

# 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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