

In the Mouth of a Desert

Pavement

Can you treat it like an oil well
When it's underground, out of sight?
And if the sight is just a whore sign
Can it make enough sense to me? Pretend the table is a trust knot
We'll put our labels down, faith is down
I'll watch the yards of twine unravel
And you'll never get it back It's what I want
(It's what I want)
It's what I want
(Twine comes down)
It's what I want
(It's what I want) Don't you know?
I could make it dry, make it dry
Make it dry, make it dry I've been crowned, the king of it
And it is all we have so wait
To hear my words and they're diamond sharp
I could open it up if it's up and down It's what I want
(It's what I want)
I see a bag like a little bar
(Fallen twine)
Don't you know that it's what I want?
(It's what I want) I'll see your bag
And it makes me try, make me try
Make me try, make me try I've been down, the king of it
Is all we have, I've been down
If I could wait to hear those words
They're diamond sharp today

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