

# Stephen Malkmus, Baltimore

come on like gangbusters laying it thick  
arboreous sleestak lost in the sticks  
it's warm for a witch trial  
don't you agree?  
cold are the hands that would ever touch me

you got the energy of a classic creep  
with sex vibe for miles and shark eyes asleep  
no intuition, no need to sleuth  
poor is the man who would sully my view

a one minute story is all that you are  
a song undeveloped beyond the first bar  
for all of your hassle/hustle, what did you win?  
woe is the man with the cheshire cat grin

you criticize life, you criticize pain  
you criticize situations you've never been in  
but dawn for the debantes will come soon enough. alright!  
the panic is leaking through every clear pore  
your ?? is weaking a sedifine torch  
so root for the crucifix on the ?????? alright

i'm in love with the people  
i'm in love with the saint  
i'm in love with a soldier  
from  
baltimore, baltimore, baltimore