

Stephen Malkmus, Vague Space

Do you want to know where it stands right now?
Do you really care what, when, why or how?
I came to crave your spastic touch
The honest ways you move is too much

Before we can change, we could levitate
Erase mistakes of the forest greats
Fermented minds could make them shake
Permission granted for the wolverine stakes

I love to tear you off
Oh, so-oh

The formless matters of the brain
Inequality of the drifting chain
A moment I could learn to love
The salutations to the levels above

We'll split the difference, call it quits
This is no new romantic blitz-krieg
Pull off the foil and watch it break
A whisper's crushing all the symphony gates

I love to tear you off
Love to tear you off
Space