

Music That Tears Itself Apart

Jason Webley

I want music that tears itself apart
And takes the lot of you with it.
I need a catchy tune like a bullet in the heart.
So come on old and young,
Sing while your teeth grind through your tongues,
We're making music that tears itself apart.

I want sobs that shake my spine like an earthquake.
I want to laugh like cities crashing down.
While a thousand slender dames
Keep chanting out my name,
So loud the gods will never forget my sound.

I'll practice breathing fire in missile silos.
All the ambassadors admire me for my tact.
I've sailed all seven seas
And every port's made of ricotta cheese,
And it's time we start acknowledging the fact.

I'll roll the earth into a cigar and smoke it,
Just after I've made love with the sky.
I'll have a little chat with time before I choke it,
And teach all the earthworms how to fly.

I've got an army of lunatics armed with CB radios patrolling the
subways,
And a warehouse full of underpaid workers transcribing everything
they say.
So if you're lucky and I feel the itch, maybe I'll go through the
hose manuscripts,
And publish the Great American Novel someday.