Parry the Wind High, Low

Frank Black

And if a ship meets your car
You know you can't go real far
Well, they could treat you real nice
Or put a tracking device
Way down insideI'm checking out inventions
At the UFO convention tonight
Planes above the Hilton make it sunny
Brought my money tonightBlue blond ladies of abduction
Strumming guitars of instruction tonight
A lot of wannabe truckers making eyes
With starfuckers tonightI've got my hands on some sights
Electric glasses with lights
They got me feeling deluxe
For just a couple of bucks
Way down insideI'm getting patterns from a trekker
And it sounds like soul records to me
They're waving hi from some gazebo
Waving on to Arecibo to meI'm getting patterns from a trekker
Sounds like soul records to me
I'm getting patterns from a trekker
Sounds like Desmond Dekker to meSleep machine
In your silo
Transmarine
Things you've never seenParry the wind high, low

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