

Cars, The

"Gimme Some Slack"

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I wanna shake like Liguardia
Magic mouth in the sun
Train ride to the courtyard
Before you can run
Down at the end of Lonely Street
Where no one takes a walk
Someone lyin' at your feet
And someone's gettin' off

Just gimme some slack, yeah
Just gimme some slack
Just gimme, slack
That's all I want is slack

The seven floors of walkup
The odor musted cracks
And the peeping keyhole introverts
With the monkeys on their backs

And the rooftops strung with frauleins
The pastel pinned up sails
The eighteen color roses
Against your face so pale

A just gimme some slack, that's right
Uh gimme some slack
Gimme, slack, oo yeah
All I want is slack

I wanna float like Euripides
All visions intact
I'm alright with Fellini fiends
A trippin' over the track

Down at the end of Lonely Street
Where no one takes a chance
Someone's in the cheap light
Someone wants to dance

Just gimme some slack, that's right
All I want is slack

Oh, gimme, slack
All I want is slack

Gimme, slack
slack
Slack
Sssslack
Slack

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