

Stephen Malkmus, No More Shoes

Came from the top of the deck
Warm and direct
No more shoes
No more news
No more blues

Iranian gown on your frame
Born to the game
No more shoes
No more news
No more blues--getcha back!

All my stray thoughts
They are unarranged
All my stray thoughts
They are impure

Give me sidearm compliments
Give an autopsy of the event
Such uneven principles
Time and time and time again
Spare me your contrarian thaw

Beautiful nerves, send you wild
Lost in a pile
Of old shoes
Of old news
Of old blues

A gallery of vivid dreams
Torn and extreme
No more shoes
No more news
No more shoes
No more blues
No more, no more, no more, no more
No more more more more blues

I was made for lovin' you, baby

I want my alka-seltzer!