

Couch Potato

Sun Kil Moon

Techies walkin' around, takin' shots at the junkies. I miss San Francisco, circa 1990's. It was peaceful then and the world was much less whiny, I read books, conversed at the cafes, and y'all went out to the movies. Pre-Twitter shit, no emotion-alterin' the rise of technology. Pre-Facebook shit, and all my dumb idiocracy, pre-bandwagon shit, no knee-jerk, post, triggerin arguments about [?], and the accusations against Morgan Freeman. Homelessness was sad, but we didn't try to erase them from this city's history. And throwing names at them that are demoralizing, uncool, and derogatory. What's it to you, some use your land, under a pretty palm tree down the street? What's it to you, some bus stop's somebody else's lavatory? All you do is stay in and order food from your apps anyway

Potatoes, potatoes, whiny goddamn couch potatoes
Potatoes, potatoes, whiny goddamn couch potatoes

And you're hijacked by everything that pops up on your phone. and you're angry about it for an hour until the news diverts your attention by throwing you another bone. And yeah, you're justified in being angry the kids are being pulled from their parents at the border, but when Obama had illegal immigrants thrown out of the country left and right, y'all thought he was adorable. Made you feel so good to love the smiling light-skin black man, but like I said, illegals were being thrown out of the country under him. I wrote a song once for an immigrant, years ago, who broke the law. He had three kids. Three kids and he was sent back to Mexico where his wife and kids didn't even get a phone call. Under Obama, guys were getting sent back to their birth places. Y'all I sang that song for you, and you requested it at my shows! That song, if you all remember, was called Gustavo

Don't give much thought to Gustavo
I don't give much thought to Gustavo
I don't give much thought-

You thought that song was funny. You thought the song was sweet. That it was cute, you didn't think about those kids gettin' pulled from their daddies much, did you? But now your hearts hurt from the kids being pulled from their mommies and daddies, aren't you? What's been happening for years is just now the news, just finally spin it in a way that alarms you. This whole agenda promotin' the orangutan who came from the zoo who's gonna be the president again, mark my words, thanks to the news and social media, and thanks to couch potatoes called you. They ain't even human beings to the people who are on the news. Just [?] signs then, you're just all just a bunch of junkies, sniffin' their booze. Sniffing whatever the anchor man decides to sell you

Sniffers, sniffers, bunch of goddamn booze sniffers
Sniffers, sniffers, bunch of goddamn booze sniffers
Sniffers, sniffers, bunch of goddamn-

I'm telling you people, if you keep pecking away at your phones , Donald Duck gonna be in office eight years, cause of prophecy . (350?). Donald gonna be there, two full terms, that's for sure. So with the San Francisco homeless, and so the [?] pimps and hoes. I don't mind the pimps and hoes, and the bums pissin' in the alleys and nobody else did until San Francisco sold its ass to Silicon Valley. Now the rich want to be catered to, they want perfection, they don't want poverty in their streets. But the poor gonna stick around, and in time, all the techies gonna retreat. They never gave a fuck about the Golden Gate Bridge or the beautiful terrain or by Cafe Trieste where they hate Ashberry, or the Jefferson Airplane. They'll be packing up and leavin' on the Google train. Maybe move to Jellystone Park, if we're lucky, and they can cry to Yogi Bear about all the pain. Don't get me wrong, do not think that I don't care. I've employed more illegal immigrants than the average joe on his lunch break in Union Square. I've given lots of pesos to kids in the streets of Guajaca, Mexico. I bought their chapolinis every morning from their wooden bowls. Me myself, I got an idea of how this president came to office. People believin' the predictions of Don Lemon as if he were Nostradamus. People started givin' platforms to Paula Deen and Paris Hilton. People started to believe in headlines that are as believable as bigfoot sightings, and Rumplestiltskin

This morning, I had a dream that I was with Caroline at a cafe. Somewhere in California, it felt like somewhere in Belinas, lots of daylight comin' through the windows. There was a band playing at the corner. We met the drummer, he kinda looked like Jack Kilmer. He told us that his brother plays a percussive instrument with strings, like guitar strings, they played most did not sustain, but went pling pling. he told us he was gonna drive some place neary to pick up some drumsticks and he asked if we wanted to come along. Caroline said "I'll stick around at the cafe", but I said I was up for the ride if it wouldn't take too long. And we were drivin', I asked "where's your brother live?" and he said Long Park. And I said "Actually, I've been there. Does your brother play in the house band with the Long Park wine factory?" He said "Yes", and I said "Well, I think I've seen him play, a long-haired guy?". He said "that's him" and kept on driving and driving, further and further, and I asked him where he was going. he said "To San Francisco. You said you needed a ride, right?" I said "No, man, I thought we were going to your rehearsal space to get some drum sticks, right?" He said "No, I'm heading to San Francisco, I thought you said that's where you live". I said "I do, but hold on, stop the car, tell me we are, you Jack Kilmer-faced kid". He pulled over and I called Ca

roline and told her where I was. He dropped me off on the side of the side of the road somewhere in Northern California, I waited for Caroline to pick me up. And I woke up from the dream, and I walked down to Aquatic Park

And from the pier, I looked out into the fog. Soakin' up the air, I could barely see Tiberun. Fisherman were fishing on the East side of the pier. Every day it's my pleasure to walk out here. Three seals poke their heads up from the water. These beautiful things are why I moved here. A man was giving sailboat lessons to a younger man. From there, I walked to Levi's store and bought a warmer jacket. Nathan overslept and I went, and knocked on his hotel door. Past the City Lights bookstore and the North Beach Hotel. I waited for him down in the lobby. Watched a young girl ask the lady at the front desk if she knew how to get to Yosemite. And Nathan and I went and ate sandwiches at Malinari's. We went to City Lights and I talked to one of the employees. I bought the book about the boxer from Modesto, Fat City. I bought the book called Antisocial Media about how Facebook undermines democracy. Told the staff I was gonna post a photo of the book on my social media pages and one of them said "that's funny." Then Nathan and I went to Trieste, I got an iced tea, he got a coffee. I said to the guy "I see you're starting the day with the music of Air Supply." And we walked back up the Point to the mural of Paul Kenton. Passed City Lights again and in the storefront was a huge selection of Bukowsky. And we walked up through China Town through Jack Kerouac Alley. Bought some cucumbers and some blueberries. Everything was harmonious and merry. We walked past Le Hung Lao and I thought of the chap dumplings that are always delicious and savory. Everything reminded me of what it was about the city that first spoke to me. And as we approached High Street Studio. We tend to want the homeless as they've always been, minding their own. I sang about everything leading up to waking up and walking to Aquatic Park. All that must have been sparked by articles my friend had sent me. Sensational headlines and attention-grabbing posts like "Medical convention was relocated from San Francisco to LA cause doctors are scared". "Last year at same convention, somebody's purse was stolen". "I'm from a third-world country, and San Francisco is worse". "Norway valley, shocked and disgusted by the homeless". "Middle-age tech guys angry cause they saw feces on the street corner once". I don't know what it is that they see or feel. I told him, man, there are places for people who can't hack the city. They are called "sotos" "[?]" or "[?]" or "Hercules". All I know is this morning, I saw the seagulls flying above me, and from there the day moved along peacefully. And here in the studio, I'm singing tunefully to the music of Jim and Di and me, joyfully. We took a break, went out for dinner. The waitress asked the guy at the table how he was doin'. Said "The world's all messed up, but me, I'm doin' fine."