

## **Jukebox The Ghost**

# **"Beady Eyes On The Horizon"**

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There's a dead man hanging, slumped over the  
steering wheel of an interstate  
Runaway bursting into flames  
And the devil was gently breathing, sleeping face-  
down in my  
Apartment, and like all his friends I'm growing tired of  
his games...

And there's a homeless man arranging his hands,  
grooving to the beat  
Radiating from a police scanner, who said "The air was  
feeling good to  
Me, just as cool and ripe as air can be," and a woman  
who sincerely  
Believes in UFOs and who can blame her when the  
stars are hanging  
Overhead, dangling by a thread, floating ten thousand  
feet off the ground...

(This was a story told to me when I was just the age of  
17, one which  
God himself dictated to me, he said, "This is how all  
this shits gonna  
Be when I blow your little planet into smithereens." It  
haunted my  
Dreams like an accident on reply on a TV screen.)

She sees faces in her dreams--strange machines she'd  
never seen  
Blueprints of submarines to reassemble in a time of  
dire need  
And there were preachers in the desert, waving to the  
crowd  
Dictating seven angry letters from a man up in the  
clouds

And there were 27 soldiers telling 27 lies  
And a hole inside a hurricane with a pair of beady eyes  
A pair of beady eyes looking down onto the pavement  
while the stars are gathered 'round

Because they all will want a front seat when shit starts

going down  
Because the sun is just a supernova turned the other  
way around!

There were strangers in the subway and men in  
limousines making deals and  
Swapping photographs of cans of gasoline, and there  
are no angels in the woodwork  
Or devils on the ground, and they are looking through  
a hurricane's tectonic wall of  
Sound and a man who smokes his cigarettes the other  
way around and she is looking  
In behind him from inside a wall of sound and she is  
dancing with the neon because  
The air is feeling good against her arms and legs and  
fingertips are measuring the  
Distance in the spaces in between me and you and all  
your friends when there's no  
Time to load a weapon and no time to make amends  
and people frozen in their tracks  
Staring at the sky at a hole inside a hurricane  
revealing...

A pair of beady eyes!  
A pair of beady eyes looking down onto the pavement  
while the stars are gathered 'round  
Because they all will want a front seat when shit starts  
going down  
Because the sun is just a supernova turned the other  
way around!

This is not a test, this is the real thing...  
This is not a test, this is the real thing...

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