

# Warren Zevon, Transverse City

(Stefan Arnglim & Warren Zevon)

Told my little Pollyanna  
There's a place for you and me  
We'll go down to Transverse City  
Life is cheap and Death is free  
Past the condensation silos  
Past the all-night trauma stand  
We'll be there before tomorrow  
Pollyanna take my hand

Show us endless neon vistas  
Castles made of laser lights  
Take us to the shopping sector  
In the vortex of the night  
Past the shiny mylar towers  
Past the ravaged tenements  
To a place we can't remember  
For a time we won't forget

Here's the hum of desperation  
Here's the test tube mating call  
Here's the latest carbon cycle  
Here's the clergy of the mall  
Here's the song of shear and torsion  
Here's the bloodbath magazine  
Here's the harvest of contusions  
Here's the narcoleptic dream

Told my little Pollyanna  
Here's a place where we can stay  
We have come to see tomorrow  
We have given up today  
Down among the dancing quanta  
Everything exists at once  
Up above in Transverse City  
Every weekend lasts for months

Here's the hum of desperation  
Here's the test tube mating call  
Here's the latest carbon cycle  
Here's the clergy of the mall  
Here's the witness and the victim  
Here's the relatives' remains  
Here's the well-known double helix  
Here's the poisoned waves of grain  
Here's the song of shear and torsion  
Here's the bloodbath magazine  
Here's the harvest of contusions  
Here's the narcoleptic dream  
Here's the hum of desperation