

## Shoot the Singer

Pavement

Someone took in these pants  
Somebody painted over paint  
Painted wood  
And where he stood  
No one stands  
It's been said he's sitting now  
In the charming land  
I've seen saints  
But remember  
I forgot to flag them down  
When they pass  
And in the morning light  
You hold that ashtray tight  
You can put it out  
But I can't put it out  
My hand shook  
Down and out  
I've got the blisters of the world

World knew  
I named a book after you  
So look up  
And watch the camera lens  
When the risers fade  
Slow it down  
Song is sacred  
And brother  
Your honor  
Hang a right at home  
And in the morning light  
I'll hold my ashtray tight  
I can take it down  
And you can't take it down  
Tadadara, tadada...  
Don't expect  
Don't expect