

Viktor Borgia

Stephen Malkmus

[Verse 1]

A tickle fancy
For paper Nancy
A conversation
Peace negotiation
We walk into the club
Thank the heavens above
There's a place we can go

[Chorus]

Your eyes are like a present
From a peasant
Oh, and I cherish them so
Oh, oh, oh

[Verse 2]

There's patient Larry
With his canary
He's here every week
On a big winning streak
Boys are raining on him

[Chorus]

Your eyes are like a presence
From a peasant
Oh, and he cherishes them so
Oh, oh, oh