No More Shoes

Stephen Malkmus

Came from the top of the deck
Warm and direct
No more shoes
No more news
No more bluesIranian gown on your frame
Born to the game
No more shoes
No more news
No more blues
take my time
and hurry up
and getcha back!All my stray thoughts
They are unarranged
All my stray thoughts
They are impure
All my stray thoughts
They are unarranged
All my stray thoughts
They are impureGive me subtle compliments
Give an autopsy of the event
Such uneven principles
Time and time and time again
...
Spare me your contrarian thawBeautiful nerves, send you wild
Lost in a pile
Of old shoes
Of old news
Of old bluesA gallery of vivid dreams
Torn and extreme
No more shoes
No more news
No more shoes
No more blues
No more, no more, no more, no more
No more more more more bluesI was made for lovin' you, babyI want my alka-seltzer!

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