

Anderson Laurie, The Puppet Motel

Anderson Laurie

Bright Red

The Puppet Motel

I live on the highway near the Puppet Motel.

I log in every day. I know the neighborhood well.

Now about the residents of the Puppet Motel

They're more than a little spooky

And most of them are mean. They're runnin' the numbers

They're playin' cops and robbers

Down in their dungeons inside their machines.

Cause they don't know what's really real now

They're havin' fourth dimensional dreams

Their minds are out on bail now

And real is only what it seems.

And all the puppets in this digital jail

They're runnin' around in a frenzy in search of the Holy Grail.

They're havin' virtual sex. They're eatin' virtual food.

No wonder these puppets are always in a lousy mood.

So if you think we live in a modern world

Where everything is clean and swell

Take a walk on the B side of town down by the Puppet Motel.

Take a whiff. Burning plastic.

I drink a cup of coffee I try to revive

My mind's a blank I'm barely alive

My nerves are shot I feel like hell

Guess it's time to check in at the Puppet Motel.

Boot up. Good afternoon. Pause.

Oooo. I really like the way you talk.

Pardon me. Shut down.