

Last time that I saw you  
You had me housed up on your red red rum  
Stranded in the housing  
Of our moving house and ...

We were gonna hit every port  
And every cape town  
We were gonna give a full report, of sorts  
To your mother up in kabo and her new cohort

Damn!  
Can't believe your father left his land  
The creed  
To cry:  
Rely, rely, rely, rely  
Behave, behave, behave, behave ...  
Spend all of that time not wanting to

Climbed up on your carpet

There's a car pit in our minds were in  
Shameless and humming  
Like a violent strumming

We were gonna hit every mark, in stark  
But the sutra didn't suit ya that long day in the park  
I'm talking about it  
Talking real love  
I wanna re-up  
On that love

Damn  
Can't believe you left me on the lam  
To be seen  
To be scribed  
I'll tell you now that you  
Rely, rely, rely, rely  
Behave, behave, behave, behave  
Spend all of that time not wanting to

Rely, rely, rely, rely  
Behave, behave, behave, behave  
Decide, decide, decide, decide  
Repave, repave, repave, repave

(Can't believe you hardly understand)

Inside, inside, inside  
The lathe, the lathe, the lathe

Lover won't you talk to me about the long red war