

Same Way of Saying

Pavement

Plugs without a socket
There's no moon without a rocket
Holes if you could lock it
I wouldn't let you if you wanted to
Court or you're bad, bad when you're good
Close 'em off and let him go home
I never want to leave ya
But I won't want to grieve ya
When ya money come around I'll be home
No one gets to laugh at you
I know a bike with a plate a special plate forgetting me
Your home is not my home and your bone is not mine
No more things that I could want and delay let's smoke some but
ts, Steve
Let's smoke some butts, come on
Let's smoke some butts, come on
I'm hoping for somebody, somebody who will love me
And I'm not sure that that's very hard to find
'Cause I never really looked, I never really took
A second glance at something you said
I'm leaving on my fly you know
You know, no way I do
Oh, leaving don't you know
Come on, come on, come on
Buy me a postcard, put it in the mail
Buy me a boat and we'll set sail
Buy me a ship it's just the same
Same way of saying the same thing
Oh, no one gets to lie
When it gets down too close to the
Never mind, forget what I said
It meant nothing to you or me, you or me
I met a man, a man who taught me something
Something about tying knots on a girl's forehead
I never learned 'cause I never had eight children
And I never wanted them
But now, now I'm getting older
Maybe I'd like to fuck a woman and make one
But I don't know if I should
Because I don't have a real steady job
Because I don't have a real special, ooh