

## Siam Shade

### "Map Of The World"

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You mentioned la pieta  
The dotted line  
The holy flapping dress  
White legs carving darkness  
And you traced your thoughts  
On the tablecloth  
As you were speaking  
So when you left i grabbed the white  
And telling tablecloth  
And i carried it out  
Into the empty streets  
And i laid it down  
To see what i could see  
I led my horse along the latitudes  
Across the folds and into white  
And somehow along the way  
My horse slid off sideways  
And was gone forever  
I mourned and then forgot about it  
I resumed the line  
The latitudes and longitudes  
Are calling me  
They're stringing me out  
Across the seas forever  
They say -- da da...  
Map of the world  
I run along the dotted line  
And i grab my flapping dress --- wheeee  
And the global winds rush past me  
Shouting -- this is happiness  
A quick flight to the global edge  
That spans the vast expanse  
To where the mountains meet  
Like relay-runners  
To where the snow caps do  
And the snow-fleurs try  
I raise one arm up to the sky  
To touch a speck --- an eagle flies  
And a stick-figure on the other side  
He waves back to me...(?)  
He said -- da da...

Map of the world  
A stick-figure with briefcase  
And a business suit and tie  
He walks across the perfect lawn  
(you mean the perfect-perfect-perfect lawn?)  
And he stands there at the foot  
Of the golden office tower  
He says --- "i must get to work today  
I have to get inside somehow"  
But the golden office tower  
Was just a cliff the sun was setting on  
So he ran up along the cliff  
And was gone forever  
He said -- da da...  
You were with us  
When we held our meetings  
At the end of the plains  
La pieta  
Broad topics like ---  
Life and death  
(is dinner ready yet?)  
Yes --- it's a map-of-the-world  
I run along the dotted line  
Beyond the mountain tops  
Past the far-flung icefloes  
And the outlying tundra  
And i circle down  
To see what i can see  
I can see ten men of the kremlin  
Ten pegs upon the plains  
Ten men with stony faces  
Facing west where night erases  
Shadows in the places  
Where the faces  
Of the kremlin used to be  
They say --- da da...  
Map of the world

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