

Laurie Anderson "The Puppet Motel"

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I live on the highway near the puppet motel I log in
every day I know the neighborhood well. no about the
residents of the puppet motel they're more than a little
spooky and most of them are mea
Ey're runnin' the numbers they're playin' cops and
robbers down in the dungeons inside their machines.
cause they don't know what's really real now they're
havin' fourth dimentional dreams their
S are out on bail now and real is only what it seems.
and all the puppets in this digital jail they're runnin'
around in a frenzy in search of the holy grail. they're
havin' virtual sex. they're
N' virtual food. no wonder these puppets are always in
a lousy mood. so if you think we live in a modern world
where everything is clean and swell take a walk on the
b side of town down by the p
Motel take a whiff. burning plastic. I drink a cup of
coffee I try to revive my mind's a blank I'm barely alive
my nerves are shot I feel like hell guess it's time to
check in at the puppet mot

Oot up. good afternoon. pause
. oooo. I really llike the way you talk. pardon me. shut
down.

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