

## **The Hold Steady** **"Same Kooks"**

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They found me in a florist, I was fried and out of focus  
And 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 Pringle's 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 Narragansett Bay

Same kooks don't shoot but they sure do sniff  
Same kooks can't fly 'cause 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 just like the razor blades  
Now we just need something to celebrate  
I wanna open some bottles up

Getting tired  
Of all these Styrofoam coffee cups

She said it's hard to feel holy when you can't get clean  
Now she's bumping up against the washing machines  
She said it's 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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