

Last time that I saw you
You had me housed up on your red red rum
Stranded in the housing
Of our moving house and ...

We were gonna hit every port
And every cape town
We were gonna give a full report, of sorts
To your mother up in kabo and her new cohort

Damn!
Can't believe your father left his land
The creed
To cry:
Rely, rely, rely, rely
Behave, behave, behave, behave ...
Spend all of that time not wanting to

Climbed up on your carpet

There's a car pit in our minds were in
Shameless and humming
Like a violent strumming

We were gonna hit every mark, in stark
But the sutra didn't suit ya that long day in the park
I'm talking about it
Talking real love
I wanna re-up
On that love

Damn
Can't believe you left me on the lam
To be seen
To be scribed
I'll tell you now that you
Rely, rely, rely, rely
Behave, behave, behave, behave
Spend all of that time not wanting to

Rely, rely, rely, rely
Behave, behave, behave, behave
Decide, decide, decide, decide
Repave, repave, repave, repave

(Can't believe you hardly understand)

Inside, inside, inside
The lathe, the lathe, the lathe

Lover won't you talk to me about the long red war