

Pavement

"Fin"

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Open call for prison architects
Send me your blueprints asap
Stack the walls such that I cannot breathe
Man is breedin' forever, because of the weather I hope
soon to leave from
The east

No more absolutes, no more absolutes
Stick your penitentiary clothes inside the vent and run
along, leigh
Amateur seasalt gatherers colonized
They're good enough for conrad hilton, not good
enough for my eyes
I trust you will tell me if I am making a fool of myself
Man is breedin' forever, breedin' forever, they come
out and blister the
Sea, oh yeah

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