

Drive

Pere Ubu

Drive to the sun past the brittle bones of a moon-like world.
It's a big country
and a sun-scarred land
and the wind howls thru a winter of lies
It's a long way back down the road that everybody knows.
It's empty now but my eyes are framed in the rear view.
Does the desperation show?

Drive to the sun, he said,
thru a look that looks from far away.
We've trailed our dreams behind us for days like paper
that's been shredded by the force of our passing.

It's a lonely road out there where tomorrow has got no home in yesterday.
All the day goes rushing west
but the thing is so near that the words catch in my throat and I can't explain

East is east
but west is best.
Your golden arms
I fear to test.
East is east
but west is best.
Your golden arms
I fear.

I know a road they say is the loneliest highway in the world.
Have you seen it?
It's as relentless as the arrow of time
and just as unforgiving.

Drive to the sun, he said. Into the vanishing point!
Across a dry sea bed: cobalt blue,
tin can rusted,
salt-encrusted lips--
your face is a mirror.

We will never know what it was that has been lost from here.
We will never know what it is.
All we can know is what we have lost instead,
you & I.

Drive to the sun, he said,
as yet another ghost town casino forms thru the shimmering heat.
Think of all that existential claptrap that litters the days of our lives.

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