

Jim Carroll

"What's Number One"

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Those were high times back in delhi
I was left for dead
Everybody beat it to l.a.
So the papers read
But I said, no, this is not where I get dropped off
Keep the dough Im here to blow the top off it sixty-eight
back in chicago
Watched my friends all fall
Now they're waiting down in old key largo
For their man to call
All laid back
Sitting in the redwood sauna
Hanging slack
Like some dazed iguana I'd choose the bruised up
moon
Over the sun
Id lose
I guess Im confused
What's number one
What's number one? Im a fine one to be talking
Dig the mastermind
You see even if you hold the key
The doors locked from behind but I left
I was playing out a lone part
I was deaf to whispers of my own heart I'd choose the
bruised up moon
Over the sun
Id lose
I guess Im confused
What's number one
What's number one? like a miner seeks that main gold
vein
Ill search on cutting through against the grain
Keeps me sane I'd choose the bruised up moon
Over the sun
Id lose
I guess Im confused
What's number one
What's number one?

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