

## Youth Sonic

### "Eric's Trip"

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hatred  
I hate the past

I can't see anything at all, all I see is me  
that's clear enough  
and that's what's important, to see me

my eyes can focus  
my brain is talking  
looks pretty good to me  
my head's on straight, my girlfriend's beautiful  
looks pretty good to me

sometimes I speak  
tonight there's nothing to say  
sometimes we freak  
and laugh all day

hold these pages up to the light  
see the jackknife inside of the dream  
a railroad runs through the record stores at night  
coming in for the deep freeze

Mary: a simple word, are you there in the country?  
Yr eyes so full, yr head so tight  
can't you hear me?  
Remember our talk  
that day on the phone?  
I was the door, and you were the station  
with shattered glass and miles between us  
we still flew away in the conversation

my cup is full, and I feel okay  
the world is dull, but not today

she thinks she's a goddess  
she says she talks to the spirits  
I wonder if she can talk to herself?  
if she can bear to hear it?

this is Eric's trip

we've all come to watch him slip  
he's slipping all the way to Texas  
can you dig it?

(Eric says "The sky is blue...")  
I see with a glass eye  
the pavement view  
a shadow forming, across the fields rushing  
thru me to you

we tore down the world, and put up four walls  
I breathe in the myth  
I'm over the city, fucking the future  
I'm high and inside yr kiss

we can't see clear  
but what we see is a alright  
we make up what we can't hear  
and then we sing all night

scattered pages and shattered lights  
a jacknife and a dream  
there's something moving over there on the right  
like nothing I've never seen

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