

Pavement "Home"

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Fight for felicity for me.
You know I cannot do it myself.
Stick your fingers in my mouth.
Pull my lips back and watch me smile.
Catch me on my troubled portion.
Maybe there is something there for you.
Look below her nylon stockings,
Snapped the double notch and left untied.

Some king chooser will wind up with my number.
I'll go to sleep and
Wait for my number to come.

Deep pockets may be deeper
And always had a nickel to spare.
Now the blood blister's,
The blister's black
As she washes her hands across her chest.
But if you're willing to call my machine,
Flip the coins and watch me light up
Hope the time is right for it
When it's done
Turn your back

King chooser has come for my number.
I'll just roll over on my back
And wait for my number to come.

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