

Gimme Some Slack

The Cars

I want to shake like Liguardia
magic mouth in the sun
train ride to the courtyard
before you can run
down at the end of lonely street
where no one takes a walk
someone's lying at your feet
and someone's getting off

R: Just gimme some slack

The seven floors of walkup
the odor musted cracks
the peeping keyhole introverts
with the monkeys on their backs

R:

The rooftops strung with frauleins
the pastel pinned up sails
the eighteen color roses
against your face so pale

R:

I want to float like Euripides
all visions intact
I'm alright with Fellini fiends
tripping over the track

R:

Down at the end of Lonely Street
where no one takes a chance
someone's in the cheap light
and someone wants to dance

R: