

Jim Carroll, Dry Dreams

Each night, they surround me
With the lights and the microphones . . .
With their bodies and the mile of cable
Like a magic ring of bone

Every night I have the same dream:
A man behind the door
With a tattooed erection
And no reflection
And his eyes like a chinese whore . . .

Every night I have the same dream
(repeat 3 times)

The madonnas at the crossroads,
Dressed like future spies
They shine their lips with android sperm
And the riviera skies . . .

But every night I have the same dream
It's a vision of the dead . . . the way
They stare into space
And never see a human face.
But just the back of their own heads

Every night I have the same dream
(repeat 3 times)

Earth, water, wind and flame
The designers of my fate . . .
Every night they come to me
Release me with their weight . . .

Every night I have the same dream
A dome upon the shore
Where some method actors
Bomb the big reactor
And it melts right through the core

Every night I have the same dream
(repeat 3 times)

Each night, they surround me
With the lights and the microphones . . .

With their bodies and the miles of cable
Like a magic ring of bone

Every night I have the same dream
White crows in an empty sky
When I call they descend, the young trees bend
And the dream is always dry . . .

Every night I have the same dream
(repeat 3 times)