

## Embassy Row

## Pavement

Old intuition, on your dock we're fishing  
Come on now, give us a grade  
A for effort and a B for delivery  
C for devotion when the world starts encroaching on your plans

Where is the savoir, where is the savoir?  
He's not here right now  
Where is the savoir?  
Where is the savoir-faire?

Embassy row, the fumes they lay low  
On lanes that are wide, where the limousines glide  
On the wrought-iron gates and the bone china plates  
And don't forget your manners where the anthems play

In a netherworld of foreign feeds, in a netherworld of foreign feeds  
In a netherworld of foreign feeds  
I'm gonna take the crown, I'm gonna take the crown  
I'm gonna take the crown, I'm gonna take the crown

Maids, they are frisked and asses are kissed  
I needed a visa, I bought off a geezer  
Political favors could make you a savior  
In an open corner where the news is late

In a netherworld of foreign feeds, in a netherworld of foreign feeds  
In a netherworld of foreign feeds  
I'm gonna take the crown, I'm gonna take the crown  
I'm gonna take a crown, I'm gonna take a crown

I need to get born, I need to get dead  
I'm sick of the forms, I'm sick of being misread  
By men in dashikis and their leftist weeklies  
Colonized wrath, their shining new path

The converted castle of moorish design  
If you want to stay the weekend, well, we wouldn't mind  
The plots they are hatching, the surface is scratching  
In the open corner where the news is late

In a netherland of foreign beads, in a netherland of foreign beads  
In a netherland of foreign beads I'm gonna take you down, I'm gonna take the crown  
I'm gonna take the crown, I'm gonna take the crown  
I'm gonna take the crown, I'm gonna take the crown  
I'm gonna take the crown, I'm gonna take the crown