

# Baltimore

Stephen Malkmus

You come on like gangbusters laying it thick  
Arboreal sleat stacks(?) lost in the sticks  
It's warm for a witch trial  
Don't you agree?  
Cold are the hands that would ever touch me You got the energy of a classic creep  
With sex vibe for miles and shark eyes asleep  
No intuition  
No need to sleuth  
Poor is the man who would sully my youth A one-minute story is all that you are  
A song undeveloped beyond the first bar  
For all of your hassle  
What did you win?  
Woe is the man with the Cheshire Cat grin You criticise life  
You criticise pain  
You criticise situations you've never been in The dames with the dilettantes  
Will come soon enough  
All right The panic is leaking  
through every clear pore  
Your enema's weakened  
acetylene torch(?) Surrender the crucifix  
On the scorbutic rocks alright  
Alright I'm in love with the people  
I'm in love with a saint  
I'm in love with a soldier From Baltimore  
Baltimore

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