

# 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 found For 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 pecans To grow is not to grind  
To mope is not to mind  
The old cap, the geezer  
The 15 second teaser Behold 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 mustard A 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 tangle The world goes away  
Each every stinking day  
I'm getting much better  
This night's little up-setter The 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 plastic For 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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