

Cold Son

Stephen Malkmus & The Jicks

D Dm
At the center where they go on weekdays

D Dm D
It takes hours just to slake that thirst

D Dm
Heavy heels and a daunting pulse rate

D Dm Bm
Bad idea for your blistered toes

G
To my wheel, well youre getting close

D
So say adios

A
The conjecturers reject the rose

G
Don t stay high high-igh-igh-igh

D
On abuse

Em F#m G F#m
Sometimes it feels like the worlds s stuffed with feathers

Em F#m G A
Table-bottom gum just holding it together

Em D A
A cold son, i am

Em D A
A cold son, i am

D Dm
You can chase it but it wont come easy

D Dm D
It s a revery so silver-quick

D Dm

