

Frank Black, Parry The Wind High, Low

And if a ship meets your car
You know you can't go real far
Well they could treat you real nice
Or put a tracking device
Way down inside

I'm checking out inventions
at the UFO convention tonight
Planes above the Hilton make it sunny
Brought my money tonight
Blue blond ladies of abduction
strumming guitars of instruction tonight
A lot of wannabe truckers
Making eyes with starfuckers tonight

I've got my hands on some sights
Electric glasses with lights
They got me feeling deluxe
For just a couple of bucks
Way down inside

I'm getting patterns from a trekker
And it sounds like soul records to me
They're waving hi from some gazebo
Waving on to Arecibo to me
I'm getting patterns from a trekker
And it sounds like soul records to me
I'm getting patterns from a trekker
And it sounds like Desmond Dekker to me

Sleep machine
In your silo
Transmarine
Things you've never seen

Parry the wind high, low