

## At The Drive In "Schaffino"

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This time, I'm gonna take the collection baby  
And with the money in my hand  
I'm gonna purchase all the details  
Scrub you clean with my soap opera chirpin'

Walkin' on tip-toed pickpocket fever  
Racin' up the scales of your thermometer  
Turnbuckle tourniccate clottin' the moonshine  
Clotheslined seizures singin' 'Happy Valentines'  
[Incomprehensible]

I found feathers in the hit and run nest  
Omerttas not a prayer on your rosary beads  
I found feathers in the hit and run nest  
And what do you say?

When she knocked me over  
I looked inside the hearse  
Sproutin' chauvinistic swine  
And written were the words

Pokin' butter with this knife  
Allergic to this concubine  
Racin' by in a '56 Chevy  
And we couldn't even pretend to be alive

To be alive, to be alive  
To be alive, to be alive  
To be alive

I found feathers in the hit and run nest  
Scrub you clean with my soap opera chirpin  
I found feathers in the hit and run nest

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