

Pavement

"The Porpoise And The Hand Grenade"

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Harness you hopes on just one person
because you know a harness was only made for one
Don't telegraph your passes you'll end up with
mollasses
Cauterize with syrup in syrup and mollasses

And I'm checking out the asses the assets that attract
us to anything that moves we're deep inside the
grooves
And it's time to shake your ashes 'cos someones gonna
cash it we're plot it turns again the reference starts at
ten

Show me a word that rhymes with Pavement and I will
kill your parents
and roast them on a spit
An' a dontcha try to etch it or permanently sketch it
Or you're gonna catch a bad, bad cold
And the freaks have stolen the White House
I moved into a lighthouse its on a scenic quay its oh so
far away
Far away from the beginnin' the shroud is made of
linen
the yearling took your purse
The goth kid has a hearse
Heart breakin' earth quakin Kiwis
they are home bakin' minds wide open true

Leisure a leisure suit is nothing its nothing
to be proud of in this late century and I'm asking you to
hold me
Just like a morning paper pinched between your pointer
your index
and your thumb
Its a semi-automatic believers are ecstatic you see the
way they cling
the cold metallic sting

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