

Baltimore

Stephen Malkmus & The Jicks

You come on like gangbusters laying it thick
Arboreal sleat stacks(?) lost in the sticks
It's warm for a witch trial
Don't you agree?
Cold are the hands that would ever touch me You got the energy of a classic creep
With sex vibe for miles and shark eyes asleep
No intuition
No need to sleuth
Poor is the man who would sully my youth A one-minute story is all that you are
A song undeveloped beyond the first bar
For all of your hassle
What did you win?
Woe is the man with the Cheshire Cat grin
You criticise life
You criticise pain
You criticise situations you've never been in The dames with the dilettantes
Will come soon enough
All right The panic is leaking
through every clear pore
Your enema's weakened
acetylene torch(?) Surrender the crucifix
On the scorbutic rocks alright
Alright
I'm in love with the people
I'm in love with a saint
I'm in love with a soldier From Baltimore
Baltimore

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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