

In the Mouth a Desert (Slanted & Enchanted)

Pavement

Can you treat it like an oil well,
When it's underground, out of sight?
And if the sight is just a whore sign
Can it make enough sense to me? Pretend the table is a trust knot,
We'll put our labels down, faith is down
And watch the yards of twine unravel
And you'll never get it back-It's what I want, don't you know
We could make it dry
"I've been crowned, the king
of it and it is all we have so wait to hear my words and
they're diamond sharp I could
open it up if it's up and down"

Songwriters

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Other patents pending.

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