

Golden Earring, Instant Poetry

Washing machine, space age dream
Let me serve you, keep me clean
Rinse me plain, spin me sane
I'll trust my dirt to only you
Automobile, see me kneel
I'll scrub your back, I'll buy your meal
I'll choke your start, I'll warm your heart
I'll dream of dying just with you
See me wish from 8
to all day long
(I've) got no time
(I'm) not inclined to hum a song
Just like a robot waiting for a fuse
I'm too crazy to even have the blues
Instant, instant, instant poetry,
too hot, to be continued next week
Instant, instant, instant poetry,
too slow, too slow, to be tongued in cheek
T.V. syndrome, holy custom
Millions squeeze you to their bosom
You're always welcome, drive out boredom
You're one eye's all the art we need