

In Houston

Tapes 'n Tapes

And I see high jump kings with roadside stirrups on.
When I come back to meet the bear, the sheets are gone.
Take over the tombs.
Dead lock the circus.
Gawking throngs.
Hijack the meditation train.
We still belong.
In Houston, in Oslo, the contracts, the con slow
And no sex and no sleep
It's hard toe.
It's hard speak.
And no shoes and no shawl.
In high tents
The tribe stalls.

And I see high jump kings with roadside stirrups on.
When I come back to meet the bear, the sheets are gone.
Take over the tombs.
Dead lock the circus.
Gawking throngs.
Hijack the meditation train.
We still belong.
In Houston, in Oslo, the contents are read slow.
And no scents and no seas.
It's hard times.
It's hard speak.
And tongues crack and jaws fall.
In high tents and I stall out.

Then I'm already on the stairs.
My hands are dry. My legs are bare.
My feet can't slip across the floor.
Take on the door. Take on the door.
Six seas, five prints for Houston.
Poor Mickey spits.
Sidecars will put you in the grave.
Slick sights, they treat you just the same.
Each time, we hear another call
I want it less. You want it more.
Clowns take the bitter, bitter share.
Sidestep the street. Watch what she wears.
I can't leave you here