

Grounded

Pavement

Doctor's leaving for the holiday season
Got crystal ice picks no gift for the gab
And in the parking lot, is the sedan he bought
He never, he never complains when it's hot
He phoned the fallen daughter in the sauna playing contract bridge
They're soaking up the fun or doing blotters
I don't know which....which....which
Boys are dying on these streets
I guess a medical world could knock you out
To sell the coins that you jayed last Thursday-hey
Dine by candlelight, your hold your savings tight
You never, you never know when the bridge falls apart
He spoke of latent causes, sterile gauzes, and bedside
morale
They trapes around the table talking sentences
so incomplete...plete....plete
Boys are dying on these streets

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