# Hoodie: Uh-huh!

Hop on my scooter!
Ah-oh! Move over one spot. Hoo-hoo! Mhm… Hoo-hoo!
Pension funds, insurance companies, and banks. Rotten liver. In her cheap used clothes, she was raucous with no more tears to bounce each other.
Hop on my scooter! Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo! Move over one spot. They're cogs, like in a clock! Vroom, vroom. Vroom, vroom… Get off my scoot.
Out of the way a bit, hop off my saddle. Out, out! Out! Out, out! Oh-out!
Out of the way a bit, hop off my saddle. Out, out, out! Out, out! Out… Ah! Oh-oh!

Whap. Look at that, that's ginormous!
You're cutting me up in itty-bitty pieces, in itty-bitty pieces. My cunt.
Out, out! Out, out! Vroom, vroom. Out, out!
Out my saddle. Out, out! Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-out! Out of the way a bit, hop off my saddle.

Pulverized seashells from the foreshore.
Only banknotes or gold are suitable. Are they? And if so, for whom… Let me pull that helmet hood down so you can see a little bit better… That could take a certain time.
I don't know what happen after. Are you in the money business? Are you… Are you, Out, out!
Pulverized seashells from the foreshore. Are you in the service business? Mmm. Um…

They're letting people wade in their sociology and Western anthropology—nothing more than a stock-in-trade and a mere dose.
All that is nothing more than a clothing store, and nothing else. Are you sore…
A jeweler of the soul.
She always presented herself from the front—unless it was from the back!
Mm—hmm... Mm—hmm! Mm—hmm... Mm—hmm! Mm—hmm! Out, out! Out!
Mm—hmm... Mm—hmm! Mm—hmm... Mm—hmm! Mm—hmm!

You can mess around… Out, out, out! Out, out! Out…
You can mess around all you want, as long as you don't interfere. As long as you don't.
Sell your fanzines. Mhm—hmm…
Sell your fanzines, your chiropractic—your chiropractic services, your saunas, and so.
Poor people, and rich one.
Are the Pantone colors really so different from the palettes found in micro-publishers' catalogs?
Mm—hmm... Mm—hmm! Mhm!
Are you going to sell me? Are you? Are you… Are you going to sell me? Are you?

That's customer service.
He—and with him, the ultra-liberal economy—weaved his way in and out a thousands of streets.
My palm is one of them street!
Your little medicinal herbs… Leaves tracing the palm of my hand.
Your fanzine. And my heart.
Don't read anything. Oh, no!
The ditches along the lines of my heart have their deportation wagons halted in the palms of our hands.
Are you putting my blood in the bank? Are you. Ooh!!-h! Ooh!!
Ooh!!-h! Ooh!!
Large wading birds, the construction industry and civil engineering, cranes, unloading docks, extra-heavy trucks. Mm—hmm...
Logs, advertisements!
Sell your fanzines, your chiropractic services, your saunas: Uh-oh! Wow…
Wow…
To reach the beach?
Where my heart finds rest, on the terrace of a vacation rental… A what?

"Look, I got a rip here, look at this!" Uh-oh! Wow…

My two lungs on a deckchair. Ooh!! Mm—hmm!… I don't understand people who fest seasick.

Some birds.

A few bent their knees; most were completely obliv-
ious to what was going on beneath them—unless there was something interest-
ing to pick up, and even then… Even
then! Even then…
They swallow us all up.
Sell your fanzines, your seaweed and green or white clay bath sessions—green for the moon and white for your face.
Is a face a.
Is a face a. A what?

Oh-oh! Mhm…
Um. Ooh-oh!

Uh-oh! Oh-ooh… Uh-oh! Mm—hmm…

Lyrics: Lou-Hellen Drought.