

Samurai Cowboy

Kurt Elling

You dig /everything in life / everything you've seen Everywhere
you've been / you have been thinking all of the time

Everything that's happened to you / has been made or construed
to brood At least passively in the life of the mind

You dig / memory is such / nothing gets away Everything you tou
ch / finds a place / deep inside your inner clutch

And it seems gigantical scenes / pouring in from your outer dre
ams Wrinkle mental stuff in your own skully hutch

And once you think it / naught you can do to stop / you've simp
ly got to cop Nevertheless the thought can really wig you

Like sometimes I'll / go for a run / there's nothing I expect t
o run to When all of the sudden the thought begins / a feeling
like in my brain there lives an alien / And it gets funky then

Then I think / maybe I am just a little man in a space capsule
Riding 'round in a balloon / deep down inside my head (Some big
old giant's head - dig?)

I'm driving the running / the motion sequence of running and pu
shing and Pumping the oxygen deep in the plumbing / sumping on
to some-way Some-
how keep on moving the giant / keeping him pliant

Right now an arch-typical synap-tically of light / a firing ana
tomical hit Is right now getting down / dig? Shooting a rapid-
fire sparkle-chemical in the atmosphere, here

& thinking that I'm thinking of thinking / only makes me think
a kink In a way / that only goes to cite that Descartes was rig
ht!

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