

# Woolie Bullie

Pere Ubu

There's a Diner out on Route Three Twenty Two.  
Western Pennsylvania.

I spent my life there one afternoon.  
I can't get that stretch of road  
Out of my head.

I hear it when I  
Take a shower  
Reading the paper.  
I'd look up and see it  
Across the valley.

They tore down the Starlight  
And down at the end of the road  
Built a big Day's Inn.  
Blocks the view.

But I know that road's still there  
I can feel it wherever I go.  
Whatever I'm doing  
It knows that I'm still here.  
And it's waitin'.

We are abandoned.  
Lies own the word.  
All the pictures and  
All the museums  
In the world  
Are just a sham  
Peeking played  
By the clever people  
Who broke the rules.

Reality is defined by the needs of the  
Media  
History is rewritten  
Faster than it can happen.  
Culture's a weapon  
That's used against us.  
Culture's a swamp.  
And a superstition;  
Ignorance and abuse.

Geography is a language  
That can't screw up.  
Land,  
And what we add to it  
Cannot lie.  
It's also like a mirror  
In which we see ourselves,  
Or choose to turn away.

Watch it now.  
Watch it.  
Watch it.  
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