retail job For a big change She got a car so now she move around efficiently She got a car now she hittin' the ? for free She made some friends in the entertainment industry But time is wearing thin so she gives into her tendencies Postmeridian, his callin' It's been two weeks, so she been eight ballin' Got the number of a dealer and she called him Quick transaction in a bathroom stall then Guess who's back in affect? Dropped in the corner Dancin' to some dub step Rescued by two dudes Who were suspect But she was so god damn gone, she didn't object They messed around She was down for the fun and the games It doesn't count when she can't remember none of the names Rinse, repeat Weeks in the psycho But that dirt don't come clean in the night glow Now everybody knows she's the whore Where do you go when the blow's not free no more? Now the city's gettin' too small Walls closin' in, but she knows what to do y'all She popped a pill and then she packed her bags quick She's just too real for this city of plastic [Slug] She came from the desert with a Horse With No Name Half awake, waitin' at the baggage claim The pain killer that she popped as the plane tore off Age wore off Little cousin picked her up in the pick up And the minute she got in he lit up a big blunt Passed it to her She made the end glow Pull, puff share Staring out the window Parked outside of a house on the south side First couple weeks, sleepin' on the couch life Til she got a job at a department store Found a roommate and got a spot up on 24th A penny for her thoughts of a better course She wanted new friends that she hasn't met before Started hittin' up the bar just to let it pour Did one line of coke And many more Everybody loves her Is

she sure? I guess it all depends on who she drops them
panties for When that alcohol calls She doesn't hit
ignore She says, "Give me more" Until she hits the
floor Popular with the elite and the creeps And people
who haven't gone to sleep this week They wear
disguises like "artist" and "nice guy" But underneath
you know they just another white line Fuck these pricks
Fuck these junkies Fuck this weather It's not fuckin'
funny It's drama It's got you actin' like a star Shut the
fuck up and march your ass back up in that bar Midwest
It won't be long Before she jets She don't belong It's
her against anti Surfin' this landslide At the terminal
Permanent standby

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