

## Pavement "At&t"

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Maybe someone's gonna save me  
My heart is made of gravy  
And the laps I swim from lunatics don't count  
Open up your stocking  
Pull out all the things you never wanted  
'til room service calls  
Room service calls

Open up your hands and let me see the things you  
keep in there  
I want to split up fifty-fifty  
That's the way we do it in this rogue's town  
I've got all the glory in the world  
And I hope it doesn't floor you before you go  
Room service calls  
In the random falls -- go!

Whenever (x6) eve eve ever I feel fine  
I'm gonna walk away  
From all this, all that.  
The groovy groovy kitty and little little pity  
With your slipshod (?) watch in back  
And skinny skinny people don't like that  
When you call on them  
Spell me.

Spritzer on ice in New York City  
Isn't it a pity?  
You never had anything to mix with that  
Listen to the tender behind the open chest in the hall  
Room service calls  
I'm blue 'n green, green and blue-oooo

Whenever (x4) ne ne ne ne never ho  
I feel fi-i-ine, I'll walk the plank for you  
I'll walk the plank  
I wore your ? plank? for you in the d-d-d-d-dark  
Of the captain (seder row? )  
Jacob, Jacob Javitz, I'd like to thank you for everything  
Primarily your glass house

I'm workin' the ballin' stores 'n

I'm cashmir wrap sellin'  
Come along lads, join hands, 1. 2. 3. go!(guess, levis,  
guess, levis)  
Whaaaahahaahooohoaoohoo  
The story it goes and a  
Distorted ghost  
Distorted ghost

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