

Jenny & The Ess-Dog

Stephen Malkmus

Jennifer dates a man in a 60s cover band
He's the ess-dog, or sean if you wish
She's 18, he's 31
She's a rich girl, he's the son
Of a coca-cola middle man

Kiss when they listen
To "brothers in arms"
And if there's something wrong with this
They don't see the harm
In joining their forces and singing along

See those rings on her toes check that frisbee in his volvo
It's a volvo with ancient plates
They've got a dog she named trey
A retriever with a frayed bandana around his neck

Trey has a window into their relationship
The baby talk voices
And the post class-a nasal drip
But it all seems to function
At least in her dog's mind

Let me out of here
Let me out of here
You got to let me out of here
You got to let me out of here
Let me out of here
Out of here
Out of here, out of here
Let me out of here ill hit the ground running

Jennifer left for school up in boulder
And the ess-dog came to visit when he could
But the strain was too much
They could not make up for distance
And the distance between their years

Neither one listens
To "brothers in arms"
The ess-dog waits tables
And he sold his guitar
Jenny pledged kappa and she started pre-law
And off came those awful toe rings
Off came those awful toe rings