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 Ios
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