

## 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