

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