

The B-52s, Trism

She has to leave
She has to go
The fastest way
Is by trism
Steps off the curb
Stella Corona hopes for the best
To be home by sunset
Gotta be home by sunset

She asked me to give her a ride
She said she had to go
Dropped her off by the trism
Through the atmosphere by prism

Go trism
Go trism
Go trism
Go trism
Go trism

Gotta keep, gotta keep movin' on
Gotta keep movin'
Gotta keep movin'
Gotta keep movin'
Gotta-gotta-keep on

It was a human race to get away
And then back again
Like the sun bends light through a prism
She bends herself through the trism

In the smokey streets of the night
She pulls the lever and then bright light

Trism
Trism
Trism
Trism
Trism