

# Rattled by the Rush

Pavement

Oh, that I could bend my tongue outwards  
Leave your lungs hurting, tucking my shirt in  
Pants I wear so well, cross your t's, shirt smells  
Worse than your lying, caught my dad crying

Loose like the wind  
From the rough we get par  
Sleet city woman  
Waiting to spar

I'm drowning for your thirst  
Drowning for your thirst  
Drowning for your thirst  
Drowning for your thirst

Getting off on the candelabra  
We call her Barbara, breeding like larva  
She rabble rousing, dental surf combat  
Get out those hardhats and sing and us some skat

Blade lovers gush  
Chained and perfumed  
I don't need a minister  
To call me a groom

But I'm rattled by the rush  
Rattled by the rush  
Rattled by the rush  
Rattled by the rush

No soap in the john  
No soap in the john  
No soap in the john  
No soap in the john

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Rattled by the rush, makes you want to say your prayers

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