

Shoot the Singer

Pavement

Someone took in these pants
Somebody painted over paint
Painted wood
And where he stood, no one stands
It's been said he's sitting now
In the churning land Well, I've seen saints, but remember
That I forgot to flag 'em down
When they passed
And in the morning light You hold that ashtray tight
You could put it out
But I can't put it out My hands shook, down and out
I've got the blisters of the world
World new
I name the book after you So look up and watch the camera lens
When the risers fade Slow it down! Song is sacred!
And brother, you're a hunter
And you're right at home
And in the morning light I'll hold my ashtray tight
I could take it down
And you can't take it down La-da-da-da-da-da-da [Repeat: x7]
Don't expect

Songwriters

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