

## Dear Carlyne

Noe Venable

Can't you just see  
Flies' eye mirrors and bull's eye red  
Can't you just taste  
Blue brain juice from a tikki head  
"there's money in the desert  
We'll be lithe and sly  
And make it groove our way  
I like the desert"  
I heard dear carolyne say

And don't you just dream down easy  
As a "for you baby, first time's free"  
And don't it just seem  
Like your wheel of fortune rolled over me  
There's somethin bout the desert  
It don't speak english but we understand  
Somethin bout the desert  
From the car's front seat  
You squeezed my hand

Dear carolyne

You are sour cream in a rubber dress  
A wet dream in a newfound mess  
You're a day come apart  
In the sky's messy open heart  
There's black holes in the desert  
Where the slickbacks pay in cash  
And trash the place  
Black holes in the desert  
Looking out from carolyne's face

Dear carolyne

Waited forever  
I come back alone  
I pull the lever  
Like carolyne showed  
Pioneer casino in reno nevada  
Where a couple of kids like us  
Could make our fortunes in an hour

Dear carolyne