

## Stephen Malkmus "Baltimore"

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You come on like gangbusters laying it thick  
Arboreal sleat stacks(?) lost in the sticks  
It's warm for a witch trial  
Don't you agree?  
Cold are the hands that would ever touch me

You got the energy of a classic creep  
With sex vibe for miles and shark eyes asleep  
No intuition  
No need to sleuth  
Poor is the man who would sully my youth

A one-minute story is all that you are  
A song undeveloped beyond the first bar  
For all of your hassle  
What did you win?  
Woe is the man with the Cheshire Cat grin

You criticise life  
You criticise pain  
You criticise situations you've never been in  
The dames with the dilettantes  
Will come soon enough  
All right

The panic is leaking  
through every clear pore  
Your enema's weakened  
acetylene torch(?)

Surrender the crucifix  
On the scorbutic rocks alright  
Alright

I'm in love with the people  
I'm in love with a saint  
I'm in love with a soldier

From Baltimore  
Baltimore

