

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**

It gets solid when you re old and hazy

D **Dm** **Bm**
Takes no leverage to make me click

G
To my wheel, well youre getting close

D
The tension grows

A
Defy conjecture and accept the rose

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

D
On abuse

Em **F#m** **G** **F#m**
Who was it that said the world is my oyster?

Em **F#m** **G** **A**
I feel like a nympho stuck in a cloister!

Em **D** **A**
Cold son, i am

Em **D** **A**
A cold son, i am

Em
Face-plant stumble ahead

D **A**
Victim of your rival pretensions know me

Em
Face-plant stumble ahead

D **A**
Rival to the bitter pretensions know me

Em **D** **A**
Cold son, i am

Em **D** **A**
A cold son, i am

Outro: **Dm D7** x4