

Stephen Malkmus, Discretion Grove

Hate recreated
A revelation
A-listen to me
I'll tell you I'm about to run
And the ceiling's are undone

Specialized victories
For overage whores
I felt up your feelings
And they left me no more time
To see what I want to find

"(Believe)" let it go
"(And leave)" The shots in closing
"(Believe)" Discretion grove
For it's time to go there
Yeah, there's time, there's time, there's time
To go there

A Celt alcoholic
Feeling past blue
I'm tryin to get up
From sending all my selves to you
And in times I tilted you

Major Alfonso
Mined up the gold
The ceremonial dead trees
Told him all that he could do
And it's all we do to run, run, run, run

"(Believe)" let it go
"(And leave)" The shots in closing
"(Believe)" Discretion grove
For it's time to go there

You're never gonna run aground until the sun is down
You are gonna hear the sound of a crazy ship
On an insane raid
Discretion wind, let it go

You're never gonna run aground until the sun is down
You are gonna hear the sound of a crazy ship
On an insane raid

Just crash our wind on a manic bay
Distract the wind on a manic bay
Scratch the wind on a manic Bay