Shoot the Singer (1 Sick Verse)

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 landWell, I've seen saints, but remember
That I forgot to flag 'em down
When they passed
And in the morning lightYou hold that ashtray tight
You could put it out
But I can't put it outMy hands shook, down and out
I've got the blisters of the world
World new
I name the book after youSo look up and watch the camera lens
When the risers fadeSlow it down! Song is sacred!
And brother, you're a hunter
And you're right at home
And in the morning lightI'll hold my ashtray tight
I could take it down
And you can't take it downLa-da-da-da-da-da-da[Repeat: x7]
Don't expect

Songwriters
STEPHEN MALKMUS, SCOTT KANNBERGPublished by
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/