

## **Jets To Brazil "Your X-Rays..."**

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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  
cuz 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 intelligencer 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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