

## **Stephen Malkmus**

# **"Real Emotional Trash"**

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takin' out the wife  
we're taking out the wife

it's that kind of night  
well everybody talk, everybody listen, nobody breathe  
take the time let him go down  
'cuz daddy's on the run  
daddies on the run

the trail has two ruts  
one is just a tunnel  
the other is funnel to the tune

easy said but less often done  
point me in the direction  
of your real emotional trash

abstract citizen  
the abstract city-sun

up to now is done  
never going to stray  
never going to stray  
never going to stray  
take the time let him go down  
'cuz daddy's on the run  
daddies on the run  
and who will get there first?  
she will bet her first

easy said but less often done  
point me in the direction  
of your real emotional trash

I traipsed over the Mexican border in a cheap caravan  
man  
like snake with fibre stuck in my stomach I needed  
some relief  
made it back to 'frisco in a vanity chest  
[with] two painted ladies under house arrest  
so wax up the wax fruit it time for shine  
its the old fruit that makes wine

please me please me please me police me

you got no reputation never took a swing  
silent when the hands find out  
in the sham marina playing mercy games no time for  
you bow  
down in sausalito we had clams for desert  
he spilt some chardonnay on your gypsy skirt  
its no more time for apricots he's got to make his own  
shade

please me please me please me police me

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