

## **The Mad Conductor "Members Only"**

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The tiger got to hunt  
The bird got to fly  
The man got to sit and wonder why  
The tiger got to sleep  
The bird got to land  
The man got to tell himself one day he'll understand

They can't slow my shows throughout the lower south  
So with my rapified motormouth I capsized the show  
promoters house  
Claimed my coined and copped a case of cola  
Hopped a train so vain we was soaking down to NOLA  
I'm a scatterbrain eatin boxes of Zatarain's at the lack  
of stains toppin table tops  
Tellin cable cops that I don't have a name or occupation  
That's when they lost they're patience  
And brought me to the station for some cross  
examination  
I'm being held under wrongful suspicion  
All bundled up in the awkward position  
Till my man the jailer handed me a file  
I filed the bars and documents and wandered down the  
aisle  
Once back on my hurtin feet I hurdled free to bourbon  
street  
Where unexpectedly I met a fleeter at a cappa cheese  
who want to murder me  
Because my eighth grade grant paps sold the land with  
a gun in his hand  
Now lookin back is just a blur  
They sold me for my fur plus my frankincense and mur  
I had to been beaten in the head with the bike to feed  
my Blues  
I won't dispute all my philosophical views  
Although I didn't have many to lose  
The most significant of them is one I often abuse

I was awoken several hours later by defibrilater  
Headed to the sixth level in a crowded elevator in the  
medecinal centre  
Where the doctors all said I would be shackled in  
forever to a hospital bed

They tried to calm me down with their sedatives and  
drowsiness  
Then I read the proud text of malcom x  
It taught I should never let em put my mouth to rest and  
speak out against  
Money hungry charlatans and counterfeits  
One day I snapped, gnawed through my straps  
Fled my water lunchin through the rubber somewhat  
blurry mass and ass  
Of parishioners who were all in awe  
Why you worship this awful god with all your knobs  
Jumped on the table ripped the box from off the wall  
Swung a line cable through the window in the hall  
The nurses pulled can of pepper spray from their  
purses  
But their dispenses prove worthless as I made my  
getaway to the surface  
Pirated a charter boat crossed the gulf along the  
fornegaults to the galapagos  
Off in the distance a perforated roll  
Ran through playin piano like worms through a skull

Yo nietzsche couldn't reach me nor could any of his  
kind  
Cause cuttin down vines with a simian mind is like tryin  
To drain the ocean out on the dry land  
Even if you succeed the water meets up again  
It's been a long time since my introspective journey  
And with the help of a respected attorney  
I moved out west to find a home in Idaho  
Long from the land of Cajun catfish and Zydeco  
And up here they're aint nothin to do  
Unless your into having barnyard fun and huffing glue  
And I'm not so I sit and wonder lots  
As my chargle didding mind sifting to another spot  
Would stay out of picture women swim without a sone  
thought  
And reality and man killed the next stores crop  
And I used to do the same for an answer to my  
question  
Till I figured out there aint a man who has possession  
Assuming there's a foundation there to posses  
It's all too human too expect any sense  
The thought would always claw at the back of my mind  
Why outta all the great beasts why I had to be mine  
Leg leg arm head upright spine  
It's a members only club with one way to resign

The tiger got to hunt  
The bird got to fly  
The man got to sit and wonder why

The tiger got to sleep  
The bird got to land  
The man will never understand even if he thinks he can

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