

Rushing The Acid Frat

Stephen Malkmus

I had a vision
Ice angels burning in two
Arctic fission
Slather your eyes with perfume

And eventually
We will die together
Such a modest dream
No persuasion needed
No big loss

Screw the pigeon
Flutter your wings and chow down
Competition
It's promising nothing, no how

And eventually
We'll get wine together
Independent means
No persuasion needed
No big loss