

# Stephen Malkmus, Cold Son

at the center where they go on weekdays  
it takes hours just to slake that thirst  
heavy heels and a daunting pulse rate  
bad idea for your blistered toes  
to my wheel, well youre getting close  
so say adios  
the conjecturers reject the rose  
don't stay high high igh igh igh  
on abuse

sometimes it feels like the worlds's stuffed with feathers  
table-bottom gum just holding it together  
a cold son, i am  
a cold son, i am

you can chase it but it wont come easy  
it's a revery so silverquick  
it gets solid when you're old and hazy  
takes no leverage to make me click  
to my wheel, well youre getting close  
the tension grows  
defy conjecture and accept the rose  
don't stay high high igh igh igh  
on abuse

who was it that said the world is my oyster?  
i feel like a nympho stuck in a cloister!  
cold son, i am  
a cold son, i am

faceplant stumble ahead  
victim of your rival pretensions know me  
faceplant stumble ahead  
rival to the bitter pretensions know me

cold son, i am  
a cold son, i am