

I do my best to sleep through the caterwaul
Ther classicists, the posturing avant-garde
I bought a grey macaw named him Jules Vern
He'll probably outlive me he's a bright bird
Keeps me company I teach him new words

I saw a hologram at the theme park
She looked as real as me through the white fog
Then she melted down to her ankles
Turned into a million-watt candle
If I knew where she went I would follow

Walking through the land of tomorrow
Martian trinkets, plastic Apollos
In the sunshine try to act normal
My veins are full of flat cherry-cola
Slept on a bench by the rollercoaster

Dreamt I was riding on a motorbike
Lion of Judah painted on the side

I'm doing fine, I'm back in the Palisades
Life's a wash, a pastoral school play
China shops and cold ivory towers
I and I make toasts to the Caesars
Forcing down the dregs of Decembers

Madeline she spins in a slow bang
All through the house the strong smell of burnt sage
Let's make it clean and run out the spirits
I know a diving bell when I hear it
We're going down now under the surface

Light to dark can shift in an instant
Feeling close but keeping my distance
On all fours she's just so insistent
Fills my mind with jump ropes and slit wrists
Bust through the Firewall into heaven

Then I'm standing in that blinding light
Crooked crosses falling from the sky

Seen yeah seen by I and I