

Stephen Malkmus, Pink India

There once was an empire chase
Known as a great, great game
And one of its rooks came from Stoke-on-Trent
And Mortimer was his name

An impotent tea-bag spazz
Pride of the vicar caste
Sent off to Asia, expansion land
Determined to be a man

Determined to be a man
Determined to be a man
Determined to be a man
Determined to be a man

He loved a nice sag aloo
The long, lazy afternoons
But soon he was singing a different tune
It went something just like this

A billion flies on a horse's tail
The spirit of a late, lame Raj
Punjabi's finest, bring me your wine list
As the news comes across the air today

"The tension grows in Afghanistan
Carbine bullets could settle the score."
I had a crap gin tonic it wounded me
Send my way off on one

Send my way off on one
Send my way off on one
Send my way off on one
Send my way off on one, oh yeah

You know we send my way off on one, oh yeah
You know we send my way off on one, oh yeah
You know we send my way off on one, oh yeah
You know we send my way off on one, oh yeah

You know we send my way off on one, oh yeah
You know we send my way off on one, oh yeah
You know we send my way off on one, oh yeah
You know we send my way off on one, oh yeah

You know we send my way off on one, oh yeah
You know we send my way off on one, oh yeah
You know we send my way off on one, oh yeah
Send my way off on one, two, three, four