The Old Gold Shoe

Lambchop

The gold stereo
Stretches out the sound
Turns the plates until they're rounded
The whole that you know
Gets closer to the ground
Closer to that thing you foundFor all our massive brains
To call on choked remains
It's painful, it's certain
That something's bound to break
(Inside)This house is not alone
I'm kicking 'round here somewhere
So check behind the ancient speaker
Like painful southern bliss pured upon like caramel
And garnished with some crushed pecansTo grow is not to grind
To mope is not to mind
The old cap, the geezer
The 15 second teaserBehold and you know everyone's a ringer
He's not even a very good singer
The dirt on the tracks
Has hardened into clusters
Earthen legs and honey mustardA storm is closing in
Our leaves start to spin
It's getting much later
I wish I heard your radio
(Tonight)The people in the rain
Are staring through our backs
Wishing you had half a brain
For all our little pain
Tender is the mangle
The science diet the ivory tangleThe world goes away
Each every stinking day
I'm getting much better
This night's little up-setterThe kids out in the street
Take their toys and break them
Look at them, then walk away
The guy on the cross is holier than I
But then again he's made from plasticFor all our massive brains
To call on choked remains
It's painful, it's certain

That something's bound to break
(Inside)There's cattle tied with a a chain
Pinch the weeping Willie
I know it's dumb but sometimes I'm silly
I crawl out of the rainThink of me as fetal
Think of me as the fifth Beatle

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