

# Skip Tracer

## Four 80 East

This she did in public for us to see  
She came in here too drunk to do the show  
Between the trains and cars  
Broken glass and lost hub caps  
Images of a gun  
Row house, row house, pass through  
Let the city rise up to fill the screen  
Clothes flung out of closets, doorknobs falling off  
The guitar guy played real good feedback  
And super sounding riffs  
With his mild mannered look on, yeah he was truly hip  
The girl started out in red patent leather  
Very I'm in a band, with knee pads  
We watched her fall over and lay down  
Shouting the poetic truths of high school journal keepers  
Row house, row house, pass through  
Let the city rise up  
Twister, dust buster, hospital bed  
I'll see you, see you  
See you on the highway  
Now we're told so merge ideas, of song forms and freedom  
Miss seafood, miss cheesecake, a couple of miss donuts  
The edge of a blade pressed to the throat of your reflected image  
Poised, yet totally screwed up  
Yes sir, yes sir, step right up  
None of us know, where we're tryin' to get to  
What sort of live where we tryin' to build  
Now we're told so merge ideas, of song forms and freedom  
Seasons out of life, nothing is out of reach  
L..A. is more confusing now, than anywhere I've ever been to  
I'm from New York City, breath it out and let it in  
Where are you now?  
When your broken eyes are closed  
Head in a cloudy dream, green sailboats  
Borrowed and never returned  
Emotions, books, outlooks on life  
Hello twenty fifteen  
Hello twenty fifteen

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