

# King Crimson, Neurotica

Good morning, its 3a.m. in this great roaring  
city full of garbage eaters ravaging parking  
spots beneath my plaza window I see cheetah in their  
tight skins and tired heels all-night hippo in  
the diner crossing the street swarthy herds of young  
impala flamastic gibbon even a struggling monza  
and over there that brilliant head ornament on that  
Japanese macaque but look closely at the hammerhead hand  
in hand with the mandrill, its a sight you're  
unlikely to see anywhere else on the planet. . .

the stench and the noiose, yes, yes, the howlers  
resonating repertoire is not too bad when mixed with  
the more musical twern of the tropical warbler but the  
impatient taxi blare the squawking elderly ibis and  
the glass-eye snapper hawking papers I can certainly  
live without also be cautious of the poisonous  
boomslang laughter social droppings of the fruit bat  
and purple queen fish and who's that babbler conversing  
with a magazine stand? Evidently he's getting a good  
reply. . .

Arrive in neurotica  
through neon heat disease  
I swear at the swarming herds  
I sweat the foul terrain  
I rove the moving scenery  
I have no fin  
no wing, no stinger  
no claw, no camouflage  
I have no more to say . . .

Say . . . isn't that an elephant fish on the corner over  
there look at that bush baby mud puppy noolbenger  
rhinoderma marmoset spring peeper shingleback skink  
siren skate starling star-gazer spoonbill and suckers  
they seem to be everywhere, well it's a live revue  
random animal parts now playing nightly right here in  
neurotica. . .  
so long. . .