

Starlings of the Slipstream

Pavement

I heard what you said
The leaders are dead, hea, hea, hea
They're robbin' the skies
I can hear their followers cry Ahh, ooh, starling's in the slipstream
Ahh, ooh, starling's in the slipstream
Ahh, ooh, starling's in the slipstream
Ahh, ooh, starling's in the slipstream The language of influence
Is cluttered with hard, hard C's
And I put a spy cam in a sorority Ahh, ooh, darling's on the split screen
Ahh, ooh, darling's on the split screen
Ahh, ooh, darling's on the split screen
Ahh, ooh There's no women in Alaska
There's no Creoles in Vermont
There's no coast of Nebraska
My mother, I forgot Slavic princess with a rose in her teeth
Do you suppose she would bite you if she could?
Insane cobra split the wood
Trader of the lowland breed
Call a jitney, drive away
In the slipstream we will stay
Stay away, away, away, away, away, away, away

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