

When all the limbs are numb and clean,
and you're in transit, dream to dream,
I'll drift there to meet you, lazybones.

When all the world has lain and sank,
and money sleeps inside the banks,
I'll drift there to meet you, layzbones.

Cameraman sways to remember how the eye dances,
drunkenness is a hand-held
scrambling down Delancey
I come stumbling;
well I hear you had to take a shine
and firing at random, I hear the rays fell upon mine.

Cool you, Miss Amaze, with a handful of water
trucks encircling, bearing down, coming louder.
If I could stay here, under your idle caress
and not exit to the world and phoniness and people.

When all the noise has left your head
will someday you rise off the bed?
I'll be there to lift you, lazybones.