

Beat Happening, Tales Of Brave Aphrodite

Tall King Saul says he wants it all
If he's willing to crawl he can have a ball

I can't do a wheelie
I can't touch the ceiling
I can't have good luck
I can't double dutch

The day you cut your hair I thought
There'll never be another a head of hair that soft

I can't figure why
We were always like a stick in the eye

Silver Aphrodite in her chocolate nightie
Says she wants to try me, she won't bite me

I can't French inhale
I can't read in braille
I can't put love in a cup
I can't do a chin up

I dropped your hand that day
That day I saw you running, running away
Now you're gone, it's no fair
I can never touch that hair

(???) chants I think I can
With the truth in the sand and a rubber band

I can't do cat's cradle
I can't set the table
I can't build an atom bomb

Hey Aphrodite come sit right by me
I consider it (inviting me?)
(That ?) are hiding

I can't fix a bike
I can't fly a kite
I can't hide my head in the sand
I can't shoot my rubber band

No no no, let's go go go
To a pond or a pound or a drag car show

I can't do a cartwheel
I can't explain how I feel
When you can't give a hang
I can't accept it