

Westie Can Drum

Pavement

Three o' three.. the seconds they are sequins And the minute string,
ravelled 'round the mannequin Of formless space, a party line at last
that we can All embrace and segue to the burning masses!

Ten to eleven.. don't question.. just get in I think that we are
losing a way Westie you cannot drum

Half past noon, visualize a centaur baying At the moon.. his profile is a
silver circle Brings to mind the portraits on the coinages and Lincoln's
beard, and why's he got a horse's body?

(Griffin, a cruiser) you'll love her.. you'll lose her I think that we
are losing our way Westie.. you cannot drum

Five nineteen, deluded like a Dixie-Crat.. I don't ya Clog latrine,
and clean it like a Dixie-Crat.. And deck the halls with spirulina

Dry route to Devon So great, like Heaven I think that we are losing
a way Westie.. you cannot drum No.. Westie.. you cannot drum