

## Eric's Trip

Sonic Youth

I can't see anything at all  
All I see is me  
That's clear enough  
That's what's important  
To see me

My eyes can focus  
My brain is talking  
It looks pretty good to me  
My head's all straight  
My girlfriend's beautiful  
It looks pretty good to me

Sometimes I speak  
Tonight there's nothing to say  
Sometimes we freak  
And laugh all day

Hold these pages  
Up to the light  
See the jackknife  
Inside of the dreams

A railroad runs through  
The record stores at night  
Coming in for  
The deep freeze

Mary, a simple word  
Are you there  
In the cold country?  
Your eyes so full  
Your head so tight  
Can't you hear me?

Remember our talk  
That day on the phone  
I said I was the door  
And you were the station

With shattered glass  
And miles between us  
We still flew away  
In a conversation

My cup is full  
And I feel okay  
The world is dull  
But not today

She thinks, she's a goddess  
She says, she talks to the spirits  
I wonder if she can talk to herself?  
If she can bear to hear it

This is Eric's trip  
We've all come

To watch him slip  
He's slippin'  
All the way to Texas  
Can you dig it?

I see you with a glass eye  
The pavement view  
A shadow forming  
Across fields rushing  
Through me to you

We tore down the world  
And put up four walls  
I breathe in the myth  
I'm over the city  
Fucking the future  
I'm high inside your kiss

We can't see clear  
But what we see is alright  
We make up what we can't hear  
And then we sing all night

Scattered pages  
And shattered lights  
See the jackknife  
See the dreams  
There's something moving  
Over there to the right  
Like nothing I've ever seen