

Subbacultcha

Pixies

This is a song about something there
There is something about this song We did the clubs what ass
I was hoping to have her in the sack
I was looking handsome
She was looking like an erotic vulture I was all dressed in black she was all dressed up in black
Every thing was fine down here
What you call it here, call it what you will here
Way down down down in this subbacultcha Her warm white belly in the life I'd lived had seen nothing
Finer she shakes and she moves me or something
She's like jellyroll like sculpture I was wearing eyeliner she was wearing eyeliner
It was so good down here saving for my scrapbook here
Way down down down in this subbacultcha We haven't been found
We haven't been found
We haven't been found
We haven't been found Now we live on the sea and relax and ride the tack
Drug running on this panamanian schooner She walks the deck in a black dress
And me I dress up in black and we listen to the sea
And look at the sky in a poetic kind of way, what you call it
When you look at the sky in a poetic kind of way
You know when you grope for luna We haven't been found
We haven't been found
We haven't been found

Songwriters

THOMPSON, CHARLES Published by

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