Rattled By the Rush

Pavement

Oh that I could bend
My tongue outwards
Leave your lungs hurting
Tuckin' my shirt inPants I wear so well
Cross your T's shirt smells
Worse than your lyin'
Caught my dad cryin'Loose like the wind
From the rough we get par
Sleet city woman
Waiting to sparI'm drowning for your thirst
Drowning for your thirst
Drowning for your thirst
Drowning for your thirstGetting off the candelabra
We call her Barbara
Breeding like larva
She rabble rousingDental surf combat
Get out those hard-hats
And sing us some skat
Blade gushers gush
Chained and perfumed
I don't need a minister to call me a groomNo soap in the John
No soap in the John
No soap in the John
No soap in the JohnBut I'm rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rushRattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
(Makes you wanna say your prayers)Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
(Makes you wanna say your prayers)Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
(Makes you wanna say your prayers)Rattled by the rush

Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
Rattled by the rush
(Makes you wanna say your prayers)

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