

Modern Skirts "Motorcade"

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Last night at the end of the line I was half a million
miles from a prayer
I crossed my hands across my heart and I laid out in
the desert somewhere
The sun hit me with a blinding light and the vultures
were circling my bed
Then a troop in fine Italian suits came pulling up in their
Mopeds
They looked at me with my makeup on
They offered money and they carried me home
They said "come on down to the motorcade where it's
better than you had it before
There's lots of money that we can make
Amphetamines for kids who are bored
It doesn't matter what your friends say, we're gonna
make it out of this door
So come on down to the motorcade where it's better
than you had it before"

Yesterday at the tip of the bay I was drinking saltwater
and lye

The undertow slowly pulled me down below and I laid
my heavy head down to die
The bubbles rose to the surface from my nose spelling
"please brother help me if you can"
The motorcade took a break from sunbathing and they
swam out to give me a hand
They dove down in their Jacques Cousteaus to offer
money in their European clothes
They said "come on down to the motorcade where it's
better than you had it before
There's lots of money that we can make,
Amphetamines for kids who are bored
It doesn't matter how the tide breaks, we're gonna
make it back to the shore
So come on down to the motorcade, where it's better
than you had it before"
It doesn't matter you know, it's just a bad dream

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