

Fame Throwa

Pavement

Fame throwa pass out the gold, the diamond watch, the last reward
All the things we had before you sold us out and took it all
Head-borne cries from zenith sluts, astral rites from dead-end ruts
And these ends are sickened wars, and the ends were sickened wars

He's one of our nation's spies
He's one of our first recruits
I click with her leather thighs
He's one of our first recruits

How can you know? In the distance lies a grower
Named Rudolph, king fame throwa, son of groupie, bedworn sexan
Spent his cash convincing us that the desert was a starscape
Took our lives for satellites so we could cry, naked, naked, foul

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