

The Grateful Dead, Picasso Moon

South of Market in the land of ruin
You get all manner of action
Tinsel tigers in The Metal Room
Stalking satisfaction.
They got 'em packaged up for love and money
Tattooed tots and chrome spike bunnies
Check my conscience at the DMZ
And roll on in, gonna roll in it, honey
But I get a feelin' like when big things collide
Like the crack before the thunder, like I really ought to hide
And here comes Metal Angel, she looks ready to ride;
& What's that she's tryin' to show me..?
What's that you're tryin' to show me..?

Picasso Moon, shattered light
Diamond bullets ripping up the night
Picasso Moon, liberate me,
From the middle of eternity,
Something hooks her little finger at me,
An' it's bigger than a drive-in movie, ooooo-eeee.
Bigger than a drive-in movie, ooooo-eeee.

Hangin' ten out on space and time
Redefining distance.
The next skull on your necklace is mine:
Cheap for such assistance
I had a job trading bits for pieces
We'd make wrinkles, advertise them as creases
Please, find my resignation enclosed,
Roll with it, roll with it, we gonna roll in it, honey..
Dark Angel, What's botherin' you?
So strange, you'll do me all that you do
Dark Angel, you're makin' me blue..
I guess it doesn't matter..
I guess it doesn't matter...

Picasso Moon, blinding ball,
Spinning fire, the lightning calls
Picasso Moon, fall into the sky
Rarin' out, I'm gonna testify
And stare a shout into that burning eye,
Bigger than a drive-in movie, oh my.
Bigger than a drive-in movie, oh my.

Strikes morning; the atomic dawn,
Scramble back to cover.
Quick, pop your mirrored sunglasses on,
My little leather-winged lover.
I see your face printed on my money,
Your blazin' ways really move me, honey..!
Heart of darkness, Yea-e-yea-e-e-hoo..
Why'm I laughing? This ain't funny
Dark Angel, now just don't start..
You'll break my spirit, wreck my heart
You must have a license for practisin' that art.
I don't presume to imagine.
I don't presume to imagine.

Picasso Moon, fractal flame
Blazing lace filling every frame
Picasso Moon, wheels within wheels
What's true when everything's real?
It's all new, I'm gonna scatter the seals
Bigger than a drive-in movie, for real.

Bigger than a drive-in movie, for real.