

Baltimore

Stephen Malkmus

Come on like gangbusters laying it thick
Arboreal sleastacks(?) lost in the sticks
It's warm for a Witch trial
Don't you agree?

Cold are the hands that would ever touch me

You got the energy of a classic creep
With sex vibe for miles and shark eyes asleep
No intuition
No need to sleuth

Poor is the man who would sully my youth

A one-minute story is all that you are
A song undeveloped beyond the first bar
For all of your hassle
What did you win?

Woe is the man with the Cheshire cat grin

You criticise life
You criticise pain
You criticise situations you've never been in

The dames with the dilettantes
Will come soon enough
All right

The panic is leaking
From every clear pore
You're Emma's weakened acetylene torch(?)

Surrender the crucifix
On the scorpals arise
Alright

I'm in love with the people
I'm in love with a saint
I'm in love with a soldier

From Baltimore
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