

Pavement "Conduitforsale"

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Conduit for Sale! (Pavement)

I'm tryin', I'm tryin'....

Imagine if you will Herr Proctor, alias a nobleman, son
of son of scion

scion. Part of his rich inheritance, parcel in generous
[divorced sense]

forklift beam. Certain plots of land and living quarters
deemed by all

gentlemen, and wives thereof, to be grossly humane
and frankly, quite

[undirty]

I'm tryin', I'm tryin'....

Herr Proctor, in his enviable good taste, tries quick
escape gambit via local

periodicals, but no takers. The land [???] was stationed
in a conduit

between two cells, a veritable no-man's-land, [rain, the
flophouse, cog-

bone terrors] and carbon monoxide wallpaper. All [his
brig-deck trina]

boys ask: is it livable?

I'm tryin', I'm tryin'....

Unable to bear the scandal, Ray, philanthropist, rents
low-down scab

house in conduit, Herr Proctor offers said land for a
song, but no one

wants to sing. In an attempt to maintain social
privileges, yet mask it as

goodwill, he says to the conduit members, 'Take this
rotten old tree and

make it bear fruit." Cheers erupted throughout the
[???] settlement. An

Italian male was heard to say, "between here and there
is better than

anything over there!"

I'm tryin', I'm tryin'....

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