

# Transport Is Arranged

## Pavement

You better find your way out  
You better learn how to run  
You better walk away  
And leave the angles for the shills Well I've been thinkin' for days  
About the means and the ways  
That I could hate all I touch  
I know you're my lady But I could trickle, I could flood  
A voice coach taught me to sing  
He couldn't teach me to love  
All the above  
Easy talkin', border blockin'  
Transport is arranged Praise the grammar police  
Set me up with your niece  
Walk to Baltimore  
And keep the language off the street Well I'm of several minds  
I am the worst of my kind  
I wanna cremate the crutch  
I know you're my lady But phone calls could corrupt the mornin'  
I heed the surgeon's warnin'  
Pillars of eights Aah ah aah aah I swung my fiery sword  
I vent my spleen at the Lord  
He is abstract and bored  
Too much a milk and honey Well I'll waltz  
Through the wilderness with nothin'  
But a compass and a canteen  
Settin' the scenes  
Easy walkin' border blockin'  
Transport is arranged

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