

Fin

Pavement

Open call for prison architects
Send me your blueprints asap
Stack the walls such that I cannot breathe
Man is breedin' forever, because of the weather I hope soon to leave from
The east No more absolutes, no more absolutes
Stick your penitentiary clothes inside the vent and run along, leigh Amateur seasalt gatherers colonized
They're good enough for conrad hilton, not good enough for my eyes
I trust you will tell me if I am making a fool of myself
Man is breedin' forever, breedin' forever, they come out and blister the
Sea, oh yeah

Lyrics provided by

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