

# Stephen Malkmus, Real Emotional Trash

takin' out the wife  
we're takin' out the wife  
it's that's kind of night  
well everybody talk, everybody listen  
nobody breathe  
take the child, let him go down  
cause daddy's on the run  
daddy's on the run

the trail has two ruts, and  
one is just a tunnel  
the other is a funnel to the tune (tomb?)  
easy said but less often done  
point me in the direction - of your  
real emotional trash

abstract citizen  
the abstract city sun  
up til now is done  
never gonna stray, never gonna stray, never gonna stray  
take the child, let him go down  
cause daddy's on the run  
daddy's on the run

and who will get there first  
should the bubble burst  
easy said but less often done  
point me in the direction - of your  
real emotional trash

i traipsed over the Mexican border  
in a cheap caravan, man  
like a snake with five eggs stuck in my stomach  
i needed some relief  
made it back to frisco in a vanity chest  
to the painted ladies on house arrest  
so wax up the waxed fruit it's time for a shine  
it's the old fruit that makes wine  
police me. police me. policeman. (please me?)

you got no reputation never took a swing  
silent when the ???? finds out  
in the sham arena play a messy game  
no time for you to pout  
down in sausalito we had clams for dessert  
you spilled some chardonnay on your gypsy skirt  
there's no more time for apricots he's got to make his own shade  
police me, police me, police me (please me?)