

Long distance call with the lying man  
He said twenty miles from the airport is the promised  
Land  
A night in detroit he perfumed my ear  
Come into my spot no reason to fear  
I'm inside the postcard and soon I can smell  
The spell of the Motel  
The lying man was standing deep in the shade  
Singing a sweet serenade  
He's back in the sixties  
Hell's angels parade  
We were surrounded by graveyards and american flags  
It was the end of the day  
We walked to the room and started to pray  
So hungry I went out to find a sushi  
The avenue was vast - a desert  
Nothing but a pale girl staring at me  
I'd rather meet a pervert or a human sushi  
She asked me for a nickel  
I ask her for a piece  
Misunderstanding  
No reason for a battle  
I went back to the motel  
The only light I could see  
I needed a bath and bubbles around me  
I vanished into the water and gently smiled  
I sniffed my baby's pants and lied on her sidewalk's  
Tomorrow we'll be in Mexico