

This is a song about something there  
there is something about this song  
we did the clubs what ass  
I was hoping to have her in the sack  
I was looking handsome  
she was looking like an erotic vulture  
I was all dressed in black  
she was all dressed up in black  
every thing was fine down here  
what you call it here  
call it what you will here  
way down down down in this subbacultcha  
her warm white belly in the life I'd lived had seen nothing  
finer she shakes and she moves me or something  
she's like jellyroll like sculpture  
I was wearing eyeliner  
she was wearing eyeliner  
it was so good down here  
saving for my scrapbook here  
way down down down in this subbacultcha  
now we live on the sea and relax and ride the tack  
drug running on this panamanian schooner  
she walks the deck in a black dress  
and me I dress up in black  
and we listen to the sea  
and look at the sky in a poetic kind of way  
what you call it  
when you look at the sky in a poetic kind of way  
you know when you grope for luna.