

Elevate Me Later

Pavement

Well you greet the tokens and stamps
Underneath the fake oil-burning lamps
In the city we forgot to name
The concourse is a four-wheeled shame

And the courthouse's double-breast
I'd like to check out your public protests
Why you're complaining, ta

Those who sleep with electric guitars
Range roving with the cinema stars
And I wouldn't want to shake their hands
'Cause they're in such a high-protein land

Because there's forty different shades of black
So many fortresses and ways to attack
So why you complaining, ta?