

# The Auteurs, Junk Shop Clothes

Junk shop clothes  
Will get you nowhere  
Theyre out of season  
Its betrayal with no treason  
Junk shop clothes  
Will get you...  
There is no reason why  
Your mother was a seamstress

Claim soutine never spent  
A thrift shop dime  
In this life  
Lenny bruce never walked  
In a dead mans shoes  
Even for one night

Junk shop clothes  
Will get you nowhere  
No summer pavilion  
No shooting season  
Junk shop clothes  
Will get you...  
For the rest of your life  
And the sun never shone  
On your frame pale and wan