

Tight toy night, streets were so bright.
The world looked so thin and between my bones and skin
there stood another person who was a little surprised
to be face to face with a world so alive.
I fell.

Didja feel low? No, not at all. Huh???

I fell right into the Arms of Venus de Milo.
I stood up, walked out of the Arms of Venus de Milo.
You know it's all like some new kind of drug.
My senses are sharp and my hands are like gloves.
Broadway looked so medieval -
it seemed to flap, like little pages:
I fell sideways laughing with a friend from many stages.
How I felt.
Suddenly my eyes went so soft and shaky.
I knew there was pain but pain is not aching.
Then Richie, Richie said:
"Hey man let's dress up like cops
Think of what we could do!"
But something, something said "you better not."
And I fell.