

At The Drive-In, Schaffino

This time I'm gonna take the collection baby.
And with the money in my hand,
I'm gonna purchase all the details.
Scrub you clean with my soap opera chirping.

Walking on tiptoed pickpocket fever.
Racing up the scales of your thermometer.
Turnbuckle tourniquet clotting the moonshine.
Clotheslined seizures singing happy valentines.

I'm singing happy, happy, happy valentines, yeah.

I found feathers in your hit and run nest, yeah.
Omerttas not a prayer on your rosary beads.
I found feathers in your hit and run nest, yeah.

And when you say...

And when she knocked me over,
I looked inside the hearse.
Sprouting chauvinistic swine,
And written were the words.
Poking butter with this knife.
Allergic to this concubine.
Racing by in a '56 Chevy,
And we couldn't even pretend,
To be alive...
To be alive...
To be alive...
To be alive...
To be alive...
To be alive.

I found feathers in your hit and run nest, yeah.
Scrub you clean with my soap opera chirping.
I found feathers in your
Hit and run
Nest.