

Shoot the Singer

Pavement

Someone took in these pants
Somebody painted over paint
Painted wood
And where he stood
No one stands
It's been said he's sitting now
In the charming land
I've seen saints
But remember
I forgot to flag them down
When they pass
And in the morning light
You hold that ashtray tight
You can put it out
But I can't put it out
My hand shook
Down and out
I've got the blisters of the world

World knew
I named a book after you
So look up
And watch the camera lens
When the risers fade
Slow it down
Song is sacred
And brother
Your honor
Hang a right at home
And in the morning light
I'll hold my ashtray tight
I can take it down
And you can't take it down
Tadadara, tadada...
Don't expect
Don't expect