

Rheostatics, The Tarleks

... And wherever they go,
There is light all around,
And a brilliant sound.
It's a brilliant sound.

The Tarleks came from the west--they grooved.
White belts shining in the pounding sun.
They came from Cincinnati-O,
Fanning out across the central plains.
A car with leather windows,
They drive with arms akimbo
All night long.

He shook my hand under the bathroom stall. ("Hi there. Pleased to meet you.")
He said, "You seem like the poetic kind.
You rarely speak, but when you do it shines.
You seek out the beautiful things.
You think the deeper thoughts.
You choose the times you talk.
We could use a couple of people like you,
Cause there's only so much we can do."

Call me naive. Call me pathetic.
But it's just enough cryptic that the morons won't get it.
See how they groove?

They were everyone's uncles... everyone's friends.
We pulled their fingers all night long...
And when the lamp shades were all trampled and broken,
The eldest one said, "It's time to go to bed."
We couldn't get enough. It's a new kind of love!
All-in-one!

I got a message and it came from up above.
It's just so cryptic that a moron could get it.

... And out of the sky a single raindrop kissed my cheek and hit the ground running.
We'll follow it to the gutters out into the ocean... If we split up, they might not catch us.

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