Frontwards

Stephen Malkmus

I am the only one searchin' for you
And if I get caught well, then the search is
And the stories you hear, you know they never add up
I hear the natives fussin' at the data chart
Be quiet, the weather's on the night newsEmpty homes, plastic cones
Stolen rims, are they alloy or
Well, I've got style, miles and milesSo much style that it's leavin'
This pattern's torn and she's weavin'
This pattern's torn and we're weavin' in itShe's the only one who always inhales
'Cause Paris is stale and it's war if we fail
And in the migrant hotels, they never sleep and they never will
Their souls are crumblin' like a dirt clod
Hold your cigarette cuts to the insideEmpty homes, plastic cones
Stolen rims, are they alloy or chrome?
Well, I've got style, miles and milesSo much style that it's leavin'
This pattern's torn that we're weavin'
This pattern's torn and we're weavin' in it

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