

Hello Saferide, Middle Class

You and me, let's steal a car, let's rob a bank, let's travel far, let's wear these shirts my grandpa used to wear. And then I'll be happy, I swear.

I'll point the gun, you'll keep the engine running, I'll be running to you. You'll be saying: darling our haircuts aside we are just like Bonnie and Clyde.

I'll probably feel bad for not taking the train but you'll say: it's in the country, and it's raining.

We'll kick open a cabin in the forest, I'll be scared like I am. You'll put a flashlight under your chin in a scary way and say you're Son of Sam.

And I'll slowly pull you out of your Fred Segal and high on the fact that we're illegal we'll make sweet loving sweeter, like we do. I'll say: BABY you're a criminal, and you'll say: so are you.

You and me, let's steal a car. But first, before we go that far: what's your name? Don't look so scared. Don't tell me you weren't thinking exactly the same.