

## Perfume-V

## Pavement

Fun for an hour, when the hour's gone  
Can one trick nights feed forty days?  
In my bed at the break of dawn  
She shivered like a vein slashed bright and new

She's got the radio active and it makes me feel okay  
I don't feel okay  
She's got the radio active and it makes me feel okay  
I don't feel okay

Grip-force the vials and strip the locks  
Smash the set and slash the beds  
And when it looks like a wife's ex-plot  
We'll cover all the rugs with cheap perfume

She's got the radio active and it makes me feel okay  
I don't feel okay  
She's got the radio active and it makes me feel okay  
I don't feel okay

Like a docent's lisp, like a damsel's spit  
Like a dry gin's twist of lime  
Like a poor droll sir, like a pike's dull spurs  
Like a pastor's flock of sheep