

Same Kooks

The Hold Steady

They found me in a florist, I was fried and out of focus
I was kicking it with chemists
The scratches on my back, they formed into a choir
And belted out a chorus

There were clicks and hisses and complicated kisses
Gideon's got a pipe made from a Pringles can
Hey hey, providence
You gotta fall in love with whoever you can

The sheets stain but the sins wash away
Naked bodies in the Naraganset bay

Same kooks don't shoot but they sure do sniff
Same kooks can't fly because their wings are clipped
Same kooks can't come but they sure do kiss
Making love to the girls with the wrapped up wrists

The lord takes away and the lord delivers
Washed it all off in the Mississippi river

We slept it off in the matinees
We rip it up like the razor blades

Now we just need something to celebrate
I wanna open some bottles up
I'm getting tired
Of all these Styrofoam coffee cups

She said it's hard to feel holy when you can't get clean
Now she's bumping up against the washing machines
She said it's hard to slow down when you're picking up speed

It was those two same kooks from that one stupid photo shoot
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