

Cold Son

Stephen Malkmus

At the centre
Where they go on weekdays
It takes hours
Just to slake that thirst

Heavy heels
And a daunting post rate
Bad idea for your
Blistered toes

To my wheel well you're getting close
So say adios
The conjecturers reject the rose
Don't stay high

High
High
On abuse

Sometimes it feels
Like the world's stuffed with feathers
Table-bottom gum
Just holding it together

A cold son
I am
Cold son
I am

You can chase it
But it won't come easy
It's a reverie
So silver-quick

It gets solid
When you're old
And hazy
Takes no leverage to make me click

To my wheel well you're getting close
The tension grows
Defy conjecture and accept the rose
Don't stay high

High
High
On abuse

Who was it that said
'The world is my oyster';
I feel like a nympho
Stuck in a cloister

Cold son
I am
Cold son
I am

Face plant
You stumble ahead
Victim of your rival pretensions
Know me

Face plant
You stumble ahead
Rival to the bitter pretensions
Know me

Cold son
I am
Cold son
I am