

Their Notions

Say Anything

The blown out Belgian sky
Is weeping on you and I
We're soaked down to the tit
We'll make our bed in it
Jerusalem at dawn
Your pink hair turns them on
They holler from windows
But I'm just proud to know

That we spit on their notions
That our love parts the oceans
That our love fuels their motion
Yeah, we spit on their notions

At Prague in sausage stalls
But still we hit the mall
In search of a Starbucks
Americans like us

Yeah, we spit on their notions
Our love parts the oceans
Our love fuels their motion
And we spit on their notions

And we spit on their notions
Our love parts the oceans
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And we spit on their notions