

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