

# Walter Becker, Surf And/Or Die

Earthbound to Johnny boy just picked up your message  
'Bout those Balinese ikats you thought I might buy  
Now your voice on my machine is more alive than what you are  
Since your daredevil hang glider fell out of the sky  
Now Armand's looked all over but he can't find your car keys  
Were they under the tire? Were they under the seat?  
Because as it stands now your beloved white Aires  
Is fair game for the vandals up on Makapuu Street  
And your grandmother's number, we know it's here somewhere  
But Suze can't seem to find it, now she's losing control  
And so what about her, and little Eldon and Layla  
And that hypothetical spectre, your gilt-edged soul  
Which defied many perils, in the face of all reason  
And in so many settings and for all your young years  
Insisting on pure freedom for its too-short season  
Riding high on its ration of enchantment and fear  
Over the hill and into the next meadow and on and on and on

In a near random universe there are still certain combinations  
Picked out from all other possible ones  
Which, when given some time and the just-right circumstances  
Not too far from the earth or too close to the sun  
They will dance and they'll spin in the embrace of the trade winds  
Playing havoc with the hearts and the upturned faces down below  
Until the laws of curved spacetime, susponed without warning  
Kick back in with a vengeance for the last act of the show  
Going too far too fast in that final wing over  
As your glider comes tumbling out of the clouds  
And you clutch at your chest but the chute never opens  
And they find you there tangled in that white nylon shroud  
When we get Grandma's number I think I'll just say to her  
Your Johnny's home for Christmas, it was a hell of a ride  
And I know that some day you'll be showing me those blankets  
All covered in glory on the hereafter side, saying  
There was never any question, it was always all or nothing  
Surf and/or die