

# 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