Discretion Grove

Stephen Malkmus and the Jicks

Hate recreated
A revelation
Uh listen to me
I'll tell you I'm about to run
The ceiling's are undone
Specialized victories
For overage whores
I felt up your feelings
And they left me no more time
To see what I want to findBelieve-- let it go
And leave--the shots in closing
Believe--discretion grove
For it's time
To go there
Yea there's time, there's time, there's time
To go thereCelt alcoholic
Feeling past blue
I'm tryin to get up
From sending all my selves to you
And in times I tilted truth
Major alfonso
Mind up the gold
The ceremonial dead trees
Told him all that he could do
And it's all we do to run, run, run,You're never gonna run aground until the sun is down
You are gonna hear the sound of a crazy ship
On an insane raidJust crash our wind on a manic bay
Distract the wind on a manic bay
Scratch the wind on a manic bay

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/