

# Stephen Malkmus, It Kills

What you gonna do?  
I don't know, my friend  
But I'm open to suggestion if you'll proffer two cents  
Give me something I can hang my coat on, yeah!

Nine times out of ten  
I'm not the guidance type  
I've been sitting on a fencepost for the brunt of my life  
And now I need some help to find out what I feel, it kills

It kills the time  
Until you fill your heart, you'll see  
There's more to you than what you think and need

Where you gonna go?  
I don't know, my friend  
But I'll take this road forever or until it does end  
Here or there or someplace else, man, anywhere!

Maybe to the west  
Where they don't fall down  
In a canyon of a valley in a twenty-horse town  
A voluntary rest home where they lecture you, it kills

It kills the time  
Until you fill your heart, you'll see  
there's more to you than what you think and need

We can share our bland opinions  
About the quality of air  
and all will be right  
All will be right on top

There's a place in old dominion  
Near that courthouse by the square  
Where all will be right  
All will be right on top of the day