

# 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 matinées  
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 its hard to slow down when you're picking up speed It was those two same kooks from  
that one stupid photo shoot  
It was those two same kooks from that one stupid photo shoot

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>