

Pavement "Fame Throwa"

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fame throwa pass out the gold
the diamond watch, the last reward
all the things we had before
you sold us out and took it all
head-borne cries from zenith sluts
astral rites from dead-end ruts
these ends are sick-end wars
these ends was sick-end wars
it's one of our nation's spies
it's one of our first recruits
I click with her leather thighs
it's one of our first recruits

how can you know
in the distance lies a grower
nee roudolph king of fame throwa
son of groupie, red-worn sexan
spent his cash convincing us
that the desert was a starscape
and took our lives for a
satellite so we could cry
naked, naked foul
it's one of our nation's spies
it's one of our first recruits
I click with her leather thighs
it's one of our first recruits

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