

# The Old Gold Shoe

Lambchop

The gold stereo  
Stretches out the sound  
Turns the plates until they're rounded  
The whole that you know  
Gets closer to the ground  
Closer to that thing you found

For all our massive brains  
To call on choked remains  
It's painful  
It's certain  
That something's bound to break  
(Inside)

This house is not alone  
I'm kicking 'round here somewhere  
So check behind the ancient speaker  
Like painful southern bliss  
Pured upon like caramel  
And garnished with some crushed pecans

To grow is not to grind  
To mope is not to mind  
The old cap  
The geezer  
The 15 second teaser

Behold and you know  
Everyone's a ringer  
He's not even a very good singer  
The dirt on the tracks  
Has hardened into clusters  
Earthen legs and honey mustard

A storm is closing in  
Our leaves start to spin  
It's getting  
Much later  
I wish I heard your radio  
(Tonight)

The people in the rain  
Are staring through our backs  
Wishing you had half a brain  
For all our little pain  
Tender is the mangle  
The science diet the ivory tangle

The world goes away  
Each every stinking day  
I'm getting  
Much better  
This night's little upsetter

The kids out in the street  
Take their toys and break them  
Look at them, then walk away

The guy on the cross  
Is holier than I  
But then again he's made from plastic

There's cattle tied with a chain  
Pinch the weeping Willie  
I know it's dumb, but sometimes I'm silly  
I crawl out of the rain

Think of me as fetal  
Think of me as the fifth Beatle