

Rheostatics, Dope Fiends And Boozehounds

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The sixth sense of memory
Runs a river near a road
That travels up the parkway,
Getting frozen in the snow
Where what you see is what you see is what you see...
And only some will know
Where the ragged people go.

Where the boozehounds, they bay,
By the banks of the reservoir.
Crows climb higher
From their old familiar yard.

The best thing in heaven
Is supposed to be the sun
That shines between two mountains
And melts the Devil's gun,
But what you see is what you see is what you see...
And only some will know
Where the ragged people go.

Down here on Kipling,
Where the streetlamps light the way, hey,
There's talk of a reunion
Of the ones who didn't stay.

Why didn't they stay here
And help me shovel the walk?
(Why didn't they stay here?)

Sick sense of melody
Is what I hear when I'm alone.
And I love it more than misery,
And I love it more than home,
And I cry 'cause I'm not with it,
Even though I've never been...
Where the dope fiends laugh
And say it's too soon,
They all go home and listen to
The Dark Side of the Moon.