

Sam Kinison "No Joy In Mudville"

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Last Night I Dreamt That I Was You.
I Was Dressed All in Black With Dark Glasses and
Attitude.
Such a Pose I Could Simply Not Hold
Through Days in a Northern Town That I Had Once
Called a Home.
And Your Studies of Fringe New York Streets:
I Was Reading the Pavement in Every Word You Would
Speak.
To a "Brownstone Up Three Flights of Stairs" and It's
On...

Buying Drinks For the Poets Upstate,
This Southern Corruption Towed You Down the
Interstate,
And They All Said That You Were the King
Of a Gloomy Disruption That Surfaced When You Would
Sing.
And This Town Simply Cannot Begin to Compete
So I'm Packing My Bullets and Silvertones and Heading
East
To a "Brownstone Up Three Flights of Stairs" and It's
On...

On, On, On...

If I Could Have (Had) My Way, This Year Would Bridge
'66 (Again?)

Trust Fund Hipsters Were Casing the Room
Chock Full of Amphetamines.
The Overturned Kick Drum Boom
Set the Pace With Incomparable Cool.
And If the Temp Was Lousy It Was Lost On All But You...
And Your Studies of Fringe New York Streets:
I Was Reading the Pavement in Every Word You Would
Speak.
To a "Brownstone Up Three Flights of Stairs" and It's
On, On, On, On...it's On

If I Could Have (Had) My Way, This Year Would Bridge
'66 (Again?)

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