

Woolie Bullie

Pere Ubu

There's a Diner out on Route Three Twenty Two.
Western Pennsylvania.

I spent my life there one afternoon.
I can't get that stretch of road
Out of my head.

I hear it when I
Take a shower
Reading the paper.
I'd look up and see it
Across the valley.

They tore down the Starlight
And down at the end of the road
Built a big Day's Inn.
Blocks the view.

But I know that road's still there
I can feel it wherever I go.
Whatever I'm doing
It knows that I'm still here.
And it's waitin'.

We are abandoned.
Lies own the word.
All the pictures and
All the museums
In the world
Are just a sham
Peeking played
By the clever people
Who broke the rules.

Reality is defined by the needs of the
Media
History is rewritten
Faster than it can happen.
Culture's a weapon
That's used against us.
Culture's a swamp.
And a superstition;
Ignorance and abuse.

Geography is a language
That can't screw up.
Land,
And what we add to it
Cannot lie.
It's also like a mirror
In which we see ourselves,
Or choose to turn away.

Watch it now.
Watch it.
Watch it.

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