

Cold Son

Stephen Malkmus & The Jicks

At the centre
Where they go on weekdays
It takes hours
Just to slake that thirst Heavy heels
And a daunting post rate
Bad idea for your
Blistered toes To my wheel well youre getting close
So say adios
The conjecturers reject the rose
Dont stay high High
High
On abuse
Sometimes it feels
Like the worlds stuffed with feathers
Table-bottom gum
Just holding it together A cold son
I am
Cold son
I am You can chase it
But it wont come easy
Its a reverie
So silver-quick It 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 high High
High
On abuse Who was it that said
The world is my oyster?
I feel like a nympho
Stuck in a cloister Cold son
I am
Cold son
I am Face 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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