Clap Your Hands Say Yeah, Mama, Won

Invisible like all the reasons
Dark and cold like all the seasons
Things are not as you would have them
I'm no man and yo're no woman

I guess I hope to see you sometime
Though our paths will never intertwine again
I hope you notice
I'm no hare and you're no tortoise

And I'm touched by the same sad feeling of dread
Just to know that you can't wait to see me dead
An idea in your head and a compass in your hand
On a mission to a foreign land

So now I'm out for political favors
A salary that corresponds with labor
Big house and a morning paper
Good fences that make good neighbors

I'm at the end
This here my rope
Another year to write and read the book I wrote
No dialing out
For a good time
To bathroom wall
Toss it a dime
Dead king dead swing
Ali look out!
We have new rules
To do without
You talk of Jesus
Until I'm well red

The man is
Swimming
Swimming
Swimming in my head
Why settle down?
Why even try?
Me tiger mouth
Meet bloodless eye
So drop dead stock
What hallen tree?
I leave New York
For other cities
Which let me play
With gas and fire
Took out an ad
Best friend for hire
Know that Mama told me
Never to come
But I cam softly, slowly
Banging me metal drum
Like Berryman
Bed-wet poet fears
That better men drink taller beers
Like scientist
I lost my glove
To bloody fists
And harder drugs
So split the night
And we get young

Like sacred cow
Without a tongue who sang a song sing
"time does not cut deep but cuts most absurdly....."
so la da dum