

Gold Soundz (Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain)

Pavement

Go back to those gold soundz
And keep my advent to your self
Because it's nothing I don't like
Is it a crisis or a boring change?
When it's central, so essential,
It has a nice ring when you laugh
At the low life opinions
And they're coming to the chorus now I keep your address to myself
'Cause we need secrets
We need secrets crets crets crets crets crets
Back right now
Because I never want to make you feel
That you're social
Never ignorant soul
Believe in what you want to do
And do you think that is a major flaw
When they rise up in the falling rain
And if you stay around
With your knuckles ground down
The trial's over, weapon's found
Keep my address to myself because it's secret
'Cause it's secret cret cret cret
Cret cret cret cret cret
Cret cret cret cret cret
Back right now So drunk in the August sun
And you're the kind of girl I like
Because you're empty and I'm empty
And you can never quarantine the past
Did you remember in December
That I won't eat you when I'm gone
And if I go there, I won't stay there
Because I'm sitting here too long
I've been sitting here too long
And I've been wasted
Advocating that
Word for the last word
Last words come up
All you've got to waste

Songwriters

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