

(Theme from) Carjack Fever

Harvey Danger

theres a bright white light
to shine shine on all the dim bulbs in the crowd tonight
and theres a thin yellow line to separate the fast lane
and theres a man i know,
hell take apart your engine if you ask him right;
lets empty all the minibars and leave this town in flames.

hes starving for attention,
she's swallowing her pride.
bitter gall for bleeding ulcers,
attitudes you cant abide.
a sentence fragment city,
a poor excuse for a life of crime.
this is not a road picture,
we are not amused (or surprised).
you dont need a passport to know what state youre in.

she wore barrettes of many colors in her many-colored hair.
thats not the point--they only notice what you wear.
she said, "the moon is a toenail, the stars are a guardrail, my
heart is a sandpail...
and youre toluca lake."

stop the traffic!
bend the time!
were heading into territory too ugly to explore (but theyve bot
h been there before).
he quotes nathanael west.
she tries her best,
but cant find a mouth to grin with
cause a tragedy requires a little greatness to begin with...

you are ill wind, you blow no good;
a pissant under glass, an airport neighborhood.
earthquake survivor, feral youngsters smoking tea.
spit in your hands and see you splinter every tree.
culver city! beachwood drive! vesper avenue!
hey hey! the needle on the radiator rising as the road inclines
.

the scene is going nowhere fast;
hes shooting highway signs.
she carves her sorry epitaph, a carjack fever scrawl:
"if you only live in movies maybe you dont really live at all."
you don't need a passport.