

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.