

# Episode

## The Biltmores

Moving sideways through the sold photo  
Slow figures flashing on tiptoe  
Crashing cars on a blue tableau  
Goes to show it wasn't everywhere  
No one steering, just an auto-move  
Round and round the streetlights in the groove  
Flying windscreens, dropping down below  
Aisles of bricks, crumbling with the smoke  
Here we go I think you suit me  
I know you suit me  
I'll make you happy  
I'll make you happy You specify me  
I know you suit me  
You can't deny me  
I'll make you happy  
Dissolving turnpikes in a placid light  
Intersections similarly white  
I never found the concrete slab  
Must have left it on the showroom tab  
Escalators moving side to side  
Round and round the footprints on the slide  
From a picture, the city turned and spoke  
There she was, the woman in the smoke  
Here we go I think you suit me  
I know you suit me  
I'll make you happy  
I'll make you happy You specify me  
I know you suit me  
You can't deny me  
I'll make you happy  
Must have left from the shouldering top  
I'll make you happy  
Escalators [Incomprehensible]  
Must have left my eyes on a moving train  
Tangled phone lines told me to revoke  
Turgid reasons, everything's mundane  
There she was, the woman in the smoke  
I guess you suit me  
I know you suit me  
Do you extend me?  
I know you suit me  
You maximize me  
I know you suit me  
You can't deny me  
I know you suit me  
I think you suit me  
I know you suit me

I'll make you happy  
I'll make you happy

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