Fame Throwa

Pavement

Fame Throwa pass out the gold
The diamond watch, the last reward
All the things we had before
You sold us out and took it allHead-borne cries from zenith sluts
Astral rites from dead end ruts
These ends are sick end wars
These ends was sick end warsIt's one of our nation's spies
It's one of our first recruits
I click with her leather thighs
It's one of our first recruitsHow can you know
In the distance lies a grower
Nee Rudolph King of Fame Throwa
Son of groupie, red-worn sexanHis cash convincing us
That the desert was a star scape
And took our lives for a
Satellite so we could cryIt's one of our nation's spies
It's one of our first recruits
I click with her leather thighs
It's one of our first recruits

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