

## Grass Roots

### "Visions Of Johanna"

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Aint it just like the night to play tricks  
When you're tryin to be so quiet?  
We sit here stranded, though were all doin our best to  
deny it.  
And louise holds a handful of rain temptin you to defy  
it.  
Lights flicker from the opposite loft.  
In this room the heat pipes just cough.  
The country music station plays soft,  
But there's nothing, really nothing, to turn off.  
Just louise and her lover so entwined  
And these visions of johanna that conquer my mind.

In the empty lot where the ladies play  
Blindmans bluff with the key chain,  
And the all-night girls they whisper of escapades out  
on the d train.  
We can hear the night watchman click his flashlight,  
Ask himself if it's him or them that's really insane.  
But louise she's all right, she's just near,  
Shes delicate and seems like the mirror,  
But she just makes it all too concise and too clear  
That johannas not here.  
The ghost of lectricity howls in the bones of her face.  
Where these visions of johanna have now taken my  
place.

Now, little boy lost, he takes himself so seriously.  
He brags of his misery, he likes to live dangerously,  
And when bringing her name up he speaks of her  
farewell kiss to me.  
Hes sure got a lot of gall to be so useless and all,  
Muttering small talk at the wall while Im in the hall.  
Oh, how can I explain? it's so hard to get on  
And these visions of johanna, they kept me up past the  
dawn.

Inside the museums infinity goes up on trial  
Voices echo this is what salvation must be like after a  
while.  
But even mona lisa must have had the highway blues,

You can tell by the way she smiles  
See the primitive wallflower freeze.  
When the jelly-faced women all sneeze,  
Hear the one with the mustache say jeeze, I can't find  
my knees.  
Jewels and binoculars hag from the head of the mule,  
But these visions of johanna they make it all seem so  
cruel.

The peddler now speaks to the countess whos  
pretending to care for him.  
Saying name me someone that's not a parasite and I'll  
go out  
And say a prayer for him.  
But like louise always says ya can't look at much can ya  
man?  
As she, herself, prepares for him  
And madonna she still has not showed,  
We see this empty cage now corrode,  
Where her cape of the stage once had flowed,  
The fiddler, he now steps to the road,  
He writes evrythings been returned which was owed  
On the back of the fish truck that loads  
While my conscience explodes.  
The harmonicas play the skeleton keys and the rain  
And these visions of johanna are now all that remain.

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