

If Not Now, Whenever

The Books

Can we talk some more?
I don't know.
I don't either.
Monday. January.
Independent!
I'd like to go home and go to sleep,
I'd like to go home and go to sleep.
And you're running down.
And you're running down.
And your head is made of clouds, but your feet are made
of ground.
And you're running down.
You are cursed with a curse.
If you work very hard, my boy, some day you may become,
uhm... women.
(eh he he, bless you, eh hee hee hee ha)
Ce'i n'est pas une pipe.
Yeah!
How are you doing today, I'm not doing ok.
I've got a cramp in my left arm.
Change me, change me (oh oh oh)
And I feel like hell. Uh huh, well why don't you go
home to bed, heh eh em.
Sssssssssseven.
And you're running down. Ssssssssss.
And you're running down. (the books)
And your head is made of clouds, but your feet are made
of ground.
Aaaarghhhhhh.
And you're running down. (oioioioi)
And crash! The angel of death!
I am the angel of death.
I am the angel of death.
January, our nation is drifting,
strange situation, Monday.
I wonder if I could? Of course you can.
I don't know. True.
I have tried.
Will you try still harder now?
(the situation there is too confused,
what is this, what's he talking about)
I will try to.
(What? Me? No. We need you, for a long long long moment
all was silent, you make it sound as though I would be
a..., it must have been a terrible time, Do not go, is
it really you, I have only one passion, yes father,
what was his name again, I don't understand, it is he,
thank you, of course, no father, well thank you, very
well, the situation there is too confused, what is
this, what's he talking about What? Me? No. We need
you, you make it sound as though I would be uhh..., it
must have been a terrible time, Do not go, the tears
streamed out of my eyes, we have done everything, in
every sense of the word, heh, so you've said and so
you've done, there are three... no four books, why not,
please, heh heh heh heh, yes I see, you've, uh, phrased
that very well.)

Ahhhhh Books. yes yes that's true.
The books. I can't find the books, they must be in La
Jolla.
And your head is made of clouds, but your feet are made
of ground.
and you're running down.
I had stayed up for 46 hours in a row.
Yeah!
(ewl zsssh)