

Rheostatics, Popopolis

Dave Bidini

In Popopolis, pulpers pausing, playing in a pretty precipice,
And pointing to a pigeon, pouting, perching on a bust.
Plink! Popopolis.

In Popopolis, pollys cling polly and a feather and a fool,
Peeling pomagranates, putting pennies in their pants,
Eating. Popopolis.

In Popopolis, ho, Dr. Drumstein and the mighty blender bus.
Music is atonic, music is the rush
In Popopolis.

(You're beautiful, girl.)