

Trojan Curfew

Stephen Malkmus

Greek gods are communing
Beneath the doric arch
And they talk how small we humans are
They drink to agamemnon
They toast his pyhrric march
And wait for the sacrifices
Shepherds herd in real time
Sheep are barley-grazing on a field of green
Vines ripen to find
Troy will prevail
Trojan curfews prevail
So we got smashed on ios
Down around some doric arch
And the trashed blonde scandi
Mistook me for a swede
Her slurred medieval accent
Was like a puddle at my feet
You could see chopped tobacco in her teeth
Flaccid waves converge
On a rock hard strip of concrete
Near a field of green
We sign deutschmarks are fine
Aren't you too pale
Does it hurt you?
So pale
Trojan curfews prevail