

Stephen Malkmus, Real Emotional Trash

takin' out the wife
we're takin' out the wife
it's that's kind of night
well everybody talk, everybody listen
nobody breathe
take the child, let him go down
cause daddy's on the run
daddy's on the run

the trail has two ruts, and
one is just a tunnel
the other is a funnel to the tune (tomb?)
easy said but less often done
point me in the direction - of your
real emotional trash

abstract citizen
the abstract city sun
up til now is done
never gonna stray, never gonna stray, never gonna stray
take the child, let him go down
cause daddy's on the run
daddy's on the run

and who will get there first
should the bubble burst
easy said but less often done
point me in the direction - of your
real emotional trash

i traipsed over the Mexican border
in a cheap caravan, man
like a snake with five eggs stuck in my stomach
i needed some relief
made it back to frisco in a vanity chest
to the painted ladies on house arrest
so wax up the waxed fruit it's time for a shine
it's the old fruit that makes wine
police me. police me. policeman. (please me?)

you got no reputation never took a swing
silent when the ???? finds out
in the sham arena play a messy game
no time for you to pout
down in sausalito we had clams for dessert
you spilled some chardonnay on your gypsy skirt
there's no more time for apricots he's got to make his own shade
police me, police me, police me (please me?)