

Skip Tracer

Rusconi

This she did in public for us to see
She came in here too drunk to do the show
Between the trains and cars
Broken glass and lost hub caps
Images of a gun
Row house, row house, pass through
Let the city rise up to fill the screen
Clothes flung out of closets, doorknobs falling off
The guitar guy played real good feedback
And super sounding riffs
With his mild mannered look on, yeah he was truly hip
The girl started out in red patent leather
Very I'm in a band, with knee pads
We watched her fall over and lay down
Shouting the poetic truths of high school journal keepers
Row house, row house, pass through
Let the city rise up
Twister, dust buster, hospital bed
I'll see you, see you
See you on the highway
Now we're told so merge ideas, of song forms and freedom
Miss seafood, miss cheesecake, a couple of miss donuts
The edge of a blade pressed to the throat of your reflected image
Poised, yet totally screwed up
Yes sir, yes sir, step right up
None of us know, where we're tryin' to get to
What sort of live where we tryin' to build
Now we're told so merge ideas, of song forms and freedom
Seasons out of life, nothing is out of reach
L..A. is more confusing now, than anywhere I've ever been to
I'm from New York City, breath it out and let it in
Where are you now?
When your broken eyes are closed
Head in a cloudy dream, green sailboats
Borrowed and never returned
Emotions, books, outlooks on life
Hello twenty fifteen
Hello twenty fifteen

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