

# Laurie Anderson, Puppet Motel

I live on the highway near the Puppet Motel.  
I log in every day. I know the neighborhood well.  
Now about the residents of the Puppet Motel  
They're more than a little spooky  
And most of them are mean. They're runnin' the numbers  
They're playin' cops and robbers  
Down in their dungeons inside their machines.

Cause they don't know what's really real now  
They're havin' fourth dimensional dreams  
Their minds are out on bail now  
And real is only what it seems.

And all the puppets in this digital jail  
They're runnin' around in a frenzy in search of the Holy Grail.  
They're havin' virtual sex. They're eatin' virtual food.  
No wonder these puppets are always in a lousy mood.

So if you think we live in a modern world  
Where everything is clean and swell  
Take a walk on the B side of town down by the Puppet Motel.  
Take a whiff. Burning plastic.

I drink a cup of coffee I try to revive  
My mind's a blank I'm barely alive  
My nerves are shot I feel like hell  
Guess it's time to check in at the Puppet Motel.

Boot up. Good afternoon. Pause.  
Oooo. I really like the way you talk.  
Pardon me. Shut down.