The Air

The Mothers of Invention

The air
Escaping from your mouth
The hair
Escaping from your nose
My heart
Escaping from the scraping
And the shaping
Of the draping . . .
I'm awaking
In a T-shirt
In a Chevy
At the beach
And I'm freezing
And I'm wheezing
And I know
You were only teasing
I hit you
Then I beat you
Then I told you
That I love you
In my car
In a jar
In my car
In a jarThe air
Escaping from your pits
The hair
Escaping from my teeth
My hands
Are gripping
But they're slipping
And they're dripping
'Cause I'm tripping
I got busted
(Wasted)
Coming through customs
(I'm so wasted)
With a suitcase
(Wasted)
Full of tapes

(I'm so wasted)
It was special
Tape recording
And they grabbed me
While I was boarding
Yes, they grabbed me
Then they beat me
Then they told me
They don't like me
And I crashed
In my Nash
We can crash
In my Nash
We can crash
In my Nash
We can crash
In my Nash
We can crash
In my Nash

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