

Sonic Youth, In The Kingdom Number 19

They were

Aaaah

he did what he had to do

he asked no questions

he had few conversations

the tar glistens in the noon heat

he tread across the grass, up onto, and down off of, the concrete abutments

mirage on the highway

ghosts in the tunnel

the dark cave

out into the blinding light of day at breakneck speed

every bolt rumbling

glistening highway mirage groans

the slick surface

careening into first the small mammal, and then screeching along the guard

rail, scraping paint and throwing sparks like sheets of pure terror for

400 yards

over and over

with one final back and forth rocking motion coming to rest

wheeehah

the beautiful paintjob hopelessly marred

smoke and flames

allright

so nice

he moved to the small creature

screeching whistles of steam blowing off

on it's back, wheels spinning like a cinema classic

the door sags open and a man covered in blood drops the three feet or so to

the pavement

the car still rattling and shaking as if with a mind of it's own, unwilling

to die

the man, 40ish, also after a time, an agonisingly painful period of time

is also unwilling to die

suddenly all is quite quiet there in the sunlight on the highway

but what? what can i do?

i cannot move, everything is about broken

blood everywhere, mixing with oil and gas

what's moving, must turn my head

pain, white light, blinded

some guy there kneeling in the blinded mirage of white light

all my strength to 'heeeeeelp'

screaming now help me please

he tried to tamp out the bit of burning ember which had leapt from the wreck

onto his grimy coatsleeve

coughing blood

what's happen?

he's he's inching towards truth

he strode of into the woods with the animal

it still lived

he didn't glance back at all

still out ghosting the road

death on the highway

words crumble around me and fall with the weight of heaven

i cannot move
i'm beneath the great weight
i cannot see
my eyes are blinded
i am in the darkness

that's it

{very low in the mix}
in panic i forget it
in despair i need it
in my mind i save it
in death i have it
{then a bit louder}
in panic i forget it
in despair i need it

i shouldn't laugh
hah hah hah
yeah really
oh

in panic i forget it
in despair i need it
in my mind i save it
in death i have it
[Thurston?]
never gave a damn about the meterman
i was the man who had to read the meters, man