

Silence Kit

Pavement

Silent kid, no one to remind you
You've got no hip, no reels to remind you
Silent kid, don't take your pawnshop home on the road, goddamn
you
Silent kid, don't lose your graceful tone

This is the city life
This is the city life
Oh come on, let's talk about leaving

Come on now, talk about your family
Your sister's cursed, your father's all but damned you
Silent kid, don't listen to your grandmother's advice about Ezra
a
Silent kid, don't listen to them

Hand me the drumstick, snare kick, blues call upon I knew myself
in
Into the spotlight, ecstasy feels so warm inside
Until five hours later, I'm chewing
Screwing myself with my hand