

Dove Shack

"It's A Confusing World"

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Neon sun is shining, motel in air.
Systematic victims will greet you there.
Well done and creeping, lizards dressed their best
Beg to make acquaintance with the latest guest.

It's a confusing world. Tell us what's on your mind.

Hit that letter, hit that number.
Buck and a quarter I've got to recover.

Hit that letter, hit that number.
Buck and a quarter I've got to - I've got to recover.

Silhouettes are pacing, Friar's Room is hell.
Pleasantly erasing it's clientele.
Air conditioned, H.B.O., Color TV, remote control.
We got along if we all learn to play our proper roles.

It's a confusing world. Tell us what's on your mind.

Hit that letter, hit that number.
Buck and a quarter I've got to recover.

Hit that letter, hit that number.
Buck and a quarter I've got to - I've got to recover.

No, you will never recover
Your driver's license from the night staff at the Padre
Trail.
No, you will never recover
Your identity from the night staff at the Padre Trail.

Hit that letter, hit that number.
Buck and a quarter I've got to recover.

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Buck and a quarter I've got to recover.

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Buck and a quarter I've got to - I've got to recover.

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