

# Gary Jules, Umbilical Town

I hear you've got a pocket full of words  
That you keep in the garage  
Together with the feathers and the fireworks  
A surftown hero who's got one foot in the garden  
Where the neon-lighted cocktail glasses bloom  
And they built you a model airplane  
Like the one that brought you back to lindbergh field  
Now you're counting your change by the streetlights on india

"Hey, it's me again, I'm faded, could I please come over?"

You can do what you want  
In umbilical town  
In a waterfront bar

Old gap-toothed Annie was a friend of mine  
The third time around she was born again

She must have burned at least a half-a-million dollars  
In the little rooms next door to wash-and-fold  
And there ain't no consolation prize  
There is no backdoor to innocence  
Just the wild-eyed faces and names that you've forgotten

"Hey, the money's gone, I'm broken, could I please come over?"

You can do what you want  
In umbilical town  
In that waterfront bar

I've been dreaming we were born together  
I've been thinking about it  
Been lurking backstreets - kicking down alleyways  
I've been thinking about it

How it's always worse than it appears  
Raskolnikov's out on the stairs  
Howling at the man in the moon

They said he lost control  
Between the suburbs and the barrio  
Tired from too much too soon

Now the air is thick with compromise  
We're always on the way  
So I take comfort in the only life I know

Where you can do what you want  
In umbilical town  
At the waterfront bar  
In umbilical town

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