

The Auteurs, Junk Shop Clothes

Junk shop clothes
Will get you nowhere
They're out of season
It's 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 man's 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