

Kerouac

Morphine

Kerouac, yeah, Kerouac
His words, the words, so many words just
All brothers of the same horn
Sisters of the saxophone

Notes, music, words, a melody
A quote, a figure eight, a figure
If you listen close to the drummer
It's like a mirror and you're invisible

Like you're in a back seat
No handles on the doors
Just a beautiful driver up front
She knows where she's going

Kerouac, the observation machine
Caressing the most passing of scenes
With photographic love
Passionate photographic love

Vulnerable as anyone knew
His memories pull shades up and down
Doors are not done, telegrams arrive
Every morning, something extra

Remembering everything
Like a snatch of melody
A drumbeat remembering, mythologizing
So fast, all the time moving

The words, the words are drumsticks
Pounding out drum beats
Like a monk, like a monk, melody
With mistakes, yeah, mistakes and sudden inspirations

Edges, corners, explosions, convections
All fast through a slow motion landscape
Yeah, fast through a slow motion landscape