

## Starlings of the Slipstream

Pavement

I heard what you said  
The leaders are dead  
They're robbing the skies  
I can hear their followers cry

Starlings in the slipstream  
Starlings in the slipstream  
Starlings in the slipstream  
Starlings in the slipstream

The language of influence  
Is cluttered with hard hard C's  
And I put a spy-cam  
In a sorority

Darlings on the split-screen  
Darlings on the split-screen  
Darlings on the split-screen  
Darlings on the split-screen

There's no women in Alaska  
There's no Creoles in Vermont  
There's no coast of Nebraska  
My mother, I forgot

Slavic princess with a rose in her teeth, do you suppose she would bite you if she could?  
Insane cobra split the wood, trader of the lowland breed  
Call a jittney, drive away, in the slipstream we will stay  
Stay away, away, away, away, away, away, away, away