

The Hold Steady, Same Kooks

They found me in a florist
I was fried and out of focus.
I was kicking it with chemists

The scratches on my back
They formed into a choir
And belted out a chorus

There were clicks and hisses
And complicated kisses
Gideon's got a pipe made from a Pringles can

Hey hey providence
You gotta fall in love with whoever you can.

The sheets stain but the sins wash away
Naked bodies in the Naraganset bay

Same kooks don't shoot but they sure do sniff
Same kooks can't fly because their wings are clipped
Same kooks can't come but they sure do kiss
Making love to the girls with the wrapped up wrists

The lord takes away and the lord delivers
Washed it all off in the Mississippi river

We slept it off in the matines
We rip it up like the razor blades
Now we just need something to celebrate
I wanna open some bottles up
(I wanna open my body up)
I'm getting tired of all these Styrofoam coffee cups

She said it's hard to feel holy when you can't get clean
Now she's bumping up against the washing machines
She said its hard to slow down when you're picking up speed

It was those two same kooks from that one stupid photo shoot
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