

Genesis

"The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway"

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Keep your fingers out of my eye.

While I write I like to glance at the butterflies in glass
that are all around the walls. the people in memory are
pinned to events I can't recall too well, but Im putting
one down to watch him

K up, decompose and feed another sort of life. the one
in question is all fully biodegradable material and
categorised as rael. rael hates me, I like rael, - yes,
even ostriches have feelings,

Our relationship is something both of us are learning to
live with. rael likes a good time, I like a good rhyme,
but you wont see me directly anymore - he hates my
being around. so if his story

Nt stand, I might lend a hand, you understand? (ie. the
rhyme is planned, dummies).

The flickering needle jumps into red. new york crawls
out of it's bed.

And the lamb lies down on broadway.

Early morning manhattan,
Ocean winds blow on the land.

The weary guests are asked to leave the warmth of the
all-night theater, having slept on pictures others only
dream on.

Movie-palace is now undone,
The all-night watchmen have had their fun.
Sleeping cheaply on the midnight show,
Its the same old ending - time to go.
Get out!
It seems they cannot leave their dream.

The un-paid extras disturb the sleeping broadway. walk
to the left don't walk to the right: on broadway,
directions don't look so bright. autoghosts keep the
pace for the cabmans early mobile r

There's something moving in the sidewalk steam,

And the lamb lies down on broadway.

Nighttimes flyers feel their pains.
Drugstore take down the chains.
Metal motion comes in bursts,
The gas station can quench that thirst.
Suspension cracked on unmade road
The truckers eyes read overload

Enough of this - our hero is moving up the subway
stairs into day- light. beneath his leather jacket he
holds a spray gun which has left the message r-a-e-l in
big letters on the wall leading un
Ound. it may not mean much to you but to rael it is part
of the process going towards making a name for
yourself. when you're not even a pure-bred puerto rican
the going gets tough and the tou
Ts going.

And out on the subway,
Rael imperial aerosol kid
Exits into daylight, spraygun hid,
And the lamb lies down on broadway.

With casual sideways glances along the wet street, he
checks the motion in the steam to look for potential
obstruction. seeing none, he strides along the
sidewalk, past the drugstore with iron g
Being removed to reveal the smile of the toothpaste
girl, past the nightladies and past patrolman frank
leonowich (48, married, two kids) who stands in the
doorway of the wig-store. patrolman le
Ch looks at rael in much the same way that other
patrolmen look at him, and rael only just hides that he
is hiding something. meanwhile from out of the steam
a lamb lies down. this lamb has noth
Hatsoever to do with rael, or any other lamb - it just lies
down on broadway.

The lamb seems right out of place,
Yet the broadway street scene finds a focus in it's face.
Somehow it's lying there,
Brings a stillness to the air.
Though man-made light, at night is very bright,
There's no whitewash victim,
As the neons dim, to the coat of white.
Rael imperial aerosol kid
Wipes his gun - he's forgotten what he did,
And the lamb lies down on broadway.

Suzanne tired her work all done,

Thinks money - honey - be on - neon.
Cabmans velvet glove sounds the horn
And the sawdust king spits out his scorn.
Wonder women you can draw your blind!
Don't look at me! Im not your kind.
Im rael!
Something inside me has just begun,
Lord knows what I have done,
And the lamb lies down on broadway.
On broadway -
They say the lights are always bright on broadway.
They say there's always magic in the air.

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