

King Missile "At Dave's"

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There were other ways of knowing:
he stepped into a yellow morning which seemed to him
to be,
well, not gray but kind of a grayish maroon.
He couldn't figure out why;
he hadn't eaten mushrooms in at least a week.

He stumble-crawled towards Dave's Luncheonette,
climbed into a booth.
He insisted on looking at the menu for six minutes and
thirty seven seconds every day
even though he always ordered bacon and eggs, toast
and coffee.
This morning, he also ordered water, but he didn't
drink any of it.

It was Thursday, April 20, 1967. He was waiting for
something to happen.

As he was eating, some of the water evaporated,
some people were born, some were married, a star
imploded, a friend of his was throwing up, two others
were having sex.
As he finished his last forkful of eggs, a fly sitting
directly opposite from him, died.

He left Dave's, headed north.
Nothing much happened the rest of the day.
Had he known it was Hitler's birthday, he would not
have celebrated.

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