

Capistrano swallow
Answer to your inner voice and please return
God installed that radar
In your pointy little beak so you'd return

Epileptic surgeons with their eyes x'ed out
Attend to the torn-up kid
Salivate and reckon
With all the sick things that you did

The secondary stumbles
'Cause the cadence of the count has led them astray
Pray their intuition
Leads them crashing into bodies in a perfect way

But I, I saw you
Reeling in a parking lot
I, I saw you
Rally 'round a parking lot

Line up for the comfort and kick it on the bumper
No, there is no leeway
You're standing on the freeway in love
Motion, you were destined for the pauper's grave

Architecture students
Are like virgins with an itch they cannot scratch
Never build a building 'til you're fifty
What kind of life is that?

Stalled out on an escalator
Wishing which way to return, up or down
My Palestinian nephew
Got his face blown off in a dusty craft