

Hold Steady, The "Stuck Between Stations"

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There are nights when i think that sal paradise was
right
Boys and girls in america have such a sad time
together
Sucking off each other at the demonstrations
Making sure their makeup's straight
Crushing one another with colossal expectations
Dependent, undisciplined, sleeping late

She was a really cool kisser and she wasn't all that
strict of a christian
She was a damn good dancer but she wasn't all that
great of a girlfriend
He likes the warm feeling but he's tired of all the
dehydration
Most nights were crystal clear but tonite its like it's
stuck between stations
On the radio.

The devil and john berryman took a walk together
They ended up on washington talking to the river
He said "I surrounded myself with doctors and deep
thinkers
But big heads with soft bodies make for lousy lovers"
There was that night that we thought that john
berryman could fly
But he didnt so he died
She said "you're pretty good with words but words
won't save your life"
And they didn't so he died

He was drunk and exhausted but he was critically
acclaimed and respected
He loved the golden gophers but he hated all the
drawn out winters
He likes the warm feeling but he's tired of all the
dehydration
Most nights were kind of fuzzy but that last night he
had total retention

Tthese twin city kisses

Sound like clicks and hisses
And we all come down and drown in the mississippi
river

We drink, we dry up, we crumble into dust
We get wet we corrode, we get covered in rust.

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