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The B-52's "Trism"

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She has to leave She has to go The fastest way Is by trism Steps off the curb Stella Corona hopes for the best To be home by sunset Gotta be home by sunset

She asked me to give her a ride She said she had to go Dropped her off by the trism Through the atmosphere by prism

Go trism

Go trism

Go trism

Go trism

Go trism

Gotta keep, gotta keep movin' on

Gotta keep movin'

Gotta keep movin'

Gotta keep movin'

Gotta-gotta-keep on

It was a human race to get away And then back again Like the sun bends light through a prism She bends herself through the trism

In the smokey streets of the night She pulls the lever and then bright light

Trism

Trism

Trism

Trism

Trism

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