

# The Hold Steady, Stuck Between Stations

There are nights when I think that Sal Paradise was right  
Boys and girls in America, they have such a sad time together  
Sucking off each other at the demonstrations  
Making sure their makeup's straight  
Crushing one another with colossal expectations  
Dependent, undisciplined, sleeping late

She was a really cool kisser and she wasn't all that strict of a Christian  
She was a damn good dancer but she wasn't all that great of a girlfriend  
He likes the warm feeling but he's tired of all the dehydration  
Most nights are crystal clear but tonight it's like he's stuck between stations  
On the radio

The Devil and John Berryman, they took a walk together  
And they ended up on Washington talking to the river  
He said, "I've surrounded myself with doctors and deep thinkers  
Their big heads and soft bodies make for lousy lovers"  
There was that night that we thought John Berryman could fly  
But he didn't, so he died  
She said "You're pretty good with words, but words won't save your life"  
And they didn't, so he died

Yeah, he was drunk and exhausted, he was critically acclaimed and respected  
He loved the Golden Gophers but he hated all the drawn-out winters  
He likes the warm feeling but he's tired of all the dehydration  
Most nights were kind of fuzzy but that last night he had total retention

Yeah, these Twin City kisses  
They sound like clicks and hisses  
We all come down and drowned in the Mississippi River

We drink and we dry up and now we crumble into dust  
We get wet and we corrode and now we're covered up in rust  
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