

# Visions Of Johanna

Robyn Hitchcock

Ain't it just like the night to play tricks when you're tryin' to be so quiet?  
We sit here stranded, though we're all doin' our best to deny it  
And Louise holds a handful of rain, temptin' you to defy it  
Lights flicker from the opposite loft  
In this room the heat pipes just cough  
The country music station plays soft  
But there's nothing, really nothing to turn off  
Just Louise and her lover so entwined  
And these visions of Johanna that conquer my mind  
In the empty lot where the ladies play blindman's bluff with the key chain  
And the all-night girls they whisper of escapades out on the "D" train  
We can hear the night watchman click his flashlight  
Ask himself if it's him or them that's really insane  
Louise, she's all right, she's just near  
She's delicate and seems like the mirror  
But she just makes it all too concise and too clear  
That Johanna's not here  
The ghost of 'lectricity howls in the bones of her face  
Where these visions of Johanna have now taken my place  
Now, little boy lost, he takes himself so seriously  
He brags of his misery, he likes to live dangerously  
And when bringing her name up  
He speaks of a farewell kiss to me  
He's sure got a lotta gall to be so useless and all  
Muttering small talk at the wall while I'm in the hall  
How can I explain?  
Oh, it's so hard to get on  
And these visions of Johanna, they kept me up past the dawn  
Inside the museums, Infinity goes up on trial  
Voices echo this is what salvation must be like after a while  
But Mona Lisa musta had the highway blues  
You can tell by the way she smiles  
See the primitive wallflower freeze  
When the jelly-faced women all sneeze  
Hear the one with the mustache say, "Jeez  
I can't find my knees."  
Oh, jewels and binoculars hang from the head of the mule  
But these visions of Johanna, they make it all seem so cruel  
The peddler now speaks to the countess who's pretending to care for him  
Sayin', "Name me someone that's not a parasite and I'll go out and say a prayer for him."  
But like Louise always says  
"Ya can't look at much, can ya man?"  
As she, herself, prepares for him  
And Madonna, she still has not showed  
We see this empty cage now corrode  
Where her cape of the stage once had flowed  
The fiddler, he now steps to the road  
He writes ev'rything's been returned which was owed  
On the back of the fish truck that loads  
While my conscience explodes  
The harmonicas play the skeleton keys and the rain  
And these visions of Johanna are now all that remain