

Quiet Sun, Rongwrong

I'm looking in my little black book
to see if I was right or rongwrong
within the confines of whoremonger logic
to even try to sing this song

I could have asked the I Ching
but that would have taken up too much time
And with the time before [Fall]
I didn't see there was no time to lose
If things got bad it could always turn into a blues
Like they do back home on the Delta
grunt and groan

I'm looking in my little black book of European logic
Still I can't make head or tail of it
Ah, if I could only read between the lines
Think of all the treasures I might find
Learn the secret of trance and levitation
Liberate my soul in six easy lessons

Meanwhile I'll stay at home, listen to Schnberg in the bath
and leave you to the geometry of my laugh
to which you're welcome if it helps you at all
to get your rocks off and have a ball

Could there really be a thought that we have nothing to share?
We drink the same water and we breathe the same air

Deep down inside we need each other just the same
You need me to laugh at and I need you to blame