He's got his plastic sneakers she's got her robuck purse he's got his butane flicker she's got it worse they're crazy about each other like a misplaced fix they're mad about each other they blame it all on the lust for kicks he's got his own dumb waiter she's reading one fell swoop he gets around to it later she fills the scoop he's just a hit parader she's just a cycle ride he likes to masquerade her and she tells him lies