

Babylonian Warehouses

Pere Ubu

(There is a house I know and it's called The Dust In My Eye, The Dust In My Eye.)

There is a town I know with a street that's weird - it's silent.

On a street I go is a house with the name The Dust In My Eye.

Last night I dreamt & it seemed so clear - you were there, you were there.

Last night I dreamt & it seemed so clear.

And I know that it's you.

So I hope that it's you.

I fear it's you, so I hope it's you.

And I know that it's you.

So I hope that it's you.

I fear it's you, so I hope it's you.

In the dusk of the day under old city walls I howl.

And I call for a light and I howl like it's lust - only the drunks are out.

And they know my name and they all like to say, We're glad that you're here.

We're glad that you're here.

And I know that it's you.

So I hope that it's you.

I fear it's you, so I hope it's you.

And I know that it's you.

So I hope that it's you.

I fear it's you, so I hope it's you.