

## 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 friends 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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