

Jets To Brazil

"Your x-ray have just come back from the lab"

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maybe some day we'll meet again
when our two roads hit the same dead end
and o-oh I'm counting the days
?Cause you've got something that I've never since
seen
a willing heart and a part that's clean
we're both good at counting days

with an ounce of intuition and your parents'
ammunition
you come here hungry wearing naked ambition
hysterical to meet you
can you get me in?

I got three years tied to the mast of this town
she's a handsome ship but I'm going down
and o-oh she ain't coming with me
there's a time to fight and a time to get out
but you'll fight till we're all knocked out
and oh I keep counting teeth

everyone's an artist with a pristine vision
a cellular intelligence with a fire in her kitchen
too many chefs on dope. and the rich don't listen

I am the rabbit wrapped in panic actor
bag in a tree you will outlast the cast and me i gotta get
some release!
it's up or out and the ladders on fire
she greased her frock with a smile that moves the sky

surviving the insult day to day
they give you the insult to make it go away
and o-oh what can I say?
I got a wine swept smile and a well-timed mile
I've been running since I heart they'd sooner see us
die
than o-oh come and die next to us

up to her knees in men keep hitting
and the white suits fuck like bad television

latest simple angel come die next to me

I am a shifting shape a wire walker
coked with the hopes of happy happy ever after
I came to trial out of style
but I got my eye on a country mile
where the people you know are the ones you like

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