

# Stephen Malkmus, Trojan Curfew

Greek gods are communing beneath the Doric arch  
And they talk how small we humans are  
They drink to Agamemnon, they toast his Pyhrric march  
And wait for the sacrifices

Shepherds herd in real time  
Sheep are barley-grazing on a field of green  
Vines ripen to find  
Troy will prevail  
Trojan curfews prevail

So we got smashed on los  
Down around some Doric arch  
And the trashed blonde Scandi  
Mistook me for a Swede

Her slurred Medieval accent  
Was like a puddle at my feet  
You could see chopped tobacco in her teeth

Flaccid waves converging  
On a rock hard strip of concrete  
Near a field of green

We sign Deutschmarks are fine  
Aren't you too pale  
Does it hurt you?  
So pale  
Trojan curfews prevail