

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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