

## King Missile "Ed"

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Ed was at the end of his rope, an expression he  
detested  
"There is no rope", he would scream at the laughing  
walls  
There is only the end, no hope, no rope  
Ending is better than mending  
Doors of perception, windows of opportunity  
These are illusions like the killing floor

Ed spoke in a squeaky whiny voice  
With perhaps a slight tinge of glee  
But this was only because he couldn't be bothered  
To try to develop a manner of speaking  
That truly reflected his mood

This is a vaccum, there is no air in this room  
Despair is no fun anymore  
Nihilism knocked three times on the ceiling  
But the rosy fingers of dawn always inserted  
themselves  
In the nose of unfulfilled promises

Angels sang, "Heysanna, Hosanna"  
Paralyzed prima-donnas danced in the streets all day  
But when the darkness came, everybody went home  
I was ready, everyone else was asleep

And while it might have been a relief to see  
That I was right all along  
Here I am still, alone and trapped  
Awaiting the endless end

And I can turn it all around  
And laugh at it and laugh at myself  
I can laugh louder than the walls, the halls, the  
waterfalls  
Louder than Charles De Gaul or Fulton Mall

But I don't know what I'm laughing at  
I don't know just what I think is so goddamn funny  
I don't know why I don't just shut up  
And give up and lay down and die

"What do I have to complain about anyway?"  
Ed asked his Picasso, "I'm a millionaire"  
This wasn't actually true  
Ed's Picasso was an obvious forgery

His three Rothkos had just been singled out  
In an article in 'Art forum' entitled  
'The Three Most Insignificant Paintings of Mark Rothko'  
And his Barbara Krugers had been irreparably  
damaged  
By Rein Sanction and a few other bands from  
Gainesville  
That refused to acknowledge the value of art

"Come to think of it", Ed mused  
To the laminated roadkill coffee table that he had  
purchased  
When times had seemed slightly less bleak  
"Come to think of it, not only does art have no intrinsic  
value  
But my collection has no extrinsic value either"

"I know I'm not a millionaire  
But that's no reason to complain  
There is no reason to complain  
There is no reason to do anything"

"I don't believe in reason, objective reality or collective  
farming  
I don't believe in public speaking  
Which is another reason why I'm here alone  
I don't believe in life or death  
I would kill myself but I don't believe in suicide"

Ed put on a red shirt and took a quick walk around the  
block  
While whistling softly to himself  
He reentered his apartment screaming  
"There is no life on this planet"

"Jehovah One replaced all life with machinery five  
centuries ago  
The so-called Industrial Revolution  
Was just another hoax and we all fell for it  
'Cause we were all programmed to, even I fell for it  
I believe in the steam engine  
Even though I don't believe in anything"

Logical inconsistency is the Mr. Bubble I bathe in  
Each and every evening, except for yesterday evening

When I roller bladed over to the Masonic Temple  
To play pinochle with Pope John Paul the First  
I really had no choice in the matter"

Ed certainly could go on and on  
And he did, and he would and he will  
Until you or I or somebody does something about it  
Senator Sterno of Louisiana  
Announced over closed circuit television  
And as long as he continues to pontificate pointlessly  
I will do nothing

Ed walked away from the program feeling fortified and  
stapled  
His brain was buzzing, the way it always did just after  
'Jeopardy'  
He loaded up the micro bus with atlases and poseidons  
And headed for Pope County

"I've had it", he sang, "I've had it with puns, alliteration  
Russian literature, Italian neorealism  
Meaningless cross references and laundry lists of  
nonsense  
I shall drive without a license, without clothing, without  
direction"

"And if I make it to Arkansas, fine  
And if I'm running late, if I'm running a numbers game  
It doesn't matter, I shall keep on running"

"Yes, this is the answer, this is the ending, I shall keep  
on running  
Because a body in motion tends to stay emotional  
And it's better to feel, pain is better than emptiness  
Emptiness is better than nothing, and nothing is better  
than this"

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