Rattled by the Rush

Pavement

Oh, that I could bend my tongue outwards
Leave your lungs hurting
Tuckin' my shirt in
Pants I wear so well
Cross your t's shirt smells
Worse than your lyin'
Caught my dad cryin'
Loose like the wind
From the rough we get par
Sleet city woman
Waiting to spar
I'm Drowning for your thirst
Drowning for your thirst
Drowning for your thirst
Drowning for your thirst
Getting off the candelabra
We call her Barbara
Breeding like larva
She rabble rousing
Dental surf combat
Get out those hard-hats
And sing us some skat
Blade gushers gush
Chained and perfumed
I don't need a minister to call me a groom
no soap in the john
no soap in the john
no soap in the john
no soap in the john
But I'm rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
(Makes you want to say your prayers)
Rattled by the rush

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Songwriters
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