Lifter Puller
"Nassau Coliseum"

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I've got a picture of us as sophomores
I'm in a sportcoat, you're in a stupor
You still look super, just super sonic
Kind of bionic, it's sort of ironic
I was impressed, you fell out of your dress
You fell off of the porch swing, we were kind of a mess
We were kind of uncertain as to where we should kiss
Didn't think that you'd diss me
Did you sleep with that hippie?

And I've got a feeling like I'm in the beatles
Bigger than jesus, I'm getting shot at
It's getting hectic, there's so much traffic
I might never get it, it's behind the buildings
It's guarded by cameras, studied by doctors
Wrapped up in plastic, it sleeps at the airport
Skips all it's classes, skips like a record
Used to be better, do you remember?
Used to have visions, used to believe em
Haven't done any heavy stuff since the nassau
coliseum
I was standing in my sister's raincoat, you said that I
Looked debonair
The long island cops, they pulled off the top

They were wastin those longhairs, I just happened to be
There when the
Guy selling domestics got himself busted, he didn't
Have a license
Couldn't be trusted
The girl selling t-shirts was kind of a freaker, first
She gets handcuffed
They started to beat her, I was so angry, you had just
Left me
They had her pinned down, it was so easy, gotta admit
It
I can't forget it, I don't regret it
That I got some kicks in

And every hippie that goes home bloody feels like a
Martyr back in the city

Or in new jersey and not manhatten, or in the
hamptons,
Back on campus
And out in boston and out in cambridge and out in
Brookline, back in brooklyn
And on the east coast, the carolinas, and in virginia
And in memphis
In the twin cities and on the west coast and in alaska
And coasta rica
And in jamaica and in miami, I wanna fuck you, I wanna
Fuck you
Out on long island

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