

## Peace & Love

### Camper Van Beethoven

Restless, three days without sleep, his mind wrapped in barely perceptible haze, he continues east, shaking, despite the stuttering convulsions and near death throes of his endearing 1962 chevro  
Storm follows him closely as it has for 3 days. in the pouring rain on the long dark highways he sees roadside casualty armadillos on their backs and owls and bats fly out of the his eyes into the  
Inding horizon.

Despite the solitude of his dear car he feels he is being watched by more than just the curious deer and west texas highway transients. at dawn, he begins to feel the first nearly imperceptible  
Of the drugs taking effect. he crosses the border east into new mexico. there is now no question in his mind about the flavor of the coffee and the sardonic smile of the crusty over made waitre  
S he's crossing more than 2 states at once, his watch stops. he picks up a hitchhiker, some young lady, but unfortunately, as he's been expecting, the car breaks down in an abandoned shanty town  
N only as brubaker.

"just remember," she says. "i'm holding you responsible for all this" he cringes at the tone of her voice. a quick glance in the rear view mirror reveals to him the vision of  
3rd unattached eyeball. a star of dried cream at the bottom of the styrofoam cup on the dashboard smiles at him and somehow, in her loneliness and boredom, her twelve-pack dwindling in the midda  
T, he forces her into sex.

The chevrolet temporarily fixed, they drift on and fall upon a small bar in no place specific. drunk by evening, she complains of morning sickness and by morning has noticeably grown in size. 2  
Later, still heading east towards the holy angelic temple he has been envisioning in his sleep, she is 9 months pregnant. later that day she gives birth to their son.

Born with gingham snakeskin cowboy boots and three umbilical cords he is within hours cursing his parents in some otherworldly alien language. and he mutters in perfect english in his sleep, while  
Cking his mothers breast, his twisted utopian visions. she looks at him terrified and says, "remember, I'm holding you responsible for all of this.

Left channel lyrics:

Peace and love  
Love and anger  
Brotherly love  
Brotherly love  
I thought I had something to say  
But I forgot what it was  
I'm gonna try and say it anyway  
Too much ginseng  
Makes me nervous  
Organization  
Shortened sounds  
Too much ginger  
Takes me over  
John the baptist  
Comes to mind

I've got to drive faster  
The road is falling  
In front of my eyes  
I've got to drive faster  
If I want to get home

If I don't look where I'm going  
[blah blah blah blah] I'm gonna get [blah]

If I don't look where I'm going  
[blah blah blah blah] I'm gonna get [blah]

I've got to drive faster  
The road is falling  
In front of my eyes  
I've got to drive faster  
If I want to get home

Right channel lyrics:

Too much open space  
Makes me nervous  
Too much ginseng  
A [blah] wide open  
Then a [blah blah blah] his face  
Then a doctor [blah] fucking open spaces  
Give some cowboys some acid  
Many [blah]  
Makes me nervous  
Nothing seems right now  
Too many open spaces  
Yes wyoming  
Makes me nervous  
Someone ought to go up to wyoming  
And open up some fucking open spaces  
And call her some hotel rooms  
And look at the turf in the open spaces  
Don't say it's fattening  
Be careful what you're doing  
You can do anything  
Yeah you can do anything  
I said you can do anything  
You don't know what you're doing  
Or don't do anything at all  
Because there are wide open spaces  
[blah blah] and children

[blah blah] horizon

They're on acid  
They don't know what they're doing  
So they can do anything  
I wonder where those cowboys are  
I wonder where those cowboys are