

## Hold Steady, The "Some Kooks"

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they found me in a florist  
i was fried and out of focus.  
i was kicking it with chemists.

the scratches on my back  
they formed into a choir  
and belted out a chorus.

there were clicks and hisses.  
and complicated kisses.  
gideon's got a pipe made from a pringles can.

hey hey providence  
you gotta fall in love with whoever you can.

the sheets stain but the sins wash away.  
naked bodies in the naraganset bay.

same kooks don't shoot but they sure do sniff.  
same kooks can't fly because their wings are clipped.  
same kooks can't come but they sure do kiss  
making love to the girls with the wrapped up wrists.

the lord takes away and the lord delivers.  
washed it all off in the mississippi river.

we slept it off in the matinees  
we rip it up like the razor blades.  
now we just need something to celebrate.  
i wanna open some bottles up.  
(I wanna open my body up).  
I'm getting tired of all these styrofoam coffee cups.

she said its hard to feel holy when you can't get clean  
now she's bumping up against the washing machines  
she said its hard to slow down when you're picking up  
speed.

it was those two same kooks from that one stupid photo  
shoot.  
it was those two same kooks from that one stupid photo

shoot.

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