

Jazz on the Autobahn

The Felice Brothers

The sheriff disappeared
He drove in a doomed Corvette
Helen was in the passenger seat eating melon and spitting out the seeds
Feeling happy to be alone but still turning a saxophone as cold as stone kin
da like

She said this is what the apocalypse will look like
A tornado with human eyes
Poisoned birdbaths and torrents of chemical rain
Like the heads of state hyperventilating in clouds of methane
Sundown on the human heart

And this is what the apocalypse will sound like
But it will be loud as a mushroom cloud
It will sound like final jeopardy
But somehow be ghostly like a glockenspiel
Like the testing of bombs or the tapping of stiletto heels

It will sound like jazz
Jazz jazz jazz
Jazz on the autobahn

It will sound like jazz
Jazz jazz jazz
Jazz on the autobahn

The sheriff disagreed
He tried to make the distinction between death and extinction
They stopped off at a place called Hamburger Heaven to grab a bite to eat
But Helen had no appetite, she just drank a 7 Up
while the sheriff tapped his coffee cup to a distant beat

It won't look like those old frescoes, man I don't think so
There will be no angels with swords, man I don't think so
No jubilant beings in the sky above, man I don't think so
And it won't look like those old movies neither
There will be no drag racing through the bombed out streets neither
No shareholders will be orbiting the earth, man neither
It will be hard to recognize each other through our oxygen masks
The successful sons of businessmen will set their desks on fire
While 5-star generals of the free world weep in the oil chocked tide

It won't sound like jazz
Jazz jazz jazz
Jazz on the autobahn

It won't sound like jazz
Jazz jazz jazz
Jazz on the autobahn

They agreed to disagree
They zoomed off in a doomed Corvette
The sheriff couldn't recall feeling this way his entire life
As he drove through the principalities of unreality
On the run with somebody else's wife

The heiress of Texas oil

What is freedom? He thought
Is it to be empty of desire?
Is it to find everything I've lost or have been in search of?
Or is it to return to the things is which there is no more returning?

Does it feel like jazz?
Jazz jazz jazz
Jazz on the autobahn

Does it feel like jazz?
Jazz jazz jazz
Jazz on the autobahn

Does it feel like jazz?
Jazz jazz jazz
Jazz on the autobahn

Does it feel like jazz?
Jazz jazz jazz
Jazz on the autobahn

Does it feel like jazz?
Jazz jazz jazz
Jazz on the autobahn

Does it feel like jazz?
Jazz jazz jazz
Jazz on the autobahn