Cold Son

Stephen Malkmus & The Jicks

At the centre
Where they go on weekdays
It takes hours
Just to slake that thirstHeavy heels
And a daunting post rate
Bad idea for your
Blistered toesTo my wheel well youre getting close
So say adios
The conjecturers reject the rose
Dont stay highHigh
High
On abuse
Sometimes it feels
Like the worlds stuffed with feathers
Table-bottom gum
Just holding it togetherA cold son
I am
Cold son
I amYou can chase it
But it wont come easy
Its a reverie
So silver-quickIt gets solid
When youre old
And hazy
Takes no leverage to make me click
To my wheel well youre getting close
The tension grows
Defy conjecture and accept the rose
Dont stay highHigh
High
On abuseWho was it that said
The world is my oyster?
I feel like a nympho
Stuck in a cloisterCold son
I am
Cold son
I amFace plant
You stumble ahead
Victim of your rival pretensions

Know meFace plant
You stumble ahead
Rival to the bitter pretensions
Know meCold son
I am
Cold son
I am
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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