

Golden Earring "Instant Poetry"

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Washing machine
space age dream
Let me serve you
keep me clean

Rinse me plain
spin me sane.
I'll trust my dirt to only you.

Automobile
see me kneel

I'll scrub your back

I'll buy your meal
I'll choke your start

I'll warm your heart.

I'll dream of dying just with you.
See me wish from eight to all day long.
(I've) Got no time

I'm not inclined to hum a song.
Just like a robot
waiting for a fuse

I'm too crazy to even have the blues.

Instant
instant
instant poetry

Too hot to be continued next week.
Instant
instant
instant poetry

Too slow to be tongue in cheek.

T.V. syndrome - holy custom

Millions squeeze you to their bosom.
You're always welcome - drive out boredom
Your one eye's all the art we need.

Instant
instant
instant poetry . . .

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