

## **Stephen Malkmus**

### **"Cold Son"**

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At the centre  
Where they go on weekdays  
It takes hours  
Just to slake that thirst

Heavy heels  
And a daunting post rate  
Bad idea for your  
Blistered toes

To my wheel well you're getting close  
So say adios  
The conjecturers reject the rose  
Don't stay high

High  
High  
On abuse

Sometimes it feels  
Like the world's stuffed with feathers  
Table-bottom gum  
Just holding it together

A cold son  
I am  
Cold son  
I am

You can chase it  
But it won't come easy  
It's a reverie  
So silver-quick

It gets solid  
When you're old  
And hazy  
Takes no leverage to make me click  
To my wheel well you're getting close  
The tension grows  
Defy conjecture and accept the rose  
Don't stay high

High  
High  
On abuse

Who was it that said  
'The world is my oyster'?  
I feel like a nympho  
Stuck in a cloister

Cold son  
I am  
Cold son  
I am

Face plant  
You stumble ahead  
Victim of your rival pretensions  
Know me

Face plant  
You stumble ahead  
Rival to the bitter pretensions  
Know me

Cold son  
I am  
Cold son  
I am

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