

Stephen Malkmus, It Kills

What you gonna do?
I don't know, my friend
But I'm open to suggestion if you'll proffer two cents
Give me something I can hang my coat on, yeah!

Nine times out of ten
I'm not the guidance type
I've been sitting on a fencepost for the brunt of my life
And now I need some help to find out what I feel, it kills

It kills the time
Until you fill your heart, you'll see
There's more to you than what you think and need

Where you gonna go?
I don't know, my friend
But I'll take this road forever or until it does end
Here or there or someplace else, man, anywhere!

Maybe to the west
Where they don't fall down
In a canyon of a valley in a twenty-horse town
A voluntary rest home where they lecture you, it kills

It kills the time
Until you fill your heart, you'll see
there's more to you than what you think and need

We can share our bland opinions
About the quality of air
and all will be right
All will be right on top

There's a place in old dominion
Near that courthouse by the square
Where all will be right
All will be right on top of the day