Motorcade

Modern Skirts

Last night at the end of the line I was half a million miles from a prayer
I crossed my hands across my heart and I laid out in the desert somewhere
The sun hit me with a blinding light and the vultures were circling my bed
Then a troop in fine Italian suits came pulling up in their Mopeds
They looked at me with my makeup on
They offered money and they carried me home
They said "come on down to the motorcade where its better than you had it before
There's lots of money that we can make
Amphetamines for kids who are bored
It doesnt matter what your friends say, we're gonna make it out of this door
So come on down to the motorcade where its better than you had it beforeYesterday at the tip of the bay I was drinking saltwater and lye
The undertow slowly pulled me down below and I laid my heavy head down to die
The bubbles rose to the surface from my nose spelling "please brother help me if you can"
The motorcade took a break from sunbathing and they swam out to give me a hand
They dove down in their Jacques Cousteaus to offer money in their European clothes
They said "come on down to the motorcade where its better than you had it before
Theres lots of money that we can make, Amphetamines for kids who are bored
It doesnt matter how the tide breaks, we're gonna make it back to the shore
So come on down to the motorcade, where its better than you had it before"
It doesnt matter you know, its just a bad dream

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