

Adrian Belew, Aches and paints

Over the river climbing up the hill
like a digital reproduction
a frequency that kills
women weep, dogs faint, the police beg
but she won't stop that feeling
going up and down their legs
aches and pains
i swear some women have fangs
i'll help you count your scars tomorrow
you spoke out loud when you should bite your lip
now the joke's on you my friend
and you can't get it fixed
your zipper broke, she stole your socks, you lost your shirt
she grabbed you by the nose
and she rubbed it in the dirt
over the river climbing up the hill
like a digital reproduction
a frequency that kills
the big old dog just lost his bone
so now he begs
but she won't stop that feeling
going up and down and up and down his leg