

Frank Black, Subbacultcha

We did the clubs what ass
I was hoping to have her in the sack
I was looking handsome
She was looking like an erotic vulture

I was all dressed in black
She was all dressed up in black
Everything was fine down here
What you call it here
Call it what you will here
Way down, down, down in this subbacultcha

Her warm white belly in the life
I'd lived had seen nothing finer
She shakes and she moves me or something
She's like jellyroll like sculpture

I was wearing eyeliner
She was wearing eyeliner
It was so good down here
Saving for my scrapbook here
Way down, down, down in this subbacultcha

Now we live on the sea and ride the tack
Drug running on this Panamanian schooner
She walks the deck in a black dress
And me i dress up in black

And we listen to the sea
And look at the sky in a poetic kind of way
What you call it
When you look at the sky in a poetic kind of way
You know when you grope for luna