

Black Out

Pavement

Sunday drive past your own hall of fame
It's closed on weekdays, shut for good
Pick out no one when you're talking, felt like rattlesnakes were walking
No one has a clue

The parting shots
The thin caught fault line
Dancing across the frigid air shafts
A spastic grass, a criminal's child

Count to ten and read until the lights begin to bleed
Lights, 'til you actually see the rays
And your thoughts they start turning, tells you lessons that you're learning
No one has a clue

The gauzy thoughts of those dirty Scots
Wrestling with the elements up on the trail high
I need to know where does it go?
How do I get there and what will I find?

Fun, fun, fun, fun for the summertime blues
It's gonna set you free
Fun, fun, fun, fun for the summertime blues