

# Everytime I Wake Up

Gerry Rafferty

Information Superhighway, crawling out around the world  
You go your way, I'll go my way, I'm living in a different world  
So much useless information, meant to stultify my mind  
Stifles my imagination in this sea of humankind.

Tomorrow is another day  
But we are here tonight  
Trust in our love and let it be

Every time that I wake up, I drink the potion from the cup  
And I awaken from this sleep  
In the moment I can see, in the moment I am free  
Every time that I wake up

Cybernetic generation, all the little girls and boys  
Virtual communication, playing with their little toys  
Ritual without devotion, virtual reality  
Sound and vision, no emotion, psycho babble apathy

And now we're sitting in the sun  
Love comes out of the blue  
Trust in our love and let it be

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When I'm lost inside the beauty of a melody  
A window opens and I know that's where I want to be  
Like the sound of falling snow  
Awakes the magic in my heart

Driving through Nevada City, on my way to God knows where  
This old town, it sure looks pretty, I just got to stop and stare  
Lookin' at an old church steeple, it's got stories it could tell  
In a world of sleeping people, no one ever hears the bell

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What (or who) is left out of the picture of the world we are in when the world itself is portrayed as if nothing but "pure cybernetic processes?" And what haunts this most powerful of late twentieth-century theoretical-fictions? The answer, according to Norbert Wiener, is the "evil" of chaos – the noise of disorganized forms and the entropic erosion of workable boundaries between subjects in communicative flux.