

I'll make you a deal
Like any other candidate
With the tale walking home
Cause your future's at stake
My cities amaze you
And even smells like the street
There's a bar down at the end
Where I can meet you and your friends
So I scrawled on the walls
In the blood of the tree-cutters
Rolled up scandals and muther boys
And having so much fun with the poisonous peoples
Spreading rumors and lies, and stories they made up

Some make you sing
And some make you scream
And some make you wish
That you'd never been seen
There's a shop on the corner that's selling papier mache
Making bullet-proof faces, join and dance with Casius Clay

And if you want it, boy
Get it here babe!
So you scream out a lie:
"I want you! I need you!
Anyone out there? Anytime?"
You said: "kiss me, I'm the one"
I said: "Daddy, I want you when it's
Good it's really good, and when it's bad I'm not abusive"
And if you want it, boy
Get it here, babe!
So on the street where you live
I put the hole on my hand
Before I put all I had into another man
On the leather floor, in the back of a car
In the center like a church with the door ajar
Well I guess we must be looking for a different kind
But we can't stop trying to make up our minds
When the sun drips down on the city at night
Flashin' on the ground and kicking in fright
I guess we could cruise down one more time
With you by my side it should be fine
We'll buy some drugs and watch a band
And jump in the river holding hands