Oh Shoplifter

The Stills

I roll through your town
With clowns and a crowd
With no hopes at all
A blanket of snow falls outside
And keeps us drinking inside
Clear skies means clear brains
And elephant sized malaise
Oh you shoplifter
Why did you take her
From me

You've got motion inside
You're wild in your stride
Your stride drives her wild
Tell me the story of your
Fame and misfortune
Your cloud of distortion
I've been drained of that feeling
We've been driving all night
You ran off with my feelings
Don't you know

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