

## Hold Steady, The "Milkcrate Mosh"

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The gin was just like gideon.  
The kings were just like solomon.  
The bashes were like babylon.  
The jester kept on jacking off.  
Nervous cough, nervous cough, nervous cough and  
now we're off.  
Went down on the denver slums and she woke up in the  
rocky mountain dawn.  
Felt all freed up from the fears that you can never put  
your finger on.  
Finger on finger on finger on and now were gone.

We were smoking to the drinking songs off talking  
songs for walking.  
Waving marlboros like magic wands.  
Listen up closely to the lit tips of your cigarettes.  
Can't you hear the serpent hiss?  
Saying sweet baby suck on this.  
The white wine was the nectar.  
The oldies made me feel like phil spectator.  
Is charlemagne your main man or is he just your sad  
protector?

You know you look so good together.  
But sometimes I get a feeling that you're a little bit  
restless.  
It's a small scene already and it gets dirty on the  
fringes.  
You sucked through his defenses.

She said I usually wouldn't do this.  
But I couldn't help but notice.  
You had that text across your t-shirt.  
It said: what would judas do?  
He had those punching rings.  
He smoked the camel filter kings.  
We went back behind the building.  
He did a brisk little business.  
His party favors were party saviors.  
Otherwise we might have never made it.  
Went down in the springfield slums and woke up in the

sugar mountain pines.

Only to find that what you put into your mouth always  
gets into your mind.

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