

The Hold Steady "Milkcrate Mosh"

Visit "[Milkcrate Mosh](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 spector. 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.

Visit [The Hold Steady](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.