

Same Kooks

The Hold Steady

They found me in a florist, I was fried and out of focus
And I was kicking it with chemists
The scratches on my back, they formed into a choir
And belted out a chorus There were clicks and hisses and complicated kisses
Gideon's got a pipe made from a Pringle's can
Hey hey providence
You gotta fall in love with whoever you can The sheets stain but the sins wash away
Naked bodies in the Narragansett Bay Same kooks don't shoot but they sure do sniff
Same kooks can't fly 'cause their wings are clipped
Same kooks can't come but they sure do kiss
Making love to the girls with the wrapped up wrists The Lord takes away and the Lord delivers
Washed it all off in the Mississippi river We slept it off in the matinees
We rip it up just like the razor blades
Now we just need something to celebrate
I wanna open some bottles up Getting tired
Of all these Styrofoam coffee cups She said it's hard to feel holy when you can't get clean
Now she's bumping up against the washing machines
She said it's hard to slow down when you're picking up speed It was those two same kooks
From that one stupid photo shoot
It was those two same kooks
From that one stupid photo shoot

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