

Adrian Belew, Neurotica

"good morning, it's 3 a.m. in this great roaring city full of garbage eaters ravaging p
In the diner, crossing the street, swarthy herds of young impala, flambastic gibbon, even a strugglin

"the stench and the noise, yes, yes...the howlers' resonating repertoire is not too ba

Arrive in neurotica
Through neon heat disease
I swear at the swarming herds
I sweat the foul terrain

I rove the moving scenery
I have no fin, no wing, no stinger,
No claw, no camouflage
I have no more to say

"say, isn't that an elephant fish on the corner over there? look at that bush baby, m
And suckers, they seem to be everywhere!
Well, it's a live revue...random animal parts, now playing nightly right here in neurotica...so long!&a