

The House Jack Kerouac Built

The Go-Betweens

You and I together, with nothing showing at all,
In a darkened cinema, I'll give you pleasure in the stalls.
Want to give you tenderness, and my affection too.
If it's through clenched teeth, that's what you driven me
To

I want us to be lovers
I want us to be friends
Want it like; it's the living end.
Keep me away from her.

With your kittens. on the patchwork quilt,
Oh no, what am I doing here, in the house Jack Kerouac built.
There's white magic, and bad rock'n'roll,
Your friend there says, he's the gatekeeper to my soul.
The velvet curtains
The Chinese bell
With friends like these; you're damned as well.
Keep me away from her.

Shake off your despondency, and your country girl act.
You are reading me poetry, that's Irish, and so black.
I know you're warm, the warmest person alive,
But are you warm, deep down inside?
I want us to be lovers
I want us to be friends
Want it like; the world crumbles and then it ends.
Keep me away from her.

Baby, I'm lonely.
You're on the road with a bad crowd.