

Stuck Between Stations (Acoustic Version)

The Hold Steady

There are nights when I think Sal Paradise was right.
Boys and Girls in America have such a sad time together.
Sucking off each other at the demonstrations
Making sure their makeups straight
Crushing one another with colossal expectations.
Dependent, undisciplined, and sleeping late. She was a really cool kisser and she wasn't all that
strict of a Christian.
She was a damn good dancer but she wasn't all that great of a girlfriend.
She likes the warm feeling but she's tired of all the dehydration.
Most nights are crystal clear
But tonight it's like it's stuck between stations
On the radio.
The devil and John Berryman
Took a walk together.
They ended up on Washington
Talking to the river.
He said I've surrounded myself with doctors
And deep thinkers.
But big heads with soft bodies
Make for lousy lovers.
There was that night that we thought John Berryman could fly.
But he didn't
So he died.
She said You're pretty good with words
But words won't save your life.
And they didn't.
So he died.
He was drunk and exhausted but he was critically acclaimed and respected.
He loved the Golden Gophers but he hated all the drawn out winters.
He likes the warm feeling but he's tired of all the dehydration
Most nights were kind of fuzzy
But that last night he had total retention. These Twin Cities kisses
Sound like clicks and hisses.
We all tumbled down and
Drowned in the Mississippi River. We drink
We dry up
Then we crumble to dust

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