

Tight Globes

Robert Pollard

Blonde machine in yellow spacecar
Zip your legs in smooth rubber
You pass me and harass me
Number one is on the run

I saw you outta my cave
You didn't see me
You never see me

Ugliest affairs in print
Jumbled societies children
Where'd you pop in

Blonde machine....
All the glands that you shoot through
Tight globes
International she goes out
Fresh from the sweat factory I'm in love tonight -
Perhaps we'll be best friends for a week