Fillmore Jive

Pavement

Hey lady, what do you need?
Do you think you'd like to come and bleed with me?
I'd like to invite you to a taste of my chalice
It's a special one, it's made of gold(Passed out)
Passed out on your couch
You left me there (thank you)
Let me sleep it offI need to sleep it off
I need to sleep why don't you let me
I need to sleep why don't you
I need to sleepI need to sleep
I need to sleep
I need to sleep, why won't you let me
I need to sleepI need to sleep
I need to sleep
Why won't you, why won't you let me sleep?The jam kids on the Vespas
And glum looks on their faces
The street is full of punks
They got spikes
See those rockers with their long curly locksGoodnight to the rock and roll era
'Cause they don't need you anymore
Little girl, boy, girl,
BoyTheir composures are so distracted
Jasper's skinny arms
And the dance faction, a little too loose for me
Every night it's straight and narrow
Laws are broken, amusing era
Round and round and round and round she goesPull out their plugs and they snort up their drugs
When they pull out their plugs and they snort up their drugs
Their throats are filled with

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