

Here

Pavement

I was dressed for success, but success it never comes
And I'm the only one who laughs at your jokes when they are so
bad
And your jokes are always bad
But they're not as bad as this

Come join us in a prayer
We'll be waiting, waiting where
Everything's ending here

And all the sterile striking, it defends an empty dock you cast
away
And rain upon the forehead where the mist's for hire if it's ju
st too clear
Let's spend our last quarterstance randomly
Go down to the outlet once again

Painted portraits of minions and slaves, crotch mavens and one-
night plays
Are they the only ones who laugh at the jokes when they are so
bad?
And the jokes, they're always bad
But they're not as bad as this

Come join us in a prayer
We'll be waiting, waiting where
Everything's ending here

And all the Spanish candles unsold away have gone to this
And a run-
on piece of mountain trembles, shivers, runs down the freeway
I guess she spent her last quarter randomly
I guess a guess is the best I'll do

Last time
Last time
Was the best time
I spent