

Transport Is Arranged

Pavement

You better find your way out, you better learn how to run
You better walk away and leave the angles for the shills
Well, I've been thinking for days about the means and the ways
That I could hate all I touch, I know you're my lady

But I could trickle, I could flood
A voice coach taught me to sing, he couldn't teach me to love
All the above
Easy talking, border blocking, transport is arranged

Praise the grammar police, set me up with your niece
Walk to Baltimore and keep the language off the street
Well, I'm of several minds, I am the worst of my kind
I want to cremate the crutch, I know you're my lady

But phone calls could corrupt the morning
I heed the surgeon's warning
Pillars of eights

I swung my fiery sword
I vent my spleen at the lord
He is abstract and bored
Too much milk and honey

Well, I'll waltz through the wilderness
With nothing but a compass and a canteen
Setting the scenes
Easy walking, border blocking, transport is arranged