

## Radium Eyes

Count Zero

Merry is the man  
With money in his hand  
With grease between the wheels  
And lamps in his latrine

And stacks of fresh towels for his wet hands  
Counting up all his toys  
Draining tent fire from the neighbors  
Sermons from soldier boys

Like our young cadet  
Whose lords require sweat  
'Til Spain is on it's ass  
Surrendering Philipppines

He's stuck in ruts wearing lead pants  
Buried chest-deep in a Maginot  
Wondering when he'll touch flesh again  
Next chance he gets, he must tell her:

"Oh, you've got Radium eyes"

He can see his girl  
With temporary curls,  
Her doorbell fetching maid,  
Pour fxtes a la piscine

But she's working, changing the bedpans  
In cities where none but daughters roam  
Stretchers fill evry cathedral  
Tarpaulins drip from each broken dome

"You've got Radium eyes"

Day meets night in your eyes.

"Oh, you've got Radium eyes"