

## Rice

Dan Bern

He had just returned from Monte Carlo  
He was on his way to Japan  
And everything they did made me want to emulate them  
Made me want to be just like them

And his wife, looking very Japanese  
Had never been to Japan  
She sang Japanese songs, I tried my best to sing along

And the sky was gray and it looked like it might rain  
And I decided that  
I was only eating rice from then on

And he spoke of places and of people that I knew very  
well  
And I asked about them, it seemed painful for him to  
speak  
She said maybe later, if we go to the movies you can  
speak  
He was reading heavy books, and seemed burdened by his  
knowledge,  
She wore a thin Japanese robe

And the sky was gray and it looked like it might rain  
And I decided that I was only eating rice from then on

Hey, sweet dreams, great teacher  
Hey, great teacher, sweet dreams  
Hey, sweet dreams, great teacher  
Hey, great teacher, sweet dreams

I will meditate each morning at the sunrise  
I will write down all of my dreams  
I will travel on the backroads , I will  
Keep myself open to whatever  
Every day I will learn a secret language  
I will make my living in the casino  
With 11 or less against a bust card  
I will double down

And the sky is gray and it looks like it might rain  
And I've decided that I'm only eating rice from now on  
Hey, sweet dreams, great teacher  
Hey, great teacher, sweet dreams