

# Zita Swoon, The Ricochet

Hey I know there's 2-3-5 things I forgot to mention  
But I can-no-stand-no trapped in the arm  
Too tight is too hard to do  
So I paint all one to seven bars in the jail  
And let myself out with blues on parade  
And set our masks on fire  
I play the past on strings of lead  
And you put your tongue in another mouth  
Still I can-no-stand-no trapped in no arm  
I wish I was one part of one man and one  
Woman for once more  
Yeah, I think I'll go out tonight  
I'll put my blues on parade

Possibly all 2-3-5 mirrors with eyes on you  
Turned black as night and made you blue  
Like fish in river and faith is ship  
And sails away  
My strings of lead have failed to play  
And as the waves come down so furious  
I can-no-stand-no trapped in no arm  
Yeah, I gotta hold on tight  
So I think I'll go out tonight  
I'll put my blues on parade

Yeah, I'll drive 2-3-5 cars  
And race away  
I'll crash on every tree in your lawn  
Closer to your house  
My strings of lead they buzz to the beat  
Of the ricochet  
Wind in my mind  
Wind blowin' crazy  
Pushin' the ricochet  
The miracle man  
Love my new sensation  
The single man he's a con  
Love's my new sensation  
Love's my new sensation  
Love

Choir:  
Tomorrow a prince  
In springtime  
In May a prince