

Penultimo

Blonde Redhead

Bowery is tame
Not the way, it used to be
Kids come out of nowhere
due to be beach
prepared to tell
nothing to see,
here
here

Prepared to tell
nothing to see,
here
here

Hunger is strange
keeps happening to me
the lady's not a narc
she's just a lady
prepared to fail
fail to prepare

Prepared to fail
fail to prepare

Wait at the corner
meet me you know where
I can hardly see
this side of glass

men chase past
without turning round

When's your next show
should I even talk
or hit him with a chain

Something tells me you
you're wrong
in fact, you're very wrong

The more you see, walking
he's not the man
used to be

prepared to feel,
fail to prepare

prepared to fail
fail to prepare

Wait, at the corner
meet me you know where
I can hardly see,
this side of glass
men are chasing past
without turning round
when's your next show, should I even talk

or hit them with a chain