

# Luxuria, Public Highway

I am the public highway, baby  
I'm no place for pretence or protocol  
I could take you  
by way of a garden city  
I could run you along  
the Libido del Sol

I am this street now  
I am the street where you live  
see me from your window  
and be a fugitive

Back of beyond the horizon  
I cut and stretch  
the outer space of open air  
if there's somewhere  
you just have to be, babe  
oh let me be your thoroughfare

I am this street now  
I am the street where you live  
see me from your window  
and be a fugitive

There is a pale swamp  
a glacier  
waxy crystal car  
and the smell of wood smoke  
is on the evening breeze  
and your engine's humming  
like a pleasure boat  
in the distance of the heat  
tearing the blossom off the trees

We pass by Pere Lachaise  
and broken fences  
we pass hospitals  
in the San Fernando Valley  
and all of my tricks  
and turns and inclinations  
you can't find them in your Rand McNally

LIVE NOW - live a thousand other lives  
LIVE NOW - and learn the secret names of time  
LIVE NOW - all at once and forever  
LIVE NOW - and you'll be all mine

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see me from your window  
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