

Pavement, Harness Your Hopes

Harness your hopes on just one person
Because you know a harness was only made for one
Don't telegraph your passes, you'll end up with molasses
Cauterized in syrup and syrup and molasses
And I'm checking out the asses, the assets that attract us
To anything that moves, we're deep inside the grooves
And it's time to shake the rations 'cause someone's gonna cash in
The plot it turns again, the reference starts at ten
Well, show me a word that rhymes with pavement
And I won't kill your parents and roast them on a spit
And don't you try to etch it or permanently sketch it
Or you're gonna catch a bad, bad cold
And the freaks have stormed the White House
I moved into a lighthouse
It's on a scenic quay, it's, oh, so far away
Far away from the beginning, the shroud is made of linen
The yearling took the purse, the goth kid has a hearse
Heart-breaking, earth-quaking
Kiwis they are home baking
Minds wide open truly
Leisure, a leisure suit is nothing
It's nothing to be proud of in this late century
And I'm asking you to hold me just like the morning paper
Pinched between your pointer, your index and your thumb
It's a semi-automatic, believers are ecstatic
You see the way they cling, the cold metallic sting
And I'm living in a coma for Donna de Varona
The harness made of hopes, the lovers on the ropes
Nun is to church, as the parrot is to perch
And my heart's wide open
Truly