

White Lily

Laurie Anderson

I don't know about your dreams
But mine are sort of hackneyed.
Same thin
night after night.
Just...repetitive.
And the color is really bad -
And the themes are just infantile.
And you always get what you want -
And that's just not the way life is.

First National Bank? I love it!
New hat? Forget it!
Moby Dick? Never read it!

I came home today
and both our cars were gone.
And there were all these new pink
Flamingoes arranged in star patterns
All over the lawn.
Then I went into the kitchen
And it looked like a tornado had it.
And then I realized I was in the wrong house.

Last night I had that dream again.
I dreamed I had to take a test
In a Dairy Queen on another planet.
And then I lokked around
And there was this woman.
And she was making it all up.
She was writing it all down.

And she was laughing.
She was laughing her head off.
And I said: Hey!
Give me that pen!

I turned the corner in Soho today and someone
Looked right at me and said: Oh no!
Another Laurie Anderson clone!
And I said: Look at me! Look at me! Look at me!
Look at me! Look at me! Look at me! Look at me!
Look at me! Look at me! Look at me! Look at me!