Jim Carroll, What's Number One

Those were high times back in delhi

I was left for dead

Everybody beat it to I.a.

So the papers read

But I said, "no, this is not where I get dropped off

Keep the dough I'm here to blow the top off it" sixty-eight back in chicago

Watched my friends all fall

Now they're waiting down in old key largo

For their man to call

All laid back

Sitting in the redwood sauna

Hanging slack

Like some dazed iguana I'd choose the bruised up moon

Over the sun

I'd lose

I guess I'm confused

What's number one

What's number one? I'm a fine one to be talking

Dig the mastermind

You see even if you hold the key

The door's locked from behind but I left

I was playing out a lone part

I was deaf to whispers of my own heart I'd choose the bruised up moon

Over the sun

I'd lose

I guess I'm confused

What's number one

What's number one? like a miner seeks that main gold vein

I'll search on cutting through against the grain

Keeps me sane I'd choose the bruised up moon

Over the sun

I'd lose

I guess I'm confused

What's number one

What's number one?