

It's one hazy panoply
Recount this halcyon age
I turn to Anthony
When he turned to Karleinz and Cage

But no one's really there
Does that mean it's done in vain
If no one really cares
I'm back to acting strange

Like Daniel Johnston in Texas
At some point in the eighties
Passing out his cassettes with
The j-card that he drew oh did he ever expect it
I guess it's just what happens when the music's a respite
The world is so appalling and you come to detest it

And you could say that I was nervous then
Fairly awkward now
Leave the speakers loud
When you feel self doubt
If there's any chance
That we'd still hang out
We could detail dreams
While we stare at passing clouds

Those modal masterworks
Atonal oeuvres it seems
When I ask afterwards
All message lost inbetween
The shifting aperture
Depicting sun-soaked scenes
I guess they resonate

That's Universal Consciousness
Take two of Ascension
The Shape of Jazz to Come and
Laurie Spiegel's inventions
O'Rourke or Zorn and Oliveros all deserve mention
You're dancing in a room and no one's paying attention

Addressing my reception with a focused eye
To the passing clouds
I'll be there for you
When you're feeling down
Any given day
You can find me 'round
In a despondent way
In a study best called brown