

I was down in the city on a miracle street
I flailed like a swimmer through the summer heat
I was waiting for a friend that I needed to meet
And I's hoping she was bringing with her something sweet
And I's hoping for an open little opening
And I suffer for a groovy little happening
But it's all going wrong just like they sing in that song
The song that I wrote about you that they put on TV
The TV that I gave you cuz you wanted to see
But all you saw were spaces where the people used to be
A hundred bastard voids with their pull on me
In the valley of death you'll be breathless, and free

You'll be dancing like a fool near the solar sea
You'll be twitching like a drunk in a pharmacy
You'll be swatting at the flies in your papillion
Where the millionaire just blew a gazillion
The finger nails are all hot vermillion
And the traffic grinds down to a stand-stil-ion
And the mynah birds are pecking at the carrion
And you read it already in Hyperion
And you read about my trial in the clarion
A sack fool of aches I've been carry'n
When the lights turn green I diss(?) all of the screen
When the lights turn red I put the whole thing to bed

Well I've got a fever
And I'm feeling fainter
I'm a dim receiver
I'm a cold war painter
If you can just hold still
I will make you all so beautiful

When the lights turn blue I know what to do
I'll drown my sorrows in an ocean or two
And the pretty little things with their magnets and rings
Blooming like a flower through a series of springs
Thank you fate and the freight(?) that you brings
Thank you Fortuna and that song that she sings
Thank you to my manager for letting me live
Thank you to my friends and the friends that you're with
Thank you to the lord who created all of this
There's a whole lot of hurt before you get to the bliss
Why even Jesus Christ was betrayed by a kiss
But that was long before that he got in Show Biz
Well I understand the land, and the land ain't no sea
But when I try to walk I'm sinking you see

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