Billie

Pavement

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, etc.Billie and my friend the saint,
You're perfect in so many ways,
But you never looked hard
at a fetus in a jar
you never saw your mama change.And this wonderland of spite,
Does not shine into your night,
Like widows are seen
As stigmatised beings,
Who ought to have second chance.And hurricanes spin
Like debutantes in a trance.Sue the fortune-teller,
Rue the rising tide,
General Washington,
patented that skull,
Throw him out.Ship that hollandaise,
Feel the heart fell of touch
See the longer you tease,
The stronger the needs,
The highs and the fruit are long.Up to the one a kid,
Call the bluff when the money's in,
You're a hungry matron,
And you are just what I need,
I was tired of the best years of my life.Sue the fortune-teller,
Rue the rising tide,
General Washington,
Patented that skull,
Throw him out.

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