

Cartoon Blues

Bright Eyes

I listened to a lecture of nonsense 'til dawn
By a plagiary poet with dark glasses on
He said, "How did you ever dream up that song
The one where the baby dies?"

I said "I'll tell you the secret, which one's your good ear?
Yeah, people are made up of water and fear
If there weren't women present we wouldn't be here
So let's make like we're friends"

And the pot turned to powder and soured the mood
And the people I'd come with were gone from the room
So I asked like a child, "May I be excused?"
And disobeyed them all

Into that late night latrine rain soaking through my shoes
I tried walking backwards to get less confused
Working off the theory I could never prove
That it was life itself to blame

In time we'll win the world like a failed revolution
A tumor we could not remove
An old friend, a constant the blues

Now, my days are distractions sit wringing my hands
Solitaire, crosswords and films on demand
When you turn from a cartoon back into a man
You start to smell that human smell

And so I sleep with the fan on to drown out the street
And the noise rising up from the bar underneath
But for that inconvenience all my drinks are free
So I guess it's just as well

Why do I envy the ending right from the start
Just get it together to take it apart
Watching the horse as it follows the cart
I sweep up my broken spell

And I felt something changing the world
Like a new constitution
A thief I would have to pursue
At all times, at all costs the truth