

# The Church, Block

I was down in the city on a miracle street  
I flailed like a swimmer through the summer heat  
I was waiting for a friend that I needed to meet  
And I's hoping she was bringing with her something sweet  
And I's hoping for an open little opening  
And I suffer for a groovy little happening  
But it's all going wrong just like they sing in that song  
The song that I wrote about you that they put on TV  
The TV that I gave you cuz you wanted to see  
But all you saw were spaces where the people used to be  
A hundred bastard voids with their pull on me  
In the valley of death you'll be breathless, and free

You'll be dancing like a fool near the solar sea  
You'll be twitching like a drunk in a pharmacy  
You'll be swatting at the flies in your papillion  
Where the millionaire just blew a gazillion  
The finger nails are all hot vermillion  
And the traffic grinds down to a stand-stil-ion  
And the mynah birds are pecking at the carrion  
And you read it already in Hyperion  
And you read about my trial in the clarion  
A sack fool of aches I've been carry'n  
When the lights turn green I diss(?) all of the screen  
When the lights turn red I put the whole thing to bed

Well I've got a fever  
And I'm feeling fainter  
I'm a dim receiver  
I'm a cold war painter  
If you can just hold still  
I will make you all so beautiful

When the lights turn blue I know what to do  
I'll drown my sorrows in an ocean or two  
And the pretty little things with their magnets and rings  
Blooming like a flower through a series of springs  
Thank you fate and the freight(?) that you brings  
Thank you Fortuna and that song that she sings  
Thank you to my manager for letting me live  
Thank you to my friends and the friends that you're with  
Thank you to the lord who created all of this  
There's a whole lot of hurt before you get to the bliss  
Why even Jesus Christ was betrayed by a kiss  
But that was long before that he got in Show Biz  
Well I understand the land, and the land ain't no sea  
But when I try to walk I'm sinking you see

So I got a fever  
And I'm feeling fainter  
I'm a dim receiver  
I'm a cold war painter  
If you could just hold still  
I will make you all so beautiful