

Jenny And Johnny "New York Cartoon"

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I was running
From imaginary vampire bats
I was shrieking at the moon
While Montezuma laughed

oh
astral blues,
and reds, and greens, and golds
i hope
that i die
when i'm a hundred years old

looking like a new yorker cartoon
sleeping in a golden cocoon
with you

i was making love
to my sister from another life
i was stitching the seams
of my open dreams
with a needle from a camels eye

if i could give myself some advice
i'd go out of my mind right now
i stay here with my baby
forever in the here and now
looking like a new yorker cartoon
sleeping in a golden cocoon
with you,
with you

i was returning my saroo
to the lieutenant
paper back
and my best friend from a day
let me up
so i could take a drag

my sister's from the flame
threw a shut into the fire
an ancient child prodigy
a genius who inspires

looking like a new yorker cartoon
sleeping in a golden cocoon
with you,
with you,
with you

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