

Radium Eyes

Count Zero

Merry is the man
With money in his hand
With grease between the wheels
And lamps in his latrine

And stacks of fresh towels for his wet hands
Counting up all his toys
Draining tent fire from the neighbors
Sermons from soldier boys

Like our young cadet
Whose lords require sweat
'Til Spain is on it's ass
Surrendering Philipppines

He's stuck in ruts wearing lead pants
Buried chest-deep in a Maginot
Wondering when he'll touch flesh again
Next chance he gets, he must tell her:

"Oh, you've got Radium eyes"

He can see his girl
With temporary curls,
Her doorbell fetching maid,
Pour fxtes a la piscine

But she's working, changing the bedpans
In cities where none but daughters roam
Stretchers fill evry cathedral
Tarpaulins drip from each broken dome

"You've got Radium eyes"

Day meets night in your eyes.

"Oh, you've got Radium eyes"