

# Stephen Malkmus, No More Shoes

Came from the top of the deck  
Warm and direct  
No more shoes  
No more news  
No more blues

Iranian gown on your frame  
Born to the game  
No more shoes  
No more news  
No more blues--getcha back!

All my stray thoughts  
They are unarranged  
All my stray thoughts  
They are impure

Give me sidearm compliments  
Give an autopsy of the event  
Such uneven principles  
Time and time and time again  
Spare me your contrarian thaw

Beautiful nerves, send you wild  
Lost in a pile  
Of old shoes  
Of old news  
Of old blues

A gallery of vivid dreams  
Torn and extreme  
No more shoes  
No more news  
No more shoes  
No more blues  
No more, no more, no more, no more  
No more more more more blues

I was made for lovin' you, baby

I want my alka-seltzer!