

I Can't Get Down Without You

The Pink Spiders

Living in a city where the sun never sets
Got a jacket as a pillow and a stack of cassettes
And I'm under the fistuca
In the bore of the bazooka
Gettin' run

Step into the party and I'm swimming in smoke
There's a local heavy metal singer looking for coke
And he's ready little kitten
He's surprised to see ya sitting
All alone

I can't get down without you
There's just something about that kung fu
You've seen the highs, if you still wanna ride through the lows
Put your parachute on
Put your parachute on

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I'm a new machine and I don't care who you are
Get your sixty selling loosies from the trunk of your car
Baby you don't need repeating
You can get it if you're needin'
On and on

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Tell me what you want, you need a kick stand
Humming in the gun, you call it quicksand
On a marathon, rolling a cigarette
Little letter red, it ain't confusing
Better to be dead, you're so seducing
So tell me what ya said
Tell me what ya said
I've been drunk in bed
Trying ever to capture you

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