

## Pursuit Of The Pimpmobile

Isaac Hayes

An electric current binds us together forever  
I am a memory burnt onto thin air  
When you call me with vibrations  
In harmony with some Saturnine frequency  
I spill outward, or flow, or list, or gel  
It is somewhere between your mind and mine  
Where, I cannot exactly tell  
I want you to think about "93"  
It isn't like planting a thought in your head  
Or an image of a thought  
But more like creating a thought  
In sympathy with yours  
The blind need to see  
The deaf need to hear  
We need to speak  
I love you