

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