

World. Tuesday
Watched you cry
Watched you fly
Watched you die
I'm the spoonman
Talks to god
Transfusion
Penetration
I'm the spoonman
I'm the spoonman
She's a wound
Nice bikini
Steppin razor

Don't put your hand where you wouldn't put your face
She said a dollar rubber rat Utah plates
Brilliant green substance unknown
With a face like a peeled onion
Sheep in drag horseback automatic
To make your home clean make it sani-flush
She said now I'm a new skin-free crispy
With this urge to phone into the
Nonsmoking zone of stainless steel
Tokyo me and big white dog got
To hijack pecan tarts for Babylon
Bambi out of Mercer Street where
The crackheads catwalk charity
Where teenage sex rides a stoned rhythm
Trading it's chiliskins to the screamers
Come to hunt their meat to the gold
Diggers in kissboots and the recycled blondes
In their stack heeled snatches the monster trucks
The rolling rocks the poodle boys
With their little bone diggers and dark stuff comes
Oozing out the apple core tonight like
A beggar's dog tasting the wind

Into the blood