

Stephen Malkmus, Phantasies

Wake up early in Karakatu, Alaska
We put our masks on to welcome the dawn
Call the huskies and collide into their fur
Fragrant in the overcast

Don't be a bitter man
It could be worse
A slave in Belarus or
A mat in Japan
Its cold as shit, always that way
Sometimes it gets to 99 below

Ah, ah, ah, ah
Ah, ah

"(Whoa wha-oh)"
I got some lovely phantasies
"(Whoa wha-oh)"
I got some lovely phantasies
And you got some lovely phantasies

Tear off the top, let your memory pop
Its running, running, running, running away

After hours of fishin' through holes
In the ice we drilled
You told me that you had a plan
Lets emigrate south to Sarasota
Where the marlin fishing never lets up
Until you want it to end

"(White men go, white men go)"

White men go to pieces in the tropics
I bet that is a topic
You'd rather not broach
Later on I'm gonna turn the heat to ten
I'll thaw your foolish dreams away, ay

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Its running, running, running, running away