

The Sutcliffe Catering Song

Pavement

Hey, do you need a reason?
Is there a separate season
From which to come out of the spring?
I'll wait all summer long
And the the winter's long
Then it's longer than after
I don't need a timekeeper, I don't need an interlocutor
And baby, you look a little cuter day by day
If you need a trademark for your sound you better look around
Treat her like a woman, not a door
And we'll get some more
Yeah, yeah
Hold me off and run
Maybe I could be a squirt, loosen up your magic dirt
Waiting for the excellent coming of age
Maybe then you'd squirt along, squirt along, squirt along
So what you want to do?
So easily fooled ya, she got to marry me
I know she got to marry (don't do it!)
You got to marry me
And you got to marry me (no!)
Marry me, grow up and marry me (I won't!)
Sweet sisters of London, and Brixton
Hey, just on some respects
I might be enough to cover you up and hold you down
Wrestle you up, run, run you around
Blink at me once and you might see the color is red
Blurring up your eyes and your head
And listen to the water when you're down to come up to the beach
That's hull
Coppertones and secondhomes, everybody needs a home
Take centuries to build and seconds to fall
I waited so patiently for you to fall!
But you never, ever fall, whoa
So easily fooled you
Oh so, so, so easily fooled you
So easily fooled, oh so easily fooled
(?)castle, to all the fly girls in birmingham, midland(?) up, up,
up and far away into the highlands of scotland, tartan and sweden,
and green and red and black and a little bit of yellow,
and buy me a sweater please, I've gained 20 pounds (?)forty dollars
(?) green ripoff exchange rate and the prime-rate interest
-slashing germans have screwed up our monetary plan. (whatever.
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