

Penultimo

Blonde Redhead

Bowery is tame
Not the way, it used to be
Kids come out of nowhere
Due to be beach
Prepared to tell
Nothing to see,
Here
HerePrepared to tell
Nothing to see,
Here
HereHunger is strange
Keeps happening to me
The lady's not a narc
She's just a lady
Prepared to fail
Fail to preparePrepared to fail
Fail to prepareWait at the corner
Meet me you know where
I can hardly see
This side of glassMen chase past
Without turning roundWhen's your next show
Should I even talk
Or hit him with a chainSomething tells me you
You're wrong
In fact, you're very wrongThe more you see, walking
He's not the man
Used to bePrepared to feel,
Fail to preparePrepared to fail
Fail to prepareWait, at the corner
Meet me you know where
I can hardly see,
This side of glass
Men are chasing past
Without turning round
When's your next show, should I even talk
Or hit them with a chain

Songwriters

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