

Transport Is Arranged

Pavement

You better find your way out
You better learn how to run
You better walk away
And leave the angles for the shills Well I've been thinkin' for days
About the means and the ways
That I could hate all I touch
I know you're my lady But I could trickle, I could flood
A voice coach taught me to sing
He couldn't teach me to love
All the above
Easy talkin', border blockin'
Transport is arranged Praise the grammar police
Set me up with your niece
Walk to Baltimore
And keep the language off the street Well I'm of several minds
I am the worst of my kind
I wanna cremate the crutch
I know you're my lady But phone calls could corrupt the mornin'
I heed the surgeon's warnin'
Pillars of eights Aah ah aah aah I swung my fiery sword
I vent my spleen at the Lord
He is abstract and bored
Too much a milk and honey Well I'll waltz
Through the wilderness with nothin'
But a compass and a canteen
Settin' the scenes
Easy walkin' border blockin'
Transport is arranged

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