

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