

Jim Carroll, Desert Town

I hitched a ride to a desert town
(I never planned this trip)
I saw my past in the sun like a tongue
(that slowly dripped)
People faced me with lazarus eyes
They were red and dazed like fat horse flies
I was lost in twelve directions
I was searching for my own reflection

In a desert town I found
A future old and broke like roman ruins
I been turned around it's true
The postage past is due
This heat is twisted like a knife

I got the picture but I lost the frame
(where did it begin)
Thought I was holy but that's not the case
I'm just too tired to sin
Sun glistening like a frightened fist

This latitude doesn't exist

In a desert town I found
Nothing is going to be the way it should
What I thought I lost I could get back
Take the blade and hack my way back to another day

Instant that, instant this, instant that, instant this . . .

In a desert town I found
A future old and broke like roman ruins
I been turned around it's true
The postage past is due
This heat is twisting like a knife

In a desert town the sound
Whispers like like the women at the well
In this dry high wind I bend
Like a cactus in the sand
I'm waiting, waiting for your hand