

## **King Crimson**

# **"Neal And Jack And Me"**

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I'm wheels, I am moving wheels  
I am a 1952 Studebaker coupe  
I'm wheels, I am moving wheels, moving wheels  
I am a 1952 starlite coupe

En route, les Souterrains  
Des visions du Cody, Sartori a Paris  
Strange spaghetti in this solemn city  
There's a postcard we're all seen before

Past wild-haired teens in dark clothing  
With hands-full of autographed napkins we  
Eat apples in vans with sandwiches  
Rush into the lobby life of hurry up and wait

Hurry up and wait for all the odd-shaped keys  
Which lead to new soap and envelopes  
Hotel room homesickness on a fresh blue bed  
And the longest-ever phone call home, no

Sleep, no sleep, no sleep, no sleep and no mad  
Video machine to eat time, a city scene  
I can't explain, the Seine alone at 4am  
The Seine alone at 4a, Neal and Jack and me

Absent lovers, absent lovers

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