

Stephen Malkmus "Wicked Wanda"

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Wicked, wicked Wanda
What was it that spawned ya?
Who's responsible for your trash?

A pretty little spider
With Hollywood inside her
And no time to accommodate

Chicken scratch
A bare ass back
Never

Voice your scream
Hair loves cream
Forever

Wicked, wicked Wanda
I'd rather date Rwanda
Than be involved in
Your moral trash

Pretty little spider
With Hollywood inside her
And no time to accommodate

Venom kicks
We're not Jick
Offender

(I can see the moon the sun
the stars they shine on everyone
together)

Basement screams
Apparent to me
Forever

To be free of doubt and longing
Simple clarity
Belonging
In a role untouched by history

To be part of something vaster
Than yourself the frozen plaster
Break out of your core categories

Strike me square
Into the arms of the air

Strike me square
Into the arms of the air

Stories not reality
I feel like a junk contraption
Truth is I can't shake this vile fear

When I space out I'm direct
I got the beaker to reflect with
Free to be a temperamental tear

Strike me square
Into the arms of the air

Strike me square
Into the arms of the air

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