

The Modern Adventures Of Plato, Diogenes, And Freud

Blood, Sweat & Tears

Father of my morning,
Once my child to the night
I see that you have minds to cop
And I can only watch the sickened sorrow

Little do you know
of the progressions that you teach
the people that you reach are tired
of livin' in a world of elastic towers
dance with them and sing a song of changes
and talk with them of life and all its dangers
surround yourself with now familiar strangers
who kiss and who hug and eventually mug you of your time

And the clock on the wall is a bore
as you wander past the door
and find him lying on the floor
as he begs you for some more, you frozen smile

You cannot ever picture me
you know me by my thoughts
A file for your travelogue
oblivious to the night, the fog around you
The germs they are ridiculous
they bother you at night
the blood that rushes to your brain
the ticket on the plane you're never catching
the price you pay exclusive of your taxes
to chop you up inside with tiny axes
the girl looks up to you from floors she waxes
and speaks to your belt with tears among her eyes

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The metaphysic wrinkles in the face of what you face
Are hidden by the fake-up man
who lives inside the sterno can beside you
Now climb ye to the mountains
as the sun is almost gone
escaping from your other selves
your brothers hide among the shelves inside you
the games that people play can only bore you
but only those that know you don't ignore you
how many times have I come there to restore you
And caught you lying on the couch with father time

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and find him lying on the floor
as he begs you for some more, you frozen smile