

Local H "June : Taxi-Cabs"

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Taxi-cabs, the sharks of streets, with fins of fire they
troll for fares
The blond haired girls that roam in herds and fix you in
their golden glares

Hanging out with a new batch and starting out again
from scratch
You disconnect from your own crew and keeping up is
hard to do
Sell your past for a few grand with paper signed in a
false hand

Welcome back, hijack a stool, your favorite bar with
souls you know
And forward fast to 4 a.m., a Nilsson disc covered in
blow

Yeah, with fins on fire

The dark haired girls attack in threes, they cut your
plays off at the knees
They meet you out in bars of foam and drag you
further from your home
You're out alone, out of your depth, and Satan laughed
and Jesus wept

Hey, yeah (?) taxi-cabs
Oh, whoa, whoa, you caught me in the aftermath
Yeah, yeah there is no outline to graph
It's been segued and cut in half

With fins on fire

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