Starlings Of The Slipstream Pavement

Am A/G#

I heard what you said -- the leaders are dead

F#m E - D

They re robbing the skies -- I can hear their followers cry:

Bm D

Ah -ooh -- starlings in the slipstream Ah -ooh -- starlings in the slipstream Ah -ooh -- starlings in the slipstream Ah -ooh -- starlings in the slipstream

A A/G#

The language of influence is cluttered with hard hard cs F#m E-D

And I put a spy-cam in a sorority

Bm D

Ah-ooh -- darlings on the split-screen Ah-ooh

Bm I

There s no women in alaska
There s no creoles in vermont
There s no coast of nebraska
My mother, I forgot

Bm D

Slavic princess with a rose in her teeth

Bm

Do you suppose she would bite you if she could?

Bm

Insane cobra split the wood

D

Trader of the lowland breed

Bm

Call a jittney, drive away

D

D

In the slipstream we will stay

Bm

Stay away, away, away, away, away, away, away, away