

Stephen Malkmus & The Jicks

"No One Is"

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I can't contain the motion
Get it out of my mind
I can bend the rules with primitive tools and stutters
I feel right at home beside the wood shed
Give as good as I do get
And I heart the part when you play the concerned
friend
When will it end?

Unfortunately none of us will get away spared
From the never-ending night life that we shared
I cannot even do one sit-up
Sit-ups are so bourgeoisie
I'm busy hanging out and spending your money
What does it mean?
I want to be there.

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