## Primitive Radio Gods, Standing Outside A Broker

Jan lays down and wrestles in her sleep Moonlight spills on comic books And superstars in magazines An old friend calls and tells us where to meet Her plane takes off from Baltimore And touches down on Bourbon Street

We sit outside and argue all night long About a god we've never seen But never fails to side with me Sunday comes and all the papers say Ma Teresa's joined the mob And happy with her full time job

Do do do do doo do

Am I alive or thoughts that drift away?
Does summer come for everyone?
Can humans do as prophets say?
And if I die before I learn to speak
Can money pay for all the days I lived awake
But half asleep?

Do do do do do do x 2

A life is time, they teach us growing up
The seconds ticking killed us all
A million years before the fall
You ride the waves and don't ask where they go
You swim like lions through the crest
And bathe yourself on zebra flesh

I've been downhearted baby, I've been downhearted baby, Ever since the day we met

(repeat)