

# Same Kooks

## The Hold Steady

They found me in a florist, I was fried and out of focus  
And 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 Pringle's 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 Narragansett Bay  
Same kooks don't shoot but they sure do sniff  
Same kooks can't fly 'cause 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 just like the razor blades  
Now we just need something to celebrate  
I wanna open some bottles up  
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  
It was those two same kooks  
From that one stupid photo shoot

Lyrics provided by

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