

Real Emotional Trash

Stephen Malkmus & The Jicks

takin' out the wife
we're taking out the wife it's that kind of night
well everybody talk, everybody listen, nobody breathe
take the time let him go down
'cuz daddy's on the run
daddy's on the run the trail has two ruts
one is just a tunnel
the other is funnel to the tune easy said but less often done
point me in the direction
of your real emotional trash abstract citizen
the abstract city-sun
up to now is done
never going to stray
never going to stray
never going to stray
take the time let him go down
'cuz daddy's on the run
daddy's on the run and who will get there first?
should the bubble burst easy said but less often done
point me in the direction
of your real emotional trash I traipsed over the Mexican border in a cheap caravan man
like snake with fibre stuck in my stomach I needed some relief
made it back to 'frisco in a vanity chest
with two painted ladies under house arrest
so wax up the waxed fruit it time for shine
it's the old fruit that makes wine
police man police man police man police man you got no reputation never took a swing
silent when the hands find out
in the sham marina playing mercy games no time for you bow
down in Sausalito we had clams for desert
he spilt some Chardonnay on your gypsy skirt
it's no more time for apricots he's got to make his own shade police man police man police man
police me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>