

Stephen Malkmus

"Baby C'mon"

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With a thousand tiny tears
No more weekend shares
Make it get away
Baby come on

If you give it to me, Timmy
I'm out here on a limb-y
I don't need hide-aways
Baby come on

Well, half-way through my life
I flipped an internal bitch so
Tell it to me straight
Baby come on

And I know that the shapes are great
So I won't hesitate
To leave it at the door
Baby come on

I see you're under my diamond
I see you driving the winds of hell

So you say that you're too old to yell
But too young for hell
It's not far away
Baby come on

If a life of tears cuts you down
Make you sit around
I won't make you stay
Baby, come on

I see your lovely traffic pose
I see you're trading what you're good for

Baby come on
Baby come on
Baby come on
Baby come on, let me come

Baby come on

Baby come on
Baby come on

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