

"good morning, it's 3 a.m. in this great roaring city full of garbage eaters ravaging parking spots beneath my plaza window... i see cheetah in their tight skins and tired heels, all-night h In the diner, crossing the street, swarthy herds of young impal a, flambastic gibbon, even a struggling monza, and over there t hat brilliant head ornament on that japanese macaque...but look closely at the hammerhead hand in hand with the mandrill; it's a sight you're unlikely to see anywhere else on the planet"

"the stench and the noise, yes, yes...the howlers' resonating r epertoire is not too bad when mixed with the more musical twern of the tropical warbler, but the impatient taxi blare, the squ awking elderly ibis, and the glass-eye snapper hawking papers I can certainly live without...also be cautious of the poisonous boomslang laughter, social droppings of the fruit bat and purp le queen fish...and who's that babbler conversing with a magazi ne stand? ...evidently he's getting a good reply..."

Arrive in neurotica
Through neon heat disease
I swear at the swarming herds
I sweat the foul terrain
I rove the moving scenery
I have no fin, no wing, no stinger,
No claw, no camouflage
I have no more to say

"say, isn't that an elephant fish on the corner over there? loo k at that bush baby, mud puppy, noolbenger, rhinoderma, marmose t, spring peeper, shingleback skink, siren, skate, starling, su n-gazer, spoonbill,
And suckers, they seem to be everywhere!
Well, it's a live revue...random animal parts, now playing nigh tly right here in neurotica...so long!"