

Camper Van Beethoven "Peace & Love"

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Restless, three days without sleep, his mind wrapped in
barely perceptible haze, he continues east, shaking,
despite the stuttering convulsions and near death
throes of his endearing 1962 chevro
Storm follows him closely as it has for 3 days. in the
pouring rain on the long dark highways he sees
roadside casualty armadillos on their backs and owls
and bats fly out of the his eyes into t
Inding horizon.

Despite the solitude of his dear car he feels he is being
watched by more than just the curious deer and west
texas highway transients. at dawn, he begins to feel
the first nearly imperceptible
Of the drugs taking effect. he crosses the border east
into new mexico. there is now no question in his mind
about the flavor of the coffee and the sardonic smile of
the crusty over made waitre
S he's crossing more than 2 states at once, his watch
stops. he picks up a hitchhiker, some young lady, but
unfortunately, as he's been expecting, the car breaks
down in an abandoned shanty town
N only as brubaker.

"just remember," she says. "i'm holding you
responsible for all this" he cringes at the tone of her
voice. a quick glance in the rear view mirror reveals to
him the vision of
3rd unattached eyeball. a star of dried cream at the
bottom of the styrofoam cup on the dashboard smiles
at him and somehow, in her loneliness and boredom,
her twelve-pack dwindling in the midda
T, he forces her into sex.

The chevrolet temporarily fixed, they drift on and fall
upon a small bar in no place specific. drunk by evening,
she complains of morning sickness and by morning
has noticeably grown in size. 2
Later, still heading east towards the holy angelic
temple he has been envisioning in his sleep, she is 9
months pregnant. later that day she gives birth to their
son.

Born with gingham snakeskin cowboy boots and three umbilical cords he is within hours cursing his parents in some otherworldly alien language. and he mutters in perfect english in his sleep, whi
Cking his mothers breast, his twisted utopian visions. she looks at him terrified and says, "remember, I'm holding you responsible for all of this.

Left channel lyrics:

Peace and love
Love and anger
Brotherly love
Brotherly love
I though I had something to say
But I forgot what it was
I'm gonna try and say it anyway
Too much ginseng
Makes me nervous
Organization
Shortened sounds
Too much ginger
Takes me over
John the baptist
Comes to mind
I've got to drive faster
The road is falling
In front of my eyes
I've got to drive faster
If I want to get home

If I don't look where I'm going
[blah blah blah blah] I'm gonna get [blah]

If I don't look where I'm going
[blah blah blah blah) I'm gonna get [blah]
I've got to drive faster
The road is falling
In front of my eyes
I've got to drive faster
If I want to get home

Right channel lyrics:

Too much open space
Makes me nervous
Too much ginseng
A [blah] wide open
Then a [blah blah blah] his face
Then a doctor [blah] fucking open spaces

Give some cowboys some acid
Many [blah]
Makes me nervous
Nothing seems right now
Too many open spaces
Yes wyoming
Makes me nervous
Someone ought to go up to wyoming
And open up some fucking open spaces
And call her some hotel rooms
And look at the turf in the open spaces
Don't say it's fattening
Be careful what you're doing
You can do anything
Yeah you can do anything
I said you can do anything
You don't know what you're doing
Or don't do anything at all
Because there are wide open spaces
[blah blah] and children

[blah blah] horizon

They're on acid
They don't know what they're doing
So they can do anything
I wonder where those cowboys are
I wonder where those cowboys are

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