

## Taxi-Cabs

Local H

Taxi-cabs, the sharks of streets, with fins of fire they troll  
for fares

The blond haired girls that roam in herds and fix you in their  
golden glares

Hanging out with a new batch and starting out again from scratch

You disconnect from your own crew and keeping up is hard to do  
Sell your past for a few grand with paper signed in a false hand

Welcome back, hijack a stool, your favorite bar with souls you  
know

And forward fast to 4 a.m., a Nilsson disc covered in blow

Yeah, with fins on fire

The dark haired girls attack in threes, they cut your plays off  
at the knees

They meet you out in bars of foam and drag you further from your  
home

You're out alone, out of your depth, and Satan laughed and Jesus  
wept

Hey, yeah [?] taxi-cabs

Oh, whoa, whoa, you caught me in the aftermath

Yeah, yeah there is no outline to graph

It's been segued and cut in half

With fins on fire