

Conduit for Sale!

Pavement

I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin'
I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin'
I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin' Imagine if you will Herr Proctor, alias a nobleman
Son of son of Scion and Scion, part of his rich inheritance
Parcel in generous divorced sense forklift beam Certain plots of land and living
Quarters deemed by all gentlemen
And wives thereof, to be grossly humane and frankly, quite undirty I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin',
I'm tryin', I'm tryin'
I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin'
I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin' Herr Proctor, in his enviable good taste tries quick escape gambit
Via local periodicals, but no takers the land and he
Was stationed in a conduit between two cells A veritable no man's land, rain, the flophouse, cog bone terrors
And carbon monoxide wallpaper all his brig deck Trina
Boys ask "Is it livable?" I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin'
I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin'
I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin' Unable to bear the scandal, Ray, philanthropist
Rents low-down scab house in conduit
Herr Proctor offers said land for a song, but no one wants to sing In an attempt to maintain social privileges
Yet mask it as goodwill, he says to the conduit members
Take this rotten old tree and make it bear fruit Cheers erupted throughout the things settlement
An Italian male was heard to say
Between here and there is better than anything over there I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin',
I'm tryin'
I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin'
I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin'
I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin'
I'm tryin'

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