

Stephen Malkmus, Baltimore

come on like gangbusters laying it thick
arboreous sleestak lost in the sticks
it's warm for a witch trial
don't you agree?
cold are the hands that would ever touch me

you got the energy of a classic creep
with sex vibe for miles and shark eyes asleep
no intuition, no need to sleuth
poor is the man who would sully my view

a one minute story is all that you are
a song undeveloped beyond the first bar
for all of your hassle/hustle, what did you win?
woe is the man with the cheshire cat grin

you criticize life, you criticize pain
you criticize situations you've never been in
but dawn for the debtabtes will come soon enough. alright!
the panic is leaking through every clear pore
your ?? is weaking a sedifine torch
so root for the crucifix on the ?????? alright

i'm in love with the people
i'm in love with the saint
i'm in love with a soldier
from
baltimore, baltimore, baltimore