

True Dreams Of Wichita

Mike Doughty

Signal got lost to the satellite
Got lost in the
Rideup to the
Plungedown;

Man sends the ray of the electric light
Sends the impulse
Through the air
Down to home

And you can stand
On the arms
Of the williamsburg bridge
Crying
Hey man, well this is babylon
And you can fire out on a bus
To the outside world
Down to louisiana
You can take her with you

I've seen the
Rains of the real world
Come forward on the plain
I've seen the kansas of your sweet little myth
You've never seen it, no,
I'm half sick on the drinks you mixed
Through your

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Brooklyn like a sea in the asphalt stalks
Push out dead air from a parking garage
Where you stand with the keys and your cool hat of silence
Where you grip her love like a driver's liscense

I've seen you
Fire up the gas in the engine valves
I've seen your hand turn saintly on the radio dial
I've seen the airwaves
Pull your eyes towards heaven
Outside topeka in the phone lines
Her good teeth smile was winding down

Engine sputters ghosts out of gasoline fumes
They say you had it, but you sold it
You didn't want it, no
I'm half drunk on static you transmit
Through your

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(freestyle verse)

Punch it
I got, uh, fed

I got, uh, too much things on bounce, uh, my head
I got to burn 'em up
I got to burn 'em up now
I got to go uptown, uptown
I got a thing
I got a little bit pushed
Got to stand on the corner and bellow for mush
I got a bomb
I got a baby bomb bomb
Got to stand on the corner and bellow for my friend tom
I got a thing, I got to thing it
I got to thing--team
I got to run my side

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