

# 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