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 meYou 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 youthA 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 grinYou criticise life
You criticise pain
You criticise situations you've never been inThe dames with the dilettantes
Will come soon enough
All rightThe panic is leaking
through every clear pore
Your enema's weakened
acetylene torch(?)Surrender the crucifix
On the scorbutic rocks alright
AlrightI'm in love with the people
I'm in love with a saint
I'm in love with a soldierFrom Baltimore
Baltimore

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