

King Crimson, Neal And Jack And Me

I'm wheels, I am moving wheels
I am a 1952 studebaker coupe
I'm wheels, I am moving wheels moving wheels
I am a 1952 starlite coupe...
En route.....les Souterrains
Des visions du Cody...Sartori a Paris...
Strange spaghetti in this solemn city...
There's a postcard we're all seen before...
Past wild-haired teens in dark clothing
With hands-full of autographed napkins we
eat apples in vans with sandwiches ... rush
Into the lobby life of hurry up and wait
Hurry up and wait for all the odd-shaped keys
Which lead to new soap and envelopes...
Hotel room homesickness on a fresh blue bed
And the longest-ever phone call home.....no
Sleep no sleep no sleep no sleep and no mad
Video machine to eat time... a cityscene
I can't explain, the Seine alone at 4am
The Seine alone at 4a.m....Neal and Jack and me
Absent lovers, absent lovers...