

Zita Swoon, The Ricochet

Hey I know there's 2-3-5 things I forgot to mention
But I can-no-stand-no trapped in the arm
Too tight is too hard to do
So I paint all one to seven bars in the jail
And let myself out with blues on parade
And set our masks on fire
I play the past on strings of lead
And you put your tongue in another mouth
Still I can-no-stand-no trapped in no arm
I wish I was one part of one man and one
Woman for once more
Yeah, I think I'll go out tonight
I'll put my blues on parade

Possibly all 2-3-5 mirrors with eyes on you
Turned black as night and made you blue
Like fish in river and faith is ship
And sails away
My strings of lead have failed to play
And as the waves come down so furious
I can-no-stand-no trapped in no arm
Yeah, I gotta hold on tight
So I think I'll go out tonight
I'll put my blues on parade

Yeah, I'll drive 2-3-5 cars
And race away
I'll crash on every tree in your lawn
Closer to your house
My strings of lead they buzz to the beat
Of the ricochet
Wind in my mind
Wind blowin' crazy
Pushin' the ricochet
The miracle man
Love my new sensation
The single man he's a con
Love's my new sensation
Love's my new sensation
Love

Choir:
Tomorrow a prince
In springtime
In May a prince