

Stephen Malkmus, Baby C'mon

With a thousand tiny terrors
No more weekend shares
Make it get away
Baby come on

If you give it to me timmy
I'm out here on a limb-y
I don't need hideaways
Baby come on

well, half-way through my life
I flipped on internal bitch so
Tell it to me straight
Baby come on

And i know that the shapes are great
So i won't hesitate
To leave it at the door
Baby come on

I see you're under my diamond
I see you driving the winter shell

So you say that you're too old to yell
But too young for hell
It's not far away
Baby come on

If a life of tears cuts you down
You can sit around
I won't make you stay
Baby, come on

I see your lovely traffic pose
I see you're trailing what you're good for

Baby come on
Baby come on
Baby come on
Baby come on, let me come

Baby come on
Baby come on
Baby come on