

## Nevada!

Pere Ubu

We've come on the sloop John B,  
my grandfather & me  
Round Nassau Town we did roam through them dry sea beds  
And them dinosaur bones  
The heat beat down fit to crack them stones  
And I feel so broke down I gotta go home...  
So hoist up the John B sails  
See how the main sail sets  
I call for the captain, sayin, "I gotta go home"  
I call for the captain, sayin, "I wanna go home"  
(Them good days are gone)

The first mate,  
her heart sunk  
She went & cried in the captain's bunk  
I said, Don't cry baby; don't fly in a rage!  
I'll tell you a story about the Golden Age  
It was 30 cents a gallon on a superhighway  
And you could fly like the wind through the hollow of the day  
John Stone?  
He'd leave you alone  
You'd never get broke down, never go home  
So hoist up the John B sails  
See how the main sail sets  
I call for the captain, sayin, "I gotta go home"  
I call for the captain, sayin, "I wanna go home"  
(Them good days are gone)

Nevada!  
Honey, don't go to bits  
We'll get to Reno & we'll call it quits